GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS

"He dared to lead where others dared to follow"

UNDER THE RED PATCH

STORY OF

The Sixty Third Regiment

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS

1861--1864

No grander Corps of the Army grand
Than the Old Third, famed throughout the land;
No better Division the diamond wore,
Than Division First of that noble Corps:
No braver soldiers, living or dead,
Than those whom Hays and Kearney led.

Compiled by GILBERT ADAMS HAYS

With Personal Narrative by WILLIAM H. MORROW, Company A.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

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TO

The Sacred Memory of the Sainted Dead

of the

Gallant Sixty-third

Who sealed their devotion to our glorious flag with their loyal blood on many ensanguined battle-fields; of those who have since passed to their reward on "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground;" to the surviving members and to the wives, sons, daughters and descendants of that immortal band, this record of the brilliant achievements of the regiment is

Reverently and Affectionately Dedicated

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Brothers evermore to be.
And if spared and growing older
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder
Brothers ever shall we be.

By communion of the banner,—
Crimson, white and starry banner,—
By the baptism of the banner,
Children of one Church are we,
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us;
Still whatever fate betide us,
Children of the Flag are we.

—Charles G. Halpine.

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Foreword

NEARLY half a century has elapsed since the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, was mustered into the military service of the United States, under the call of President Lincoln for soldiers to aid in suppressing the rebellion, which at that time threatened the perpetuity of the Federal Union, yet up to the present time no detailed record of the achievements of that famous command has been published in permanent form.

At the first annual reunion of the survivors of the Regiment held in Pittsburgh in November, 1879, a permanent organization was effected under the title of "The Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers' Regimental Association," and steps taken to perpetuate the record of the Regiment by appointing Robert H. Millar, of Company E, Historian and Secretary. After much labor and research, a history was prepared which would have proved an invaluable contribution to the literature of the Civil War period, but the Great Commander called the writer before the manuscript was placed in the hands of the printer, and with his death, in 1899, every vestige of this material, collected from a variety of authentic sources, disappeared and was never recovered, an almost irreparable loss to the regiment.

At the reunion following Comrade Millar's death, Gilbert A. Hays, son of our beloved commander, was chosen Regimental Historian and Secretary of the organization, and the seemingly hopeless task of compiling the history was, with many

misgivings, again taken up, and perseveringly and patiently brought to a finish in this volume, a labor of love and duty.

In 1900 William H. Morrow, a member of Company A, prepared and published in weekly installments in the "Wilmerding News," an interesting series of personal reminiscences of army life in the Sixty-third, under the title of "History of a Famous Regiment, from the Standpoint of a Private Soldier," but was compelled by circumstances to greatly curtail the details of the history, and finally discontinue the publication before its completion. These sketches form the basis of the earlier chapters of the present volume.

It is natural that in the long lapse of years since the stirring events here recorded took place, the loss of valuable data and death of many comrades, errors should appear in this history, although every effort has been made to verify each record and statement.

The Committee wish to acknowledge the valuable services of Colonel Edwin B. Houghton, Historian of his Regiment, the Seventeenth Maine, in the final preparation of this history for publication.

Sewickley, Pa., April, 1908.

DAVID SHIELDS,
ANDREW G. WILLIAMS,
Historical Committee.

GILBERT A. HAYS, Secretary.

Across the years full rounded past two score
Since Peace, advancing with her olive wand,
Restored the sunshine to our desolate land
Come thronging back the memories of the War;
Again the drums beat and the cannons roar
And patriot fires by every breeze are fanned,
And pulses quicken with a purpose grand
As manhood's forces swell to larger store,
Again the camp, the field, the march, the strife,
The joy of victory, the bitter pain
Of wounds or sore defeat; the anguish rife
In tears that fall for the unnumbered slain,
And homes where darkened is the light of life;
All these the echoing bugle brings again.

—Bugle Echoes.

STORY

OF THE

Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers

CHAPTER I.

(From April 12, 1861, to September 12, 1861.)

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CALL FOR TROOPS—FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN—ORGANIZATION OF SIXTY-THIRD—CAMP WILKINS—DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT—ARRIVAL AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL—CAMP HAYS—A DAY IN CAMP—CHURCH SERVICES.

Enough of speech! the trumpet rings!
A nation calls to arm!
God help them when the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!

No more words;
Try it with your swords!
Try it with the arms of your bravest and your best!
You are proud of your manhood, now put it to the test;
Not another word;
Try it by the sword!

No more notes!
Try it by the throats
Of the cannons that will roar till the earth and air be shaken,
For they speak what they mean, and they cannot be mistaken!
No more doubt;
Come—fight it out!

You that in the front
Bear the battles' brunt—
When the sun gleams at dawn on the bayonets abreast,
Remember 'tis for government and country you contest;
For love of all you guard,
Stand and strike hard!

—Franklin Lushington.

IN APRIL, 1861, when the hissing shriek of one shell across the Southern bay, from Charleston to Fort Sumter, lighted the fires of a four years' hell in a happy land of God-fearing

peace and God-given plenty, and the hissing shriek of another shell that Major Anderson, the noble, loyal Kentuckian, hurled back in heroic defense of the flag, "struck for the first time then, by other than an alien hand," the patriotism of the law-abiding and union-loving people of the North was fully aroused.

It was a mild spring morning and nature gave no sign of the dread event so near at hand. The deep thunder of the cannon shot awoke the morning echoes and rolled away over the trembling waters of Charleston Harbor. At that moment the great clock of Destiny struck its warning note. No single cannon shot before ever bore such tremendous import on its flight. The mightiest monarch on earth shivered. The march of civilization was arrested, and the history of man was changed. Deep silence followed for a few moments as if all nature had paused aghast at the awful deed.

The reverberations of that shot sent a shudder quivering from hill top to hill top, from the pine-covered forests of Maine to the orange groves of Florida, from the rock-bound coast of the stormy Atlantic to the glittering sands of the peaceful Pacific, and the echoes of that shot, heard by millions of people, brought terror and dismay to every village in our land, and was but the first peal of thunder which announced the beginning of the mighty tempest soon to sweep our continent from shore to shore, and deluge our soil with fraternal blood.

The very next day after the surrender, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers for three months, to protect the capitol and prevent the property of the Nation from being seized by the so-called Confederate government. This caused a general waking up everywhere. Enthusiastic meetings were held in every town and village, and had the call been for ten times 75,000, it would have been filled.

About this time a wave of patriotism struck our country which showed itself in the display of flags. Every house, large and small, displayed the Stars and Stripes from all parts, and

the more flags displayed, the greater seemed the loyalty of the resident. Another form of patriotism became very prominent. There was a great hatred for everyone who did not throw up their hats and shout aloud for the Union, and many threats were daily heard of hanging certain persons who were supposed to be lukewarm toward the government. But strange to say, when later on these same patriots had an opportunity to go to the front and show their zeal for the cause they professed to love so dearly, they remained by their peaceful firesides, but continued to shout for the old flag and wonder why the army did not move on Richmond, and crush the unholy rebellion.

Suddenly on Monday morning, July 22nd, 1861, the loyal North was completely stunned by the announcement that General McDowell, with his forces, had been thoroughly whipped by the Rebel army under Beauregard at Bull Run, and his army a flying mass of fugitives. The news of this terrible and unexpected disaster caused every cheek to turn pale and sent a shudder through the entire North. Then we all knew that this was the time to show our patriotism by actions as well as words. In the meantime, a call had been made for men to serve for three years, or until the close of the war, and on every hand the response was instant. In all the quiet hamlets of our land, where nothing had been known save the peaceful sounds of home industry, now was heard the rattling of drums and the shrill notes of the fife. Wives, mothers, sisters and hoary-headed fathers wept as they pressed the hands of departing husbands, sons and brothers who were hurriedly leaving to offer upon the altar of their country their service and their lives. In whatever direction the eyes were cast long lines of boys in blue were seen hastening to the front, many of whom would never revisit the old homes again, but in some nameless grave in some far off southern battlefield would sleep.

"The soldier's sleep
That knows no waking."

We at once began organizing a company at Braddock, afterwards Company A, to go to the front for three years. A man

named J. M. C. Berringer, of White Ash, who claimed to have served twenty years in the regular army, became candidate for captain, and on account of his past experience we all agreed he was the man for the position, and unanimously elected him William Smith, of Braddock, familiarly known to the boys as "Billy," a most excellent and brave man, was elected First Lieutenant, and W. N. Haymaker, of Murrysville, Second Lieutenant. Of these officers, Captain Berringer was dismissed from the service; Lieutenant Smith was killed in the Battle of Chancellorsville; Lieutenant Haymaker became regimental quartermaster, which position he faithfully filled, and was wounded at Fair Oaks.

Before our Company was filled to its full complement we went to Pittsburgh and were placed in Camp Wilkins, near Twenty-eighth Street. This had been the old Allegheny County fair grounds, and was well adapted for a barracks, as it contained a large number of buildings that were convenient as a shelter for the portion of regiments not yet filled. There were a number of these fragments in camp and the officers were busily engaged in recruiting, the recruits being sent to Camp Wilkins as rapidly as secured. A part of the 102nd P. V. was there under command of Colonel Thomas Rowley. This had been the Thirteenth Pennsylvania during the three months' service and the boys insisted strongly upon retaining the old number, but were refused. There was also a cavalry company in camp calling themselves the Vierheller Cavalry, in honor of a German named Vierheller, who kept a hotel in Pittsburgh.

There were portions of many other companies in the camp, all anxious to start for the front. It was about the end of July when we went into camp, and were sworn into the service of the United States on August 1st. Our life in this place was very monotonous and we were all heartily sick of it. The only amusement we had to relieve the tedium of camp life was slipping past the guard and going to Trimble's varieties, a vaudeville theater on Penn Avenue, which we often did and which frequently resulted in the punishment of being com-

pelled to carry water for the cooks the next day. Every day we hoped to be sent forward, but were compelled to remain in this miserable place until Monday morning, August 26th, when we were electrified by being told that we would leave that day for Washington City.

There were two full companies of our regiment in Camp Wilkins: Company A, Captain Berringer, and Company B, Captain W. S. Kirkwood, and several squads. Alexander Hays was our colonel. He had served as major of the Twelfth Regiment in the three months' service, was a graduate of West Point, and had served with distinction in the Mexican war.

The following is the official order from the War Department assigning Colonel Hays to the command of all troops then quartered at Camp Wilkins:

Headquarters Sixth Cavalry,
Camp Scott, near Pittsburgh,
August 25, 1861.

ORDER.

I. Captain Alex. Hays, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. Army, having been appointed Colonel of Volunteers, he is hereby assigned, with his full rank as Colonel of Volunteers, to command of all the troops at Camp Wilkins, and he will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

II. He will push forward, with utmost rapidity, the organization of companies, and as each company is mustered into service, he will despatch it promptly to Washington to report to the Adjutant General of the Army. When the tenth company of his own regiment is mustered into service he will repair with it to join his regiment.

III. A. Q. M. Ekin will provide transportation for all troops Colonel Hays may send forward.

By order of the Secretary of War,

W. H. SIMONS,
Lt. Col. 6th Cav., U. S. Army.

Approved,
L. THOMAS, Adjt. Gen'l.
September 27, 1861.

A. S. M. Morgan was lieutenant-colonel, Maurice Wallace major, George P. Corts adjutant, and James M. Lysle quartermaster. Of these field and staff officers, Colonel Hays was promoted to Brigadier General in September, 1862, and was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864; Lieutenant-Col-

onel Morgan was wounded at the Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, and resigned; Major Wallace resigned and came home in June, 1862; Adjutant Corts died after the war closed from wounds received in battle; Quartermaster Lysle was killed near Pohick Church, Va., March 5, 1862.

When we were notified that we were to leave on that evening, many of the men living near by were permitted to return home and bid farewell to their families. It was a sad parting, as no one knew he would ever again see those who were near and dear to him. By noon all had returned to camp and were ready for their long journey. A train of empty cars was run out on Liberty Street, and about 4 o'clock we formed in line, and with the drum and fife band playing the "Girl I Left Behind Me," left Camp Wilkins and marched down street to embark. The street was crowded with spectators who cheered us as we passed along. The war was new then and the citizens were full of enthusiasm and were all ready and willing to give the soldier boys a hearty send off. We were certainly a motley crowd, as we had not yet received uniforms and were told we would receive them at Harrisburg. We all wore our poorest clothing, expecting to throw them away when Uncle Sam would present us with "hand-me-down" suits, but in this we were badly fooled, as we did not receive our army clothing until well on in September, and by that time we were somewhat in the condition of Falstaff's soldiers, who were so disreputable that he refused to march them through Coventry. We had not been supplied with arms yet, but most of the men had provided themselves with revolvers, having heard how the Sixth Massachusetts had been treated at Baltimore, and we were anxious to have something to protect ourselves with in the hot bed of secession.

When we arrived at the train we speedily embarked and then occurred a most touching scene. Fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers, sisters and other friends were lined up on each side to bid the last farewell to their loved ones. Here an aged father stretched a trembling hand to grasp that of a dear son, while he supported the weeping mother with

the other arm, or a wife, with tears streaming down her pale face, held up a laughing, unconscious baby to give the departing father one more farewell kiss. Sisters, with tear-dimmed eyes, were bidding a fond adieu to loved brothers, while brothers, with husky voices, were bidding good-bye to brothers, and here and there blushing maidens were saying farewell to lovers, striving hard, but unavailingly, to keep back their tears. It was a scene no one cares to look upon a second time. As the train pulled out we all turned to take one last look at the familiar scenes, and as we gazed at the surroundings, bathed in the mellow light of the setting sun, many realized that they would never behold the same again. Many a hearty cheer, and many a God speed were wafted to the boys, and the sad and weeping friends moved off to their homes, feeling that there was a vacant chair at the fireside that perhaps would never again be filled by the absent one. As we passed East Liberty, Wilkinsburg and Braddock, vast crowds were at the stations greeting us with loud cheers. During the night the water in the car tanks was exhausted, and as soon as it was known, the men suddenly became extremely thirsty, and did some vehement swearing and complaining. While the train lay on a siding near Huntingdon a poor fellow of Company G got out and while standing on another track was instantly killed by a passing fast train, and this threw a damper over all. Later on, after we had become inured to death, such a thing would not have caused a ripple of feeling but we had not yet grown hardened to such scenes.

Just as the sun was climbing the Eastern horizon, we pulled into Harrisburg and were glad of the permission to stretch our cramped and tired muscles by disembarking. The boys were hungry as well as tired, and nothing was in sight that would appease their hunger. Those possessed of any money hurried off to satisfy their wants, and here the Harrisburg people showed their peculiar custom of that time in charging most inordinate prices for everything in the eating line. We had been told that when we got to Harrisburg we would receive uniforms, but soon discovered that it was a mistake.

About noon we were marched aboard a train consisting of cattle cars, to be taken to Baltimore by the Northern Central Railroad. A most laughable incident occurred at this place. Governor Andrew G. Curtin came down to see the boys after they had embarked; the soldiers were very indignant at being placed in cattle cars, and when they saw the Governor, they set up an excellent imitation of the voices of the usual occupants of these cars. Such a braying like mules, bellowing like cattle, bleating like sheep, and even squealing like swine probably never before greeted the ears of the old war governor. He stopped, gazed at the cars, then wheeled and strode away in a most indignant manner.

As soon as the train started on its way to Baltimore, every one who possessed a knife began to get his work in on the cars and it was not long before they presented a unique appearance, the sides being almost cut away by the boys having made windows in them. The officers tried to stop what they called vandalism, but the boys had not yet learned to fear the officers and paid little or no attention to their orders, and by the time we reached Baltimore, the cars presented the appearance of huge chicken coops. The government, of course, had to pay the railroad company for the mutilation of the cars, but the soldiers did not let that trouble their consciences any.

It was a dreary ride from Harrisburg to Baltimore, the day was dark and gloomy with frequent showers, and the boys were tired and hungry and in a bad humor. The train crept along at a snail's pace with a number of long stops. About 9 o'clock at night we pulled into Baltimore and disembarked. Besides Companies A and B, there were portions of other companies of our regiment, also fragments of several other regiments, making a body of about one thousand men in all. We left the cars, formed in line, and escorted by a large body of policemen, we marched through the city from the Susquehanna depot to the Washington depot. Thousands of citizens were out on the streets watching us pass along, in some places we were loudly cheered, and in other places all kinds of opprobious epithets were hurled at us. The women in par-

ticular were very bitter. The secesh element was still glorying over the defeat of McDowell's army at Bull Run, and the women took especial pains to throw it up to us. "Are you going to Bull Run?" was a question asked us repeatedly. Our officers had carefully enjoined the men to say nothing back, no matter what was said to us while marching through the city, as we were unarmed and would be at the mercy of the mob should there be a riot, but human nature could not endure all these taunts and some of the boys answered the ladies (?) in a way more forcible than polite. We heard some vicious curses from the knots of men stationed on street corners as to what should be done to "the d——d mud sills," and it only required a spark to cause a terrible explosion, but fortunately, nothing worse than insults were offered us and we reached the Washington depot where we were hurried on board a train awaiting us. Some of us slipped past the guard and took a stroll through the city, but owing to the unfriendly feelings of the Baltimorians, we did not go far from the rest of the boys. The station was soon crowded with women, black and white, each with a basket containing pies and cakes, and those of the soldiers who had money procured enough for a pretty full meal. For some reason, our train did not leave the Washington depot during the night, and we were compelled to huddle in the cars until morning. Guards were placed at car doors to prevent anyone from going out and indulging in their wanderings during the night, and we lay like sheep in a pen with no little profanity and grumbling on the part of the boys.

With daylight the train pulled out and we started for Washington. It was not long until the buildings of the capitol came in sight, and all were eager to get out and behold the city of magnificent distances. When the train stopped we were marched to the Soldiers' Home where we were fed, our breakfast consisting of coffee, mess beef and hard tack, but as we were very hungry, the meal was very palatable.

We remained around the Home until about 12 o'clock, when

we were formed in line and marched out of town about half a mile into a grove of pines, and were told that was to be our camp. This camp was known as Camp Sprague. It began to rain ere we reached the place, and as no tents had been provided, it soon became a very disagreeable spot. The boys cut down bushes and arranged them in the form of wigwams, over which they placed their blankets, and took refuge under these improvised shelters. In a short time the blankets became soaking wet, and the water ran in streams over the occupants. About 5 o'clock in the evening a lot of tents arrived and were soon put up, but the ground was soaked and our blankets being in the same condition, we spent a very disagreeable night. Some of the more enterprising secured a few boards from a garden some distance from camp, and made good floors in their tents. Others, seeing our good luck, started out on a hunt for boards, but were ignominously put to flight by the patrol guard. The next morning was warm and pleasant, and we forgot our discomforts. A public road ran alongside of our camp, and as the boys were ragged to picturesqueness, it was funny to see them when carriages containing fine ladies and gentlemen from the city drove by, dive into the bushes to hide themselves.

We remained in Camp Sprague eleven days during which time we did considerable sight-seeing about Washington, and made several narrow escapes from being taken up by the patrol. However, in Company A there was one complete suit of citizen's clothes, one had a coat, another a vest, a third a hat, etc., so that it was always loaned out that one of the boys could don it and run around town without danger of the patrol arresting him.

On Thursday, September 5th, we were marched down to the arsenal and given our guns. The Sunday following, Lieutenant Smith and several of the boys visited Tennallytown, where the Eighth Reserves were stationed, a number of Braddock boys being members of that regiment. It was a long walk and very hot, yet it was a very interesting sight to see how the country was filled up with camps. On every side,

soldiers from all the Northern States were occupying the land, and the canvas cities spread out for miles. Cavalry, infantry and artillery were gathered in immense numbers preparing for the mighty struggle before them. We received a hearty welcome from our Braddock friends who did all in their power to make us enjoy ourselves. We remained with them until evening, and then started back for our camp. It was dark before we reached the place, and upon arriving there we found that our regiment had disappeared. Going to a Rhode Island Regiment that lay near, we enquired if they knew what had become of the Sixty-third. They told us that they had moved during the day, but did not know where. We visited several other camps but received no information, and it was evident we were lost in the army. This may seem a very silly expression, yet it is a serious thing, as anyone who has had the fate to be lost in the army will bear out. We went from one regiment to another, but could not learn where our regiment had gone. About 1 o'clock we met a man, and on repeating our question, he said that he thought they had changed places with the Sixty-second, telling us where that was, and upon our going to the place described, sure enough we found them. Shortly after we had left in the morning, they had received orders to move.

This camp was known as Camp Hays and we remained here for the next twenty days. In the meantime, recruiting had been continued in Pittsburg, and recruits kept arriving almost daily, and during the month of September the regiment had swelled to over 1000 men.

The Companies comprising the Sixty-third were as follows: Company A, recruited largely at Braddock and in the Turtle Creek Valley, Captain Berringer, who was dismissed in July, 1862; William Smith, next, killed at Chancellorsville; W. P. Hunker, next.

Company B, recruited mostly about Sharpsburg and Pittsburg, Captain W. S. Kirkwood, afterward promoted to Colonel, died from wound received at Chancellorsville. Robert

A. Nesbit was promoted to Captain and brought the Company home.

Company C, recruited at New Brighton, Captain J. C. Hanna, who resigned and came home June 15, 1862. Charles Taylor was the next Captain, and was dismissed July, 1862; Wash Gray was next; he resigned November 10, 1862. George Weaver next; he came home with the Company at the end of the service.

Company D recruited in Allegheny County, Captain Harry Ormsbee, resigned March, 1862. Ben F. Dunham next, dismissed July 26, 1862. W. J. Thompson next, killed at Chancellorsville. G. E. Gross next, came home with the Company.

Company E, recruited about Etna and Sharpsburg, Captain John A. Danks, promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. John McClelland next, came home at end of term.

Company F, recruited in Clarion County, Captain B. J. Reid, resigned August, 1862. George W. McCullough next, promoted to Major, killed in Wilderness. David Shields next, wounded at Morton's Ford, Va., February 6, 1864, discharged June 9, 1864.

Company G, recruited mostly in Venango and Armstrong Counties, Captain Charles W. McHenry, resigned November, 1862. Isaac Moorehead next, killed at Petersburg June 18, 1864.

Company H, recruited at Pittsburgh, Captain C. B. McCullough, resigned December, 1861. William Keenan next, resigned April, 1862. H. B. Fulton next, killed at Fredericksburg. William H. Jeffries, resigned May, 1863. Daniel Daugherty, killed at North Anna River May 23, 1864.

Company I, recruited at McKeesport, Captain James F. Ryan, promoted to Major. William C. McIntosh next, served to end of term.

Company K, recruited in Allegheny County, Captain Charles W. Chapman, killed near Pohick Church, March 5, 1862. W. H. Brown next, died May, 1862. Theodore Bageley, wounded, with loss of arm, at Glendale, Va., June 30, resigned December, 1862. George B. Chalmers next, served to end of term.

The regiment was now about filled up, and regular duty began, the boys having to settle down to the routine work of soldiers in camp. No doubt many of our younger generation think that while the soldiers were in camp they had a kind of picnic. Of course, while fighting or marching, they know the boys had many dangers and hardships, but while not engaged in these they imagine the men had nothing to do but loaf around, play cards, skylark, and have a general good time. An examination of a soldier's day's work in camp might disabuse the minds of some of these people of this idea, and we give a description of the same while the army was in quarters:

At 6 o'clock in the morning, the bugle at headquarters sounded the reveille, and a few minutes after, the martial bands of all the regiments would be playing that well-known call, making the air vibrate with the thunder of their drums, bringing the tired and sleepy boys out of their little tents to form in line in the company streets, while the orderly sergeant would call the roll, each man answering to his name.

At 7 o'clock, the breakfast call would be sounded, when the boys, each one carrying his tin cup and tin plate, would go to the cook house of his Company and have his tin filled with strong, black coffee, and receive a chunk of mess beef which, for some unknown reason, the boys denominated "sea horse," and two or three hard tack. Those who possessed money could buy butter from the sutler, put up in pound cans, and which had an odor that would turn the stomach of any but a hungry soldier.

Soon as breakfast was over, guns were cleaned and scoured, quarters put in order, and everything properly policed about the tents.

Guard mounting began at 8 o'clock. Each company furnished a certain number of men daily for this duty. These details were marched to the color line, and with martial band at their head, paraded to brigade headquarters where the details from all the regiments in the brigade were formed into line and inspected by the officers of the guard. Each one was required to have his gun clean and bright, all buttons and

brasses shining, shoes blackened and polished, and clothing brushed. If any unfortunate had neglected to clean his gun properly, or his accoutrements were not in good order, he was sent to the guard house to perform some extra duty as a penalty. The squads were then marched back to their respective regiments, where the men were assigned to their several posts of duty, such as guarding camp, headquarters, commissary stores, etc.

At 9 o'clock the different companies (if the weather was not too bad) were marched to some neighboring field and drilled in the manual of arms and various company maneuvers. This generally lasted until 12 o'clock, when they were marched back to camp and had dinner which consisted of a tin full of bean soup, crackers, and a small piece of meat, mostly fresh beef. The men rested until half past one when, at the call of the bugle, the camp was again a scene of bustle and confusion. The men strapped on their knapsacks, cleaned and prepared for regimental or brigade drill.

At 2 o'clock, with a band playing at the head of each regiment they would march to the field and for hours would practice those movements and evolutions which enable a large body of men to act in concert like a piece of machinery.

At 4 o'clock they would return to camp and after a short rest would prepare for dress parade. This was one of the most beautiful and imposing of all military ceremonials. The regiment dressed in its best, with everything as bright as it could be made, the men fell into line by companies and in a few minutes a line of 1,000 men stood silent and immovable like statues. The band, standing on the right of the line, led by the drum major with his big brass-headed staff, struck up a slow and solemn air and marched down the front of the line to the extreme end, then wheeled, and changing the air to a lively one, returned briskly to their position at the head again. About 100 feet in front of the center of the line the Colonel took his position. At a command from the Adjutant, the orderly sergeants of the companies advanced to the front and center, and saluting, gave their report of the officers and men

Dress Parade, Sixty-third Regiment, May, 1864

present and absent. After the orderlies had returned to their position, the Adjutant read any orders that related to matters concerning the service. The commissioned officers then advanced in line to front center and saluted the Colonel, who acknowledged it, and parade was dismissed. The soldiers now free from the burdens of the day, were like boys dismissed from school, and for awhile the camp resounded with their whoops and yells.

At half past eight the martial band, taking a position near the center of the camp, played the tattoo and the evening roll was again called in the company street.

At 9 o'clock three taps were given on a drum and then all lights were put out in quarters and no loud talking or other noise was permitted, and in a few minutes the camp, which had been so noisy, settled down to a death-like stillness.

This was the regular routine of every day's camp life, so it can be seen that it was not a life of quiet and ease. Of course, when the weather was rainy or tempestuous, the drills were omitted and the boys put in their time in reading, mending their clothes, or visiting each other in their tents.

About September 1, 1861, Dr. Marks began his services as Chaplain of the Regiment, administering alike to the spiritual and bodily wants of the men, in a manner that endeared him to every one in the regiment. In his "Peninsular Campaigns" Dr. Marks describes his experience: "My first care was to distribute testaments and hymn books among the men. With these some had been supplied before leaving home. The first week I appeared in camp I distributed to those who came to my tent, 400 copies of the New Testament in four different languages, English, German, French and Italian, and during the same week, 600 small hymn books called the "Soldier's Hymn-Book," drawing my supplies from the American Tract Societies of New York and Boston. From more than 100 tents the evening hymn ascended to heaven, and these sacred songs were sung with an emotion hitherto unknown for they reminded them of home, and dear friends, and brought back afresh the most solemn and impressive scenes in their lives.

My custom was to have two public services on the Sabbath. These were held in the open ground of the camp, and were well attended by men and officers.

Very soon I found it essential to find a tent for public worship, and one was obtained that had done several year's duty in camp-meeting service. This the strong winds of October blew to pieces, and we were for several weeks without any covering or shelter. Until the first of December we held our meetings in a large guard house which had been reared, but this we found very unsuitable and smoky.

We made arrangements to start in camp various classes for mutual instruction, two in the Latin language, one in the study of German, one in arithmetic, and most important of all, a debating society. In order to carry successfully into execution all these plans for improvement, I wrote to friends in Pittsburgh for the means to purchase a tent for public worship, and such assemblies as would conduce to the benefit of the regiment. Most generously, and without the delay of an hour, they responded, authorizing the purchase of a tent. The very day the letter was received, a large tent was offered for sale in a neighboring camp, which was immediately purchased, and before night we had it pitched, a floor laid, and stove placed in it. We met first in this tent about January 1st, on a Sabbath morning, with a large congregation, some seated on camp stools, some on rude benches, some on the floor, and many standing at the entrance of the tent. The interest of the occasion was greatly increased by the presence of Mrs. Hays, the Colonel's wife, then on a visit in camp to her husband, Mrs. Jameson, the General's wife, matrons and hospital nurses. The season was one of the greatest interest and pleasure. It was the bursting of sunshine through the darkness that had hung over us like a pall; it reminded us of home; it was almost a church. Many eyes swam in tears, and many voices choked with emotion as we sang. During these months hundreds in the camp found the highest joy in religious meetings, and with ever new pleasure, they came together to hear the gospel. It was a season never to be for-

gotten. Many were brought to the saving grace of Jesus, and for weeks my tent was crowded at the meetings. I resolved, after consulting with the officers and friends, to form a church in the regiment. We had nearly 100 men, officers and soldiers, who were members of various churches. For harmony, it was essential to form the church on principles common to all and I therefore drew up a form of doctrine and covenant to which all could assent, and which would bind us in unity, and bear with it all the sanctity of a sacred agreement.

Before the communion I devoted every hour, when the men were in camp, to visiting from tent to tent, and talked with each separately or in the tent circle, in regard to their religious hopes and views.

On Sabbath, February 9, 1862, we organized the church, and received into its communion 170 members, about sixty of whom for the first time confessed Christ. At the commencement of the services I baptized six young soldiers; they kneeled before me and I consecrated them to God for life and for death—the majority of them, it proved, for death. Then followed the communion service. This was one of the most affecting and impressive services of my life."

Mrs. Hays, in a letter to her family at home, describes this beautiful and solemn occasion:

"Sunday, February 2, 1862.

"Today we found the large tent crowded so that not even standing room could be secured. Still I managed to get in. I never was in a more solemn assembly. After dinner Colonel Hays drove me to the hospital, where I found the patients looking clean and comfortable, much better than when I was here before, and not one severe case, most of them suffering with rheumatism. As Alex. (Colonel Hays) passed along the beds, he had a cheerful and pleasant word to speak to all. How kindly he was answered! Some tried to get up that they might speak or catch his hand. His influence is wonderful. The lady nurses speak in the highest terms of him. As we rode home we stopped on the brow of a hill to enjoy the view. At our feet lay the camps of fifty regiments, all out on dress parade, and as the sun shone upon the glistening bayonets, it looked more like a scene of enchantment than one of civil war; the music floated upon the evening breeze, making me feel sad. How many will return to

their homes, God alone knows! After supper I went again to the prayer meeting and some of the prayers I will never forget; some were for a widowed mother, some were for a wife and children. Tattoo beat while we were in prayer. I never knew it had to come so soon.

"This week is to be devoted to prayer meetings each evening. Next Sunday Dr. Marks, Chaplain, intends to have a communion; a number of young men are to unite with the church and become 'Soldiers of the Cross.' Several will be baptized."

"Sunday, February 9, 1862.

"The Sixty-third start on three days' picket duty tomorrow at daybreak, so Camp Johnston will be deserted, except for the guard.

"This morning we had communion service for the first time. There were nearly two hundred communicants, sixty of whom took the sacrament for the first time. Mrs. Jameson and General came over and went with me. Brothers Danks, Jones and I composed the choir, but all joined, and I have seldom heard better singing, for all sang from their hearts."

CHAPTER II.

(From September 12, 1861, to March 17, 1862.)

CAMP SHIELDS—CAMP JOHNSTON, ALIAS CAMP PENNYROYAL—DESERTER DRUMMED OUT OF SERVICE—MILITARY EXECUTION—PICKET DUTY—POHICK CHURCH—FLAG PRESENTATION.

"Our past is bright and grand
In the purpling tints of time
And the present of our land
Points to glories more sublime.
For our destiny is won,
And 'tis ours to lead the van
Of the nations marching on,
Of the moving hosts of Man.

Yes, the starry Flag alone
Shall wave above the van
Of the nations sweeping on
Of the moving hosts of man."

—Joseph A. O'Conner.

CAMP HAYS, named in honor of our Colonel, was a pleasant place, situated on some gently rolling ground a short distance east of the Capitol, of which we had a good view.

On September 12th we had quite an excitement. A company that had been sent to our regiment by mistake, being intended for another regiment, discovered their error, and striking their tents were preparing to leave. The rest of the regiment was called on to stop these proceedings. The men who wanted to leave were at once surrounded by leveled bayonets and their Captain arrested. It looked squally for a time, but after a while things were properly explained and the Captain was permitted to take his men away.

Men were arriving daily to fill up the different regiments and soon all the landscape became dotted over with camps, and in every direction, the canvas habitations were rising and the magic city of the Army of the Potomac was being rapidly built up. It was during this month that we got our uniforms,

and they were sadly needed. To tell the truth, we had been most wretchedly ragged and any one of us approaching a house at the present day, clad as we were then, would be driven off, or have the dogs set on us as suspicious characters or tramps. The uniforms consisted of a dark blue blouse, light blue trousers, shirts that were half wool and half cotton, low, broad-soled shoes, small forage caps and very good undershirts and drawers. Our first clothing was mostly miserable shoddy foisted on the government by rascally contractors. The trousers, as soon as they got wet, went to pieces, and nearly every soldier could be seen going around with his knees seeking the fresh air. Afterward we drew reasonably good dress coats, overcoats and high hats. These hats caused considerable grumbling among the boys. They were high, stiff affairs, and had enough brass fixings about them to make a preserving kettle. We only drew them once and were glad that they never asked us to wear them again.

No more beautiful sight could be seen or imagined than to stand on some neighboring eminence just as the day was dawning, and watch the army waking up. At first the bugles at the different headquarters would sound the reveille, and in a few minutes the bands of the different regiments took up the call until the air vibrated with the rolling of the drums and the music of the fifes. This brought the boys hurrying out of their tents to answer morning roll call and prepare for the duties of the day. Soon the smoke from innumerable cook fires announced that breakfast was being prepared, and all the noise and clatter of a day in the army began.

On September 18th, Colonel Alex. Hays arrived at camp from Pittsburgh, where he had been superintending the recruiting of the remainder of the regiment. The boys received him with an ovation which must have been very gratifying to him. In a letter to his wife, Colonel Hays tells of his reception as follows:

"I arrived in camp safe and sound, and if you had witnessed my reception you would be disposed to be jealous. This family of nine hundred children were frantic, and if ever a poor

parent was hugged to death, I came near suffering that fate. I am very much pleased with my regiment, as I ought to be, for it pleases everybody else."

Up to this time Lieutenant Colonel Morgan had been in command and had drilled the men. Colonel Morgan was a good officer and was very well liked by the men. He was pleasant and affable, and could be approached by any of the soldiers. He listened to any complaint they had, and was always ready to render any justice that was due them.

Alex. Hays, our Colonel, was a thorough soldier, hot and fiery and impetuous at times, but courteous and kindly withal; he infused his spirit into his men, and it was this peculiarity that made the Sixty-third one of the most famous regiments in the war. At first, when the boys were green in the service, he was most patient with them, taking great pains to instruct them in the various duties, being very lenient to their mistakes until they had time to master all the duties of a soldier, and then he expected them to be sure to perform them properly or they would quickly hear from him in a way they did not fancy. He was just to his men, and though he occasionally hauled them over the coals severely, he would not have suffered the commanding General to abuse them. He was quick to see that any wrongs they might have were speedily righted, and nothing brought an outburst of wrath from him quicker than to discover that someone was trying to wrong or impose upon any of his boys. On the officers he made the lash of his discipline fall promptly, and woe to that officer who disobeyed his orders or tried to shirk his duty.

Early in 1862, Major Wallace tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he returned to his home. The gallant William S. Kirkwood was promoted in his place. Kirkwood was a true soldier, brave and fearless, and was soon after made Lieutenant-Colonel and received his death wound at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

Our Chaplain was Rev. Junius J. Marks, a good man in every sense of the word, and a true friend of the soldier.

After the arrival of Colonel Hays, the work of drilling went

on rapidly and soon the Sixty-third could march and maneuver with the precision of veterans.

Some humorous incidents occurred here, worthy of mention. It was noticed that many of the men were indulging in drinking, and the Colonel gave orders to the camp guards to search every man coming into camp, and if any liquor was found on him, it should be destroyed. That stopped the bringing in of the liquor, but only for a short time, and it was evident to all that considerable of the ardent was being smuggled into camp. It was a mystery how it was done, but at last it was discovered. Watermelons were plenty in Washington, and most of the boys who went to the city would bring back a watermelon which, of course, was not considered contraband, and here is where the cunning chaps got their work in. One would purchase a large melon, cut a square hole in it, and with a spoon scrape out all the soft inside, then filling it up with whiskey, would insert the plug and with this melon under his arm, march proudly into camp. But one day a member of Company C came to grief. Just as he passed the guard at the gate, he let his melon fall. It bursted and lo, over a pint of whiskey ran out. That ended the carrying in of liquor by the watermelon line.

Although everything had taken on a warlike appearance, we still firmly believed the war would end within a year. True, we expected to do some fighting, but we believed that one good battle would settle the business, that we would so everlastingly whip the rebels that they would forever end their idea of fighting the North, and we were anxious that our army be hurried on to meet the foe. John McCune, of Company A, said one day, "Why don't they move us on against the rebs and let us lick them all to thunder? I want to get back home about Christmas." Poor John, he never saw his home again; the deadly swamps at Yorktown caused his death.

We remained at Camp Hays until September 28th, when on the afternoon of that day, orders came to strike tents and prepare to move,—where, we did not know. During our stay at this camp, the men were drilled daily, and had become pro-

ficient in the manual of arms, in battalion and company drills, and were well posted in the movements that afterward gave this regiment its prestige for well known efficiency. The tents struck, loaded in wagons, and everything in readiness, we left Camp Hays for which we had grown to have quite an affection. We marched down through the city of Washington and halted on the bank of the Potomac, where boats plied between the city and Alexandria. Soldiers had become so common in the city of Washington that the passage of a regiment through the streets did not cause any excitement or comment. In a short time we were marched on board an immense ferry boat where we were stowed like sardines in a box. We had no idea as to our destination, and some of the boys supposed that we would be taken to where we would soon see active service. However, the boat proceeded to Alexandria, Va., where she lay at the wharf until morning, none of the men being allowed to leave until we received orders to disembark. As soon as it became light we were taken ashore and encamped in the street leading to the main part of the city. When this portion of the army crossed the Potomac, the rebels, who had taken their post at Munson's Hill, withdrew and fell back toward Manassas.

The great curiosity to the boys at this time was the Marshall House on King Street, where Colonel Ellsworth had been shot by J. W. Jackson, the proprietor, while in the act of taking down a rebel flag that was flying from the roof of the house. The building had become a kind of Mecca to the soldiers who were desirous of securing some relic to send home to friends, and when we visited it on the morning of September 29, 1861, it was astonishing to see how completely it had been demolished. The flag staff had been entirely cut away and of the stairs where Ellsworth had fallen, not a vestige remained. Every soldier wanted to send a piece to his friends as a valuable relic of this noted place, and if every piece of wood that was sent home as the "original" flag staff of the Marshall House could have been collected together, they would have furnished enough material to have constructed a dozen

immense flag staffs. When our regiment visited it, not a particle of the old flag staff remained, but that did not matter to the boys. The first letter they wrote to their friends contained a slip of pine wood labeled "Piece of the flag staff of the Marshall House, Alexandria, where Colonel Ellsworth was shot," and no doubt today there may be found in some homes, among other cherished relics of war, a piece of wood which the descendants of some soldier proudly show to their friends as a part of that historical flag staff, little dreaming that it was nothing more than a slice taken off a common block of pine picked up by the roadside.

After visiting this building and snatching a hasty breakfast of hard tack and drinking a tin of coffee made on a fire kindled in the middle of the street, we took a run through the old town and saw a number of places of historic interest. The bugle then sounded the assembly, and again we fell into line and with the military band playing "Yankee Doodle" to soothe the feelings of the "secesh" element which abounded in Alexandria, we marched out the Leesburg Pike and ascended a long hill, halted about two and a half miles from Alexandria, and were ordered to pitch our tents and form camp. This camp was known as Camp Shields, and we remained here until the 14th of October.

It seems almost incredible that so many years have rolled away into the misty past since we took up the life of a soldier, and that the stooped and shriveled gray-haired men whom we meet today were the stalwart and strong men who followed the Stars and Stripes and marched proudly in their strength to the drum beat, yet so it is. Few are left of that mighty army that encamped around the Nation's Capitol in the fall of that memorable year, 1861. Their comrades are sleeping on every battlefield—in the swamps of the Chickahominy, by the murmuring waters of the Rappahannock, in the wild wastes of the Wilderness, on the slopes of Gettysburg and hundreds of other battlefields.

"Their good swords rust,
Their bones are dust,
But their souls are with the saints we trust."

In the Southern prison pens, those hells upon earth, thousands yielded up their lives amidst such dreadful scenes of suffering as cause the blood to chill in the veins when spoken of even at this distant day.

Camp Shields, named in honor of the Shields family of Sewickley, was situated on the Leesburg Pike, on the farm of Mrs. Powell. The spirit of vandalism was one of the things to be regretted in the army. The large, handsome house was used as a hospital, the owners having fled to Richmond at the approach of our army, and the surroundings were soon destroyed by the same vandalism. The beautiful fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery were cut down, the fences and outbuildings used for fuel, and in a short time everything wore the look of desolation. When the owners returned and looked over their once beautiful home, how they must have cursed the hated Yankees, deep and bitter.

While encamped at this place we were visited by the President and Mrs. Lincoln. They drove slowly by while the ragged boys stood in picturesque groups, backed up close to each other to hide as much as possible, the dilapidated condition of their wardrobes. This was the first time many of us had seen the President, and we all agreed that a more homely man would be hard to find. As Sergeant "Bob" Nesbit remarked at the time, "He looked exactly like an old farmer going to a cross-roads church."

When at Camp Shields we witnessed our first military funeral. A member of the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, which then belonged to our brigade, died and was buried with the honors of war. We will never forget our feelings as we saw the martial band, with slow rolling muffled drums and measured step, precede the simple pine box that contained the remains of "Somebody's Darling." The squad, with reversed arms and solemn visages, slowly wended their way to the open grave on the quiet hillside. The sad strain of the dead march sent a chill to every heart. We were not used to such things then. After the body was lowered into the shallow grave and the three volleys were fired over it, the band struck

up a lively tune and the poor fellow was left on the lonesome hillside, soon to be forgotten by all, save away in a Northern home a wife or mother would weep bitter tears over the loved one who would return no more and whose low grave they would never see.

"Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her breast;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
'Somebody's Darling Slumbers Here.' "

It was in this camp that we received our first pay, $11.00 in gold for one month's service. The government had promised to pay its soldiers in gold or its equivalent, but for some reason it went back on its word and we were often paid in greenbacks when gold was worth $2.50, thus making our $13.00 monthly pay about $5.20 on a gold basis. As soon as the boys had drawn their scanty pay, the officers were besieged for passes to go to Alexandria, where many spent their little all in a few hours in some of the rum holes, while others sent their scanty mite home to their families.

Camp Shields was not a suitable place for a regular camp, as the surrounding country was too hilly and broken to have regular battalion drills. While here we were joined by Dr. Crawford, a most excellent surgeon, kind and friendly in his manner, and all the boys soon grew to love him, but we were not allowed to keep him long for sometime in October he was promoted to brigade surgeon. The following February, to the great delight of the men, we got Surgeon James K. Rodgers, a good kind of a fellow, but he was dismissed from service with a number of other officers July 26, 1862, on charges preferred by Colonel Hays, on account of leaving his post in time of battle.

On Monday, October 14th, just after we had finished our dinner of beans and hard tack, orders came to strike tents and get ready for the march. We had no idea of our destination, but the regular camp rumors were that we were to go to

Manassas, as the enemy were reported to be in force there and as we thought only of meeting and thrashing him and thus ending the war, we were in high glee. In a very short time the canvas city disappeared as by magic, the tents were bundled into wagons, the boys strapped on their knapsacks, filled their canteens, shouldered their muskets, and to the enlivening music of the fife and drum, started off gaily from Camp Shields.

We marched down the old Leesburg Pike a short distance and then filed right. We left Alexandria on our left, and crossing the historical Hunting Creek, noted for the immense flocks of wild geese and ducks that frequented its waters, passed the partly completed Fort Lyon, and after going about three-quarters of a mile further on the Alexandria and Pohick Road, encamped on the farm of a noted rebel named George Mason. We were now on the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac and in the Corps commanded by General Heintzelman.

A more bitter or non-compromising rebel never lived than this man Mason upon whose farm we were encamped. He hated the very name of North, and everything connected with it. A more haughty, overbearing autocrat never existed, and it was gall and wormwood to him to see the boys in blue on his place, and the hated Stars and Stripes flaunted in his very face. He was a prominent politician, also a magistrate, and it was said his great delight was to have poor whites arrested for petty larceny, trading with his negroes, or other trival charges. He would have them tied to a post in his yard and would sit on his porch and rub his hands with glee to see them writhe under the lash well laid on by a stalwart overseer. He had been very wealthy, and as a politician, had worked hard to embitter the South against the North. He was the author of the celebrated bill brought up in convention to have all Northern men expelled from the State of Virginia, and was one of secession's most ardent advocates.

But a day of retribution came at last. One beautiful morning in May he was startled by the terrible news that Colonel

Ellsworth, with his Zouaves, had crossed the Potomac, entered Alexandria, and invaded the "sacred soil of Virginia." Terrible consternation seized him at once, and hasty preparations were made for immediate flight. He gathered up his large band of slaves, packed up his plate and other valuables, loaded his wagons, put his family into carriages, and in the wildest haste, made a start for Richmond. But he had a bitter dose yet to swallow. Just as his family carriage, followed by his slaves, reached the great gate leading to the Pohick Road, a squad of Union Cavalry dashed up and halted the procession. The family was terribly frightened, and it is said that Mason's profanity was sublime and picturesque. He cursed the Union and its defenders, called them mud sills, Lincoln hirelings, Yankee scum, and other pet names, declaring that such an outrage on a Virginian gentleman would cause rivers of blood to flow. But the soldiers were firm and marched him and his family back to the house where, for many weary months, he was compelled to remain a prisoner, never being permitted to leave the premises. This meant a holiday for his slaves, many of whom ran off, all delighted at the state of affairs and greatly enjoyed the discomfiture of "ole mastah."

The camp where we were now located was known as Camp Johnston, though the boys with their usual habit of giving fanciful names to all our camps, called it "Camp Pennyroyal," and here Jameson's Brigade settled down and remained until March 17, 1862.

A soldier of the regiment named Henry Gaterman, was a peculiar character and his eccentricities on many occasions created much merriment among his comrades in arms. The first occasion on which his peculiarities were brought prominently to notice, was one night when he was on guard and the "grand rounds" were expected to visit us. The so-called grand rounds consisted of a commissioned officer accompanied by a sergeant and several men who make a nightly visit to the several regiments comprising a brigade to see that the sentinels are up to their duty and that a strict guard is being kept. If possible, the grand rounds would slip in past the guard by

strategem, and it was considered a great disgrace on that regiment if such a thing was done as it was an evidence of carelessness on the part of the guards, and also reflected on the officers, hence, when the grand rounds were expected, the sentinels were cautioned particularly to be on the "qui vive," and receive him in the proper manner.

On this particular night, Henry was on duty at a point where Colonel Hays expected the grand rounds to enter the camp, so he gave him careful instructions as to how he should act. He said:

"Now remember. When you see several men approaching you, call out, 'Halt! Who goes there?' If they answer 'Grand Rounds,' you will say, 'Halt, grand rounds. Advance Sergeant with the countersign!' The Sergeant will then come forward and whisper the countersign, and you will then say, 'Correct; advance grand rounds;' and then permit them to pass."

This he repeated several times over and over again until Henry said he had it perfect.

Sure enough that night, about midnight, the grand rounds appeared at Henry's post. In a loud stentorian voice Henry called out:

"Halt! Who goes dere?"

Promptly came the response:

"Grand Rounds."

Poor Henry had forgotten what to say next, but after a moment's study he called out:

"All right, come aheat."

The grand rounds came into camp, went to the guard headquarters and sent a messenger to awaken Colonel Hays and inform him that the regiment had been captured. The anger of the colonel was terrible, and Henry languished in the guard house for over a week and was compelled to carry a rail up and down the color line for several hours each day. He afterward said, when talking about it:

"Ouf I had knowed it would hafe make so much drubble, besser it vas I would hafe shot der grant rouns ven he come arount."

He never could understand why it was necessary for a sentinel to be so strict, and some of us, finding out how easy he was, used to go up to him when he was on guard and say, "Henry, I want to go outside a little while and will be back soon." His invariable reply was, "All right, go aheat." At last he was caught letting soldiers through the guard line without the countersign and another dose of guard house and rail carrying followed. This changed his temper and he warned us all to keep away from him at night when he was on guard, and the very next time one of the boys tried to dodge past him he shot at him and if his aim had been good, there would have been a dead soldier. He was not a coward by any means, nor did he shirk his duty, but was so bungling and awkward that he escaped many a dangerous affair by being left in camp when the regiment went out on an extra hazardous duty. All the boys were sorry when they learned that Henry was dead, for he had caused many a hearty laugh during the tiresome routine of camp life.

Camp Johnston was a very pleasant place, and soon we were settled to regular camp life. Details from our regiment and from the One Hundred and Fifth worked daily at completing Fort Lyon. The weather, during the remainder of the month of October, continued very fine. The boys of Company A "threw together" and purchased a couple of good violins at Alexandria, and as there were several good players in the company, nearly every night there were stag dances held in the company streets. Colonel Hays, knowing the benefit of these amusements to the boys, encouraged such things and the boys enjoyed it, but with the advent of November the weather became very disagreeable. Cold rain storms were almost of daily occurrence, and all out-door sports had to cease. We began to arrange our winter quarters, as it was evident we would not move before spring. We went into the woods and procured a number of small trees which were cut into lengths of about eight feet, and with these built little log houses about eight feet high and on top of these set our A tents. A stick and mud chimney was built at one end, and

Headquarters Sixty-third Regiment Culpepper, Va.—Winter 1863-1864.

thus we were housed as comfortably as could be expected. These stick and mud chimneys often caught fire in the cold nights when too much fire was kept up, and it was a common sight to see the inmates of a tent suddenly sally forth and kick over their chimney in order to save their tent. A great many practical jokes were perpetrated by the mischevious soldiers, on their comrades. One was to quietly slip up and place a board over the top of the chimney which would soon smoke out the inmates. Another trick which caused much profanity, was to sneak up when the tent was closely tied shut, and throw several blank cartridges down the chimney. These falling into the fire would explode and scatter the fire and ashes all over the soldiers sleeping therein. This would cause a sudden rush from the tent, but the perpetrators would have made themselves invisible, and well for them they had, or they would have been severely injured.

It was when we lay near Fredericksburg, and the victim was a member of our regiment, that we had our first "drumming out" affair. It was a case of desertion, and yet can hardly be called desertion either. The man did not desert to the enemy, neither did he leave the army and go home, but he left his command and went out on a huckstering tour, buying goods from the sutlers and peddling them through the different camps, making money at the business. Of course, being absent from the ranks and unaccounted for, he was marked on the rolls as a deserter. He had been peddling sometime when he was arrested and returned to his regiment. A court martial was convened, and he was regularly tried and found guilty. His sentence was that he should have the buttons cut off his uniform, half his head shaved, be branded on the hip, and then drummed out of camp.

Lieutenant R. A. Nesbitt was the officer of the guard on the day the sentence was to be executed. The prisoner was in the guard house, and when he knew what was coming, being a plucky fellow, he was determined that they should not cut off his buttons, that being a mark of deep degredation, so he pulled every one off his blouse, thus expecting to baffle the

officers having his punishment in charge, but Lieutenant Nesbitt had every button sewed on again and then deliberately cut them all off, thus carrying out that part of the sentence. The next act was shaving half the head and the poor wretch kicked most vigorously against that, but the numbers were against him and he was compelled to submit. The next performance was a brutal one, which later was expunged from the list of punishments. He was marched down to the regimental blacksmith shop and the letter "D" branded on his right hip. The fellow was so plucky, however, that he never winced. A lid of a cracker box was then hung on his back with the word "DESERTER" painted on it in large black letters. Eight men then formed behind him with bayonets fixed, the martial band was placed in front of him and struck up the "Rogues March," the procession started, accompanied by several hundred spectators, and marched him to the guard line. As soon as he passed over the line he received what the boys called the parting salute, which consisted of a volley of old shoes, tin pans, and other miscellaneous matter, and he was turned loose to go where he saw fit, dishonored and disgraced forever. But to show the peculiar traits of soldiers, though every one of his old companions helped to heap ignominy on his head, though they willingly helped to have him suffer this disgrace on account of his crime against his duty as a soldier, no sooner was he cast adrift helpless and in deep dishonor, than numbers of them met him outside the limits of the camp and gave him clothes and money to help him get away. He wandered off, and what became of him never was learned. Feeling deeply his disgrace, he never returned to his home, which was near Pittsburg, and his friends know nothing about him.

One day a certain soldier ran away at the battle of Fair Oaks, and being brought before Colonel Hays he forgave him for that offense, but told him if he ever did so again he would have him drummed out of camp; this threat had such an effect on him that he never flinched afterward, but always kept his place in time of great danger, and in the bloody charge at second Bull Run was literally blown to pieces by a shell. Poor

fellow! drumming out had more terror for him than death.

Another terrible episode we were witnesses of, was a military execution, and it was a sight that we never will forget. We saw once a man executed by hanging, and the terrors of that sight remained with us for many days, but hanging does not begin to compare with the solemn and awful sight of a man being put to death by military law. In this case the victim belonged to a certain regiment of the Second Division. He had become tired of soldiering, or disgusted with the service, or his sympathies were with the rebels, but, at any rate, while on picket one night he deserted his post and started for the rebel lines. On his way he met a squad of what was called the Lincoln Cavalry that had been reconnoitering. He asked who they were and the captain, supposing that he had strayed out of our lines and wishing to give him a good scare, told him that they were a band of Confederate Cavalry. The soldier told them he was glad of that, as he had deserted from the Union forces and was on his way to join the Confederates. The astonished captain, still keeping up his assumed character of a rebel, plied him with questions as to the strength and position of the Federal forces, and the fellow told all he knew about it. After thoroughly pumping him, the captain told him who he was and arrested him. He was taken to headquarters, and in a few days a court martial sat upon his case. The evidence against him was so overwhelming that he was sentenced to be shot.

The morning of the execution was dark and gloomy, a fit morning for so gruesome a deed. The division, under arms, formed the three sides of a hollow square. In the open side, a freshly dug grave was a sign of the tragedy soon to be enacted. By its side was a coffin on which the doomed man was seated. After the Chaplain had prayed with him, he was placed on his knees facing the center, a handkerchief was tied over his eyes, his arms were pinioned behind him, and at a signal, the firing squad of twelve men marched up and took their position in front of him. It was truly a solemn sight. Over eight thousand men stood motionless as though carved

from stone, while the darkness and gloom of the day added to the solemnity of the occasion, and not a man in the vast host but would rather have helped to storm a battery in full action than gaze at that terrible transaction. During a battle you may see your next man shot down by your side and not mind it at the time, owing to the excitement, but here everyone felt a chill prevading his being. The twelve guns used by the firing squad are loaded by a detail appointed for that purpose, eleven of them with ball and one with blank cartridge, so each one may have the hope he did not fire the deadly shot. This is done in sympathy with the men composing the squad as it is a terrible thing to shoot at a comrade in cold blood.

As soon as the firing squad had taken its position, the Chaplain retired and the officer gave the squad a signal. Instantly the twelve guns were brought to a ready, another signal and they were brought to aim—we believe every man heard the beating of his own heart—another signal and the pointed guns belched forth their deadly contents with a crash which, to our highly strung nerves, sounded louder than a cannon shot. As soon as the cloud of smoke cleared away, a form in blue was seen writhing upon the ground in the agony of death. The entire division was marched past the spot that all could see the corpse and take warning from his fate, the body was thrown into the rough box and quickly lowered into the grave and the men went back to their camps, leaving their comrade sleeping in an unhonored grave over which no comrade or friend would ever strew flowers or express any regret. Poor fellow! his crime was great and terrible had been the penalty, yet it was necessary to teach a fearful lesson to others not to betray their country.

All the surviving members of the Sixty-third will remember the active work of our Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Marks, to cheer up the boys during the long, cold and stormy winter of '61 and '62, while we lay in Camp Johnston. During the latter part of November there set in a long spell of stormy and miserable weather, the ground was a mass of mortar, the tents were

flooded, the weather became most dismal and gloomy, and the men were unable to leave their quarters save when they were compelled to stand guard, sometimes almost to their knees in mud, the cold rain falling on them, chilling them to the bone, and all began to grow restless and impatient. Letters from home informed us that a great change had taken place there, all manufacturing concerns had started up with a boom and wages were higher than ever before; those who had remained at home were coining money, while many of the wives and little ones of the soldiers were beginning to feel the cold grip of poverty and were suffering from sickness, cold and hunger; those big-hearted Union savers who said, "Go boys, go and save our beloved country and we will take care of your families and see that they do not suffer," had forgotten their promises and the soldiers' wives and children soon had nothing to depend upon but the scanty $13.00 a month which were paid him at irregular intervals. To make it worse, all the necessities of life began to go up in price, and the mother of a large family began to be sorely pressed for the bread for herself and her hungry brood. These troubles she told her soldier husband in her letters, consequently many of the boys in blue began to feel the corroding of the fetters that bound them to a military life from which there was no escape. Their friends and neighbors at home were reaping a golden harvest, while their loved ones were wanting the necessaries of life. All these things angered the soldiers, their faces became gloomy and their hearts grew sad, and in many cases the result soon became apparent. Some became homesick, the worst sickness that can befall a man, a sickness that mocks at medicine and the doctor's skill; they became despondent and were sent to the hospital, where many sank, despite the doctor's care, and passed away from life.

It was at this time that Chaplain Marks showed his tact as a man who understood these peculiar phases of men under such circumstances, and he began at once to devise plans to divert their thoughts as much as possible from brooding over their home troubles. He started various things of an inter-

esting character; gave lectures every week on pleasant subjects, and as he had traveled extensively in the Holy Land, his lectures on Palestine were highly appreciated. He organized a night school, a debating society, and various other plans to amuse the men. He had a large hospital tent which was used as a house of worship and for entertainments, and scarcely an evening passed that it was not well filled. In all these efforts for the entertainment of the men, he was well seconded by Colonel Hays, who was always anxious for the welfare of his soldiers. Chaplain Marks went from tent to tent, conversed with the men, and organized a church in camp, at which large numbers congregated regularly. In short, the good work done by this aged minister during the gloomy winter will never be fully appreciated.

Pickets are the advance guard placed from one to two miles and sometimes much farther in advance of the main body of the army, according to its proximity to the enemy. During the winter we lay at Camp Johnston, a body of the enemy were encamped opposite our left, on the Occoquan, a sluggish stream that flowed into the Potomac about three miles from Mt. Vernon. The Richmond road from Alexandria crosses it about six miles from its mouth, and at its crossing the old-fashioned and dilapidated village of Occoquan was situated. The enemy's force, said to number about 30,000 men, under General Wigfall, held the heights and occupied the fords. About five or six miles above the Occoquan, and running parallel with it, was the stream called Accotink, which also flowed into the Potomac. Our picket lines were on the Accotink while those of the rebels were on the Occoquan, and between these two streams was a tract of country which might be called debatable ground which was overrun by the scouts of both armies, and parties from either side would collect forage and pick up everything of a portable nature that could be used in camp, hence the people living on this tract were in a sad predicament, being robbed by both sides—not a chicken, sheep, hog, or anything eatable left them, save such things as they could securely hide from the keen-eyed foragers. Some-

times these scouting parties would meet and there would be a skirmish. An affair of this kind occurred on the night of the 5th of March, 1862. We were on picket at Pohick Church, and a detachment of the regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, had gone out on a scout toward Occoquan. The rebels prepared a trap for them, and as they were passing along a dark and lonely road, they were saluted by a severe fire from the enemy in ambush which killed Captain C. W. Chapman of Company K, Quartermaster James S. Lysle and Private Cyrus Moore of Company G, and wounded several others. Our men returned the fire, but it is not known if any of the rebels were killed or wounded. In these things the enemy, on account of their knowledge of the ground and having the sympathy of the inhabitants, who, by some means or other, always managed to notify them, escaped when we thought we had them bagged.

The regiments comprising a brigade were sent out in turn on picket service alternately. They remained out three days, and the boys were well pleased with it when the weather was pleasant, as they were exempt from all drills and camp duties. It always gave them an opportunity to do some foraging on the sly, and many a chicken's life went out and many a potato patch yielded its quota to furnish a supper around a camp fire in the dark woods. The picket posts were about 100 yards apart, but this was arranged to suit the lay of the land, and sometimes they were much closer. At these posts six men were stationed, and they generally constructed a bush shelter where they slept while off duty. The advance line was usually placed along a road or path and stood about twenty paces apart. A signal and countersign were given each one, and when you approached the picket you had to give the signal; you then advanced and gave the countersign which, if correct, you were allowed to pass, but after dark it was extremely dangerous work to approach a picket. Often during the proximity of the enemy, the pickets were ordered not to challenge anyone coming from the direction of the enemy, but

fire at once. The men, especially green troops, were more likely to fire without heeding orders.

On November 8th we lost one of our men in this way. There was an alarm on the picket line, and a young German named Joseph Gardner of Company G, hurried up the line to inform his officer of the trouble, and owing to his excitement and difficulty to speak the English language promptly, he hesitated when challenged. That hesitation was fatal, the next moment he was shot dead by the picket.

There was no position more dangerous than standing on a lone picket post in the dead of night, not knowing at what moment the deadly crack of a sharpshooter's musket would break the stillness and the picket would be "off duty forever."

In a short time our lines were extended still further with headquarters at Pohick Church. This memorable building, where Washington used to attend divine services, was one of the most remarkable relics of the days of the Father of His Country. It stood on the Richmond road, twelve miles west of Alexandria, in a beautiful situation on a hill above Pohick Creek, surrounded by forests of pine and other trees. It was of brick, with stone corners and stone floors. The pews were square pens and the pulpit resembled a huge bird cage with a steep stairway leading to it. The church was built in 1773 by a number of the distinguished old families—the Lees, Masons, Washingtons, Fairfaxes, and others. The bricks used in its construction were brought from England.

Our army was materially assisted when on picket, by a man named Dan Williamson, who called himself the "Scout of Pohick." He was a resident of this part of the country, and although what was known as a "poor white," was very shrewd and keen. On account of some injury received from some of the wealthy rebels, he regarded them with a most deadly hatred and did all in his power to injure them out of revenge. He knew every road and bridle path, and his services as a spy and scout were invaluable. After the war he attended a house raising, and some of those who had served in the army and knew of his actions during the war, killed him in cold blood.

Evidencing the strictness of Colonel Hays, regarding order and discipline in camp, the following order was issued at the time indicated in date line:

Headquarters Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers,
Camp Johnston,
December 10, 1861.

Regimental Order No. 11:

All gambling and card playing is positively prohibited in this camp. Persons disobeying this order will be severely punished.

By order of
ALEXANDER HAYS,
Colonel Commanding Sixty-third P. V.

GEO. P. CORTS, Adjutant.

On February 19, 1862, a change was made in the old Jameson Brigade. The Sixty-first Regiment, Colonel O. P. Rippey, was taken out and in its place we got the Eighty-seventh New York. The Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment was also taken away and we got the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Campbell, in its place; this was a splendid regiment and had an excellent record as a fighter.

The year 1862 opened up brightly, the cold and disagreeable weather of November and December passed away, and bright sunshine took its place. The camps began to enliven up and the men became cheerful. A number of officers, who had been playing the hero while the army lay in winter quarters and there was little or no danger, as soon as the signs of an active campaign began to manifest themselves, threw up their commissions and resigning, returned to their homes rather than imperil their precious lives, but to the honor of other officers, they remained with the boys and with them dared the hardships of the battlefield.

On January 5, 1862, new stands of color were presented by the State to the Sixty-third and One Hundred and Fifth Regiments, Pennsylvania Volunteers, by General J. K. Moorhead, of Pittsburgh, on behalf of the State. General Moorhead spoke as follows:

Colonels Hays of the Sixty-third, and McKnight of the One Hundred and Fifth Regiments, Pennsylvania Volunteers:

I have been designated by the Governor of the Commonwealth of

the State of Pennsylvania, to present these beautiful flags to you, and through you, to the brave men of your regiments. I am proud to be the medium used on this occasion, because I see in it the paternal care of the old Commonwealth for her children. She responded early and nobly to the President's call for men. She clothed, armed and equipped her sons and sent them by thousands, and tens of thousands, to the tented field. She made provision for the wives and families of her absent soldiers. One of her most touching acts of care and attention, was to provide a flag to be presented to each regiment, to be borne into the thickest of the battle, and again returned to the archives of the state when war's fierce tempest is stilled. Upon it shall be recorded the deeds of valor performed by you and your commands, to be preserved for posterity, and thereby stimulate them to like deeds of daring and valor. There is, therefore, a responsibility in giving, and a greater one in receiving, these flags. I give it to you, sir, (turning to Colonel Hays), with full confidence that its glory and honor will be safe; that you will cherish it as the "apple of your eye." Your antecedents tell me (if I do not know you) that you will defend it with your life's blood. But I do know you, sir, as a native son of Pennsylvania, and after having fought under the National flag in Mexico in your youth, I can, with confidence, now in the full vigor of your manhood, place this sacred boon in your hands.

The courage, bravery and military skill that won for you, so justly, a brevet-second lieutenancy on the field of Palo Alto, and afterwards a brevet lieutenancy on the plains of Resaca de la Palma, will not, I know, fail you now, when you have such a noble regiment as this now before me, under your command. I therefore look with confidence to you and these brave men for a brilliant and glorious record for the Sixty-third. And you, sir, (addressing Colonel McKnight), although never having won a brevet on the field of battle, yet the valor and patriotism you have so promptly exhibited in responding to your country's call, and the fact of closing your law books, abandoning your briefs, and laying down your pen to unsheathe the sword in defense of your country; and the success you have already had in bringing into the field this noble and magnificent regiment of hardy woodsmen, is sufficient evidence to me of your valor and ability. I therefore, with equal confidence, entrust this banner to you, knowing that it will never be dishonored nor yielded to the enemy.

Take these flags, Colonels, into the midst of your commands, and I know the brave hearts that will surround them—many of them my own immediate neighbors and constituents, from the vicinity of Washington's earliest campaigns—from Braddock's field, Fort Pitt and the Allegheny valley—will never abandon them to the enemy,

Original Flag, Sixty-third Regiment, in Flag Room of Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.

or suffer them to be dishonored, while God gives them life and power to defend them. This is the same National emblem that was fired on at Fort Sumter, causing a thrill in every patriot's heart. It floats over the best Government that God ever gave to man—one which the blood of our forefathers was poured out like water to establish, and now, I regret to say, that ours is necessary to defend; not from a foreign foe, or a distant enemy, but from the parricidal hands of our former friends—of those who have carried this same flag with honor on many a battlefield. I will not now, as I know I need not, recapitulate the causes of this war. Our Southern brethren, after governing the nation almost without interruption ever since the adoption of our glorious Constitution, have now, in their madness and folly, attempted to strike down what they have been aiding for nearly a century to build up. "May God forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I believe the weakness of issuing proclamations has not yet reached the Colonels of regiments. It will not, I know, reach you.

The business of the soldier, in my opinion, is to deal with traitors and rebels in a more summary manner. When you write proclamations, Colonels, I will expect to see them written with the sword's point in the blood of our enemies.

It is your business to put down this rebellion, to carry this National emblem of Stars and Stripes, with the Pennsylvania coat of arms upon it, (showing the union of State and National sovereignty), in one hand, and the Constitution of our country in the other, making war upon our enemies, giving succor and support to our friends.

You are not fighting to establish or to overthrow State Governments, but to restore and maintain the glorious Constitution and Union given us by our fathers, "one and indivisible," "now and forever." When that is accomplished, which God grant may speedily be done, your work will be finished. You will then return home, and receive the plaudits and homage of your friends and grateful countrymen. May God protect and preserve you in this holy work.

Captain Reid, acting for Colonel Hays, in behalf of the Sixty-third Regiment, responded to General Moorhead as follows:

General:—On behalf of Colonel Hays and the officers and soldiers of the Sixty-third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, it becomes my agreeable duty to receive this beautiful standard at your hands, and to thank you, and through you the noble old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for this sign of recognition,—this proof of sympathy—this sign and pledge of loyalty and victory.

That flag, sir, that piece of colored silk, considered in itself, is of no great intrinsic value. It never yet has waved over victorious hosts on a historic field, or over Columbia's gallant tars on any blood-stained battle-deck. It has probably never has been unfurled

but once or twice since the last stitch was put upon its hem, and it came a finished fabric from the hands that shaped and mounted it. But if it is the first time that its folds have kissed the breeze, it is far from being a fabric merely of today or yesterday, having no value or significance beyond the materials of which it is composed or the striking beauty of its starry blazonry. It has, sir, to you and to me, and to all of us, a value and a meaning far beyond all this. If this standard is new, in one sense of the word, it is nevertheless the same "old flag"—God bless it!—under which our fathers fought and triumphed in days gone by. It is the old flag around which cluster memories and associations dear to every American heart—dear even, if they dare confess it, to the hearts of those whose traitorous hands are now madly raised to strike that standard to the earth, and blot out its bright constellation in blood and darkness. It is the same dear old flag first consecrated by Washington, and which has waved over and protected our land ever since he and his compatriots made it free and happy—the freest, and until now, the happiest land on earth. In a word, that flag has in the short space of three-quarters of a century wrought for itself a glorious history—a history without a parallel in the annals of the world. These considerations it is that make its folds, its stripes, its stars, nay its very hem and tassels, so dear to us; and that should make this occasion of its reception an era in our regiment.

You see before you, General, a thousand Pennsylvania soldiers composing the Sixty-third Regiment. These strong arms and brave hearts have been brought here from the banks of the Monongahela and upper Ohio, from the waters of the Beaver, from the valley of the limpid Allegheny and the pine-clad hills of Clarion. They have left their homes and all that makes home sweet and happy, and come here to fight, and, if need be, to die for the Union and the Constitution—in defense of Constitutional liberty against anarchy, and of legitimate government against a vast, wicked, armed rebellion. They have sacrificed everything else, and come hither at the call of duty and of country to assist in maintaining the very existence of that country now seriously threatened. In the fulfilment of that duty, whether here, on what was once Virginia's sacred soil, or under a Carolina's sun, or on the far off plains of Texas; whether against domestic traitors, if the parties to this war continue as they are, or against a foreign enemy, if England or any other power should dare to meddle in our quarrel, these men would do their duty, I am confident, and do it as becomes Pennsylvanians, even without a banner like that to stream above us in the day of battle. But I need not say that with that banner above us—especially when presented to us by our native State—native at least to nine-tenths of us—there is not a man among us who would not feel twice the vigor in

his arm and twice the enthusiasm in his bosom, in the crisis of the contest—in that trying hour in which in almost every battle that is ever lost or won, so much depends on there being something more to animate and inspire the men than mere physical courage or confidence in the power of numbers. In such an hour as that, if it ever comes to the soldiers of the Sixty-third, if anything should be wanting to arouse them to a last heroic effort to win the field or fall upon it, it would be a glance at that flag. If a soldier's sense of duty—if the sacredness of the cause would not suffice,—if the thoughts of home would not determine each one of us never to return to that home dishonored—if all these would not afford motive and impulse enough to urge us on and sustain us to the last—we need only look upwards to that beauteous banner—to its wavy stripes and starry field—and think of all that it represents—and think too of the beloved old Commonwealth—our common mother—who has placed that standard in our hands to remember her by, and for safe-keeping; and then if these yeomen would not strike again, and to some purpose too, I very much mistake the metal they are made of, and the influence that flag is apt to have over the American soldier who fights beneath its folds.

It would not become me, sir, to speak of the officers of this regiment. If the Sixty-third shall ever falter before the enemy, or fail to carry this flag gallantly through the fight, one thing, General, you may set down now as certain: it will not be the fault of Colonel Hays. His military career, as you intimate, is already historic. So far as he is concerned, this flag will be in safe hands. And I trust, I feel that the officers and soldiers under his command will stand by him in every emergency, and prove themselves worthy of their leader. If they do—Pennsylvania need never blush for her Sixty-third.

And now, General, thanking you in the name of the regiment for the graceful and eloquent manner in which you have discharged your mission; and thanking the Governor of Pennsylvania through whose hands the State bestows upon us these colors, I must bring my remarks to a close. I join with you in the hearty hope that in a few short months this rebellion will be crushed and peace restored so that the Star-Spangled Banner may wave once more over every nook and corner of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When that time comes, fellow soldiers of the Sixty-third, for those of us who may be so fortunate as to survive to see it; and when we shall return to enjoy again the blessings of peace under the protection of that flag—when we shall return to the places now vacant at the family hearth—when we shall return home to our wives and children, home to our parents, brothers, sisters, friends, aye boys, and sweethearts, too; and when we shall be telling of the part we have had in this great drama—of our "hair-breath 'scapes and mov-

ing accidents by flood and field," let us each now try to be able to say then with truth—"I was true to my colors. I never deserted my standard. I stood by the old flag, God bless it! God bless it!"

A rather amusing affair occurred one day about the beginning of March, which caused a commotion in camp. It was a bright day and had been rather warm in the forenoon, but in the afternoon a sudden squall came up. It was a regular tornado; the tent pins gave way and nearly every tent in camp was leveled to the ground. Almost all the men were inside, and such a floundering and struggling mingled with such swearing as only soldier boys can do, was never witnessed before. The officers fared no better than the privates, and their tents went down also.

On Wednesday, March 12th, we started out on what was our last picket duty at Pohick, though we did not know it at the time. We left Camp Johnston about 9 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Pohick about noon. Scarcely were the pickets placed in position when a startling rumor reached us that the rebels, who had been in heavy force at Manassas and Bull Run, had withdrawn their lines and moved back to Richmond, and the enemy, under General Wigfall, who was on the Occoquan, had gone also. As there was now no enemy in our immediate front, there was no necessity for picket guards, hence orders were sent promptly to Colonel Hays to return at once with his regiment. To us this meant active business ahead. It was also joyful news to a number of Union men whose homes were on the Occoquan, but who were compelled to leave on account of their Union sympathies, at the breaking out of the war, and who had been staying at Washington and Alexandria and dared not visit their families for fear of capture by the rebels and being forced into the Confederate Army. They had quickly learned of the evacuation of the place by the enemy, and were returning overjoyed to again meet their wives and children. They passed through our lines and we conversed with several of them, but never did we meet men who were so bitter in their views about secession or who could curse so vehemently the Confederate authorities who

had flung the state into this fratricidal war. After snatching a hasty meal, our regiment started back on its march through the mud to our camp, which we reached about dark, tired and footsore, and almost covered with the "sacred soil" in the form of mud which was of fabulous depth.

Many were the discussions held that night by the boys around the camp fires as to our probable destination; many believed that we would be taken by way of Manassas and thus come upon Richmond from the north, which we would quickly take and have the war ended in time to return home by the Fourth of July. Poor fellows! we did not understand that the war had scarcely begun and that between us and Richmond thousands and thousands of soldiers would leave their bones to bleach before the rebel capitol would be ours. Well for us that Providence hides the future from our view.

The next morning we were ordered to pack up ready for a start, but about noon the order was countermanded. It was now noticed that an immense fleet of vessels of all kinds were gathering in the Potomac at Alexandria, and it was evident the army would move by water, but where? That was the question that agitated everybody. Some thought that we would be taken around the coast to South Carolina or some other point further south, but no one outside of the chief officers suspected where our destination would be, and thus we lay and surmised until March 17th.

On Sunday, March 16th, orders were issued to the men to cook rations for three days and be prepared to leave camp next morning. We had been in this camp since the 14th of October, and it had become partially endeared to us as a home. We had fixed up our winter quarters until we were surrounded with many comforts; now we were about leaving them forever to engage in the mighty struggle which we knew was before us, and we could not help feeling a shade of sadness. During the time we had been in this camp we received many things from home to help make us feel comfortable during the winter, in the way of extra blankets, quilts, etc., and these we could not take along with us. In the lower corner of the camp there

stood a little shanty occupied by a family of slaves belonging to George Mason, the owner of the land on which we were encamped. This family consisted of an old couple, Uncle Amos and Aunt Polly, and several grandchildren. Aunt Polly was a typical old Virginia "mammy" and was a great favorite with the soldiers. She was very old but always wore a broad smile and was quite cheerful, believing that the year of jubilee had at last come for her and her race. In a conversation with her one day she said:

"Mastah, I knowed yeahs ago, dis wah was a-comin'. I done seed de signs in de hebbens, and I knowed de good Lawd was a-goin' to lead us out ob bondage, an' I done tole my ole man so, but he hadn't de faith to beleebe it; but now he done knows dat it was true. De day hab come, praise de Lawd."

When we broke up camp we gave Aunt Polly everything we could not take along, all extra bedding, cooking utensils and many other things, and the old woman could hardly contain her joy at this sudden acquisition of property such as she had never hoped to possess.

"Why, I'm nearly as well off as Mastah Mason now. De Lawd bress de kind soger boys." And when we marched out of camp she stood by her little cabin weeping bitterly.

Field Hospital Sixty-third Regiment, Camp Bullock, Va.

CHAPTER III.

(From March 17, 1862, to May 4, 1862.)

EMBARKATION FOR THE PENINSULA—AT FORTRESS MONROE—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE—IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN—A FIELD HOSPITAL—THE INTRENCHMENTS—EVACUATION OF YORKTOWN—OFFICIAL REPORT OF SIEGE OF YORKTOWN—PEACH ORCHARD AND WYNN'S MILL.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro'
By a rifleman hid in the thicket;
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, his death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the lights of the watch-fires gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when the low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! Was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight as suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle * * * "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac tonight;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!"

CHARLES W. MacHENRY,
Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

NOTE—This popular and pathetic poem was published anonymously in 1861, and has since been reproduced and quoted repeatedly in newspapers, magazines and periodicals throughout the country under different titles, and ascribed to different authors. Throughout the North it has been generally accredited to Ethel Lynn Beers, and in the South to Lamar Fontaine, a private in the Second Virginia Cavalry. It is now, however, for the first time, publicly claimed as the inspiration of Captain Charles W. MacHenry, of Company G, Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers. In a letter dated Los Angeles, California, November 9, 1907, J. A. Young, former adjutant of this regiment, writes: "I remember one thing that is not generally known, and that is that the poem, "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight" was written by Captain MacHenry of Company G. The original was written by him on a fly-leaf of the roster and can be found in the regimental chest now stored in Washington, D. C. I did not see him write it, but was assured by Adjutant William McGranahan that he saw Captain MacHenry write it, and that he was really the author."

In a private letter dated Fort Madison, Iowa, recently received from Mrs. Charles W. MacHenry, she says: "I am proud to pay a tribute to the noblest man I ever knew (my husband) Charles W. MacHenry. In regard to the "Picket Guard," Charles told me he was the author. Captain George B. Chalmers has also assured me of the same truth, and I used to urge Charles to claim the authorship, but he would say, "Every one of my friends know I wrote it." While not wishing to deprive any persons of such credit as may be properly due them, it is simply a matter of fact and an honor due, even at this late day, to accord to the real author of this immortal literary gem the credit which is justly his. Many of his comrades in arms who saw the original manuscript of the poem before it appeared in print, and some who actually saw him when he composed it, are ready and willing to vouch for the fact that Captain MacHenry and no other, was the inspired author of this touching poem.)

THE morning of the 17th of March dawned bright and beautiful, with just enough coolness in the air to give vigor and make it a luxury to breathe the exhilarating atmosphere.

The birds sang gaily, and all nature betokened the awakening of spring.

We were formed in line on the parade grounds for the last time, and casting a last glance over the familiar old camp, when Colonel Hays, mounted on "Dan," his favorite war steed, gave the command, "Attention, battalion! Right face, forward; music, quick time. Bully for you; march!" and we filed out of camp to the stirring music of our excellent drum corps, and Camp Johnston became a memory of the early days of the war. Nine hundred and eighty-five commissioned officers and enlisted men left the camp. A few over 100 marched back past the old camp September 3, 1862.

When we reached the elevation above Hunting Creek, near where Fort Lyon stood, and gazed down on Alexandria, a most dazzling spectacle, such as is seldom seen in a lifetime, was presented to our view. The entire plain and hillside were covered with armed men coming from every direction, and from whose bayonets the sun was reflected in myriads of bright scintillations that made them glitter like diamonds. Column after column of infantry in blue came pouring toward a common centre; to the right were great bodies of cavalry assembling, the sabres and equipments reflecting the sunbeams like polished mirrors. On the left the artillery was gathering, their brass cannons almost dazzling the eye as they threw back the rays of the sun, while the large, heavy guns with their sombre look and dark muzzles, showed what death and destruction they could hurl from their black throats when occasion required. Still further to the left, a long blue column of men, flowing like a rapid river, came pouring in, from whose surfaces bright gleams of light flashed as the sun caught the points of their bayonets. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The air was vocal with music, the brass bands playing at the heads of the regiments, while here and there the stirring notes of the fifes and drums added to the excitement. It was truly a gay pageant and calculated to fill the soul with enthusiasm. But alas! how few realized at the time that in the space of a few months nearly half of that grand army of strong, stalwart

men, now so vigorous and hopeful, would be strewing the dreary peninsula with their mangled bodies or breathing their last in field hospitals amid the pestilential swamps.

In the Potomac lay fully a thousand vessels of all kinds, each with the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze. About noon our regiment reached the wharf at Alexandria and a portion of it was marched on board the steamer "North America." The other vessels were rapidly filling up with soldiers. During the embarkation General McClellan and staff rode down to the wharf and were greeted with deafening cheers. The embarkation continued until long in the night, and as soon as our vessel had received her quota of troops she drew out into the stream and anchored for the night.

Never a fairer morning dawned than that of Tuesday, March 18, 1862. As the sun brightened the Eastern sky, the mists that lay on the beautiful blue Potomac rolled away and its beams rested on the hundreds of flags floating in the breeze from the various craft lying at anchor in front of Alexandria, causing one to think of that well known couplet:

> "Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
> And in glory reflected it shines on the stream."

Soon the bright rays rest on the transports loaded down with soldiers, for the whole army of the Potomac, in all its pride and strength, is embarked on those transports going where, in a short time, it will meet Death in all his varied forms.

Soon the notes from a band on one of the boats comes stealing across the water, then another and another, until the air is filled with the melody, and the shrill notes of fifes and the thunder of drums betoken that the army is awakening, and the quiet of the early dawn gives place to the many varied sounds. After a hasty breakfast the boys crowded to the upper decks to view the scene. At 10 o'clock our steamer lifted her anchor, and turning her bow down stream, we were off on our long journey. It was a grand sight as steamer after steamer, loaded down to the guards with soldiers, pulled out from their anchorage and joined the mighty procession down the historic

Potomac. The men, after having been cooped up in their little uncomfortable quarters in muddy camps all winter, were like schoolboys out for a holiday, and cheered and sang and laughed. The bands kept up delightful music, the sun shone out bright and warm, the sky was a most beautiful blue, and all nature seemed as bright as it possibly could be.

Soon we passed the historic Mount Vernon, where the remains of the Father of his Country repose, and it was noticed that as we passed by the soldiers became silent, the noisy laughter ceased, and a reverential silence seemed to settle down upon all until we had passed out of sight of the place.

Near here, on the left bank of the river, lay General Sickles with his command. They cheered us loudly as we passed, and a battery on the river bank kept firing salutes until all the vessels had gone by.

We soon passed Aquia Creek, where the rebels had erected some strong fortifications and during the winter had kept a strict blockade which was very annoying to the people of Washington and Alexandria. When the rebel army fell back from Manassas, the rebels set fire to these fortifications and the works were still smoking when we passed them.

The Potomac rapidly widens below Aquia Creek and becomes a noble stream. When night came, orders were given to the men to fill their canteens, as it would be the last chance to obtain fresh water until we landed, for the transports did not carry any. Some of us neglected to do this and in the morning went to the forward deck of the vessel and pumping a tinful, tried to take a drink. It was a complete failure, and we realized for the first time how nauseating sea water tasted.

The shores on either side were now faintly visible and it was not long until we were entirely out of sight of land and realized that we were afloat on the "boundless sea."

Next morning was the reverse of the preceding one. It was dark and gloomy with a cold wind, which soon caused the waves to swell, the vessel began to pitch and toss at a lively rate, and it was not long until we began to feel a curious sen-

sation in our stomachs and, without knowing what was the matter, we were in the throes of sea sickness.

In Company C was a harum-scarum fellow called "Sailor Jack," from the fact that he had been a sailor for several years before he joined the army. Of course he was not afflicted with sea sickness, but took delight in tormenting his suffering comrades, advising them to eat a chunk of nice, fat pork. This was enough, and with bitter curses at him they rushed to the side of the boat and continued to cast up their accounts into the sea.

As we passed farther down the bay it grew rougher. During the afternoon, in the west and south heavy banks of clouds were observed, slowly rolling up and soon the bright gleams of lightning and the distant booming of thunder gave notice that a heavy thunderstorm would soon add its terrors to the scene.

Just as the dusky shadows of night were closing down, we came in sight of Fortress Monroe and were indeed glad that we should soon feel the substantial earth again beneath our feet. We all had enough of ocean travel. Our transport was well in the lead of the fleet, and we were among the first to land. Many of the others could not land on account of the roughness of the sea, and were compelled to anchor some distance from land, where they tossed and rolled and strained at their anchors in a way that must have been agonizing to those on board.

After we had landed and were standing on the beach waiting for orders, a most unpitying storm of wind and rain, accompanied with vivid lightning and terrible thunder, broke over us. We had no shelter of any kind, but huddled in groups we stood amid the fearful downpour, and in a few minutes were soaked to the skin, the water streaming from us in torrents. A soldier can stand hunger and thirst with tolerable patience; he can stand cold and weariness well, but there is nothing so trying or that makes him so cross as to have to stand in the rain without any shelter. All the old soldiers can testify the truth of this, and as we huddled on the storm-swept beach on that dreary March night, amid the pelting of

that pitiless storm, the men grumbled and growled most volubly.

After cowering thus in the tempest for about two hours, orders came from the commanding officer of Fortress Monroe, to march the men across the neck of land toward Hampton and find encampment for the night. So in the darkness, with the awful storm beating in our faces, and nothing to light our way but the terrible flashing of the lightning, wet, cold and miserable, we were marched over a mile into an open field where, without fire, or tents, and over ankle deep in water, we were told to shift for ourselves until morning. And there on that open moor, under the pelting of the storm, we prepared to pass a most cheerless night. By this time the men were too miserable to grumble and swear, and the gloomy silence settled down upon us like a pall. As we stood in our drenched clothes, we thought of the warm, comfortable homes we had left and contrasted our condition with that of those whom we had left there. Dreadful indeed would have been our sufferings if we had been compelled to remain there all through that dismal and storm-swept night, but relief came when we had least hoped for it.

The Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment was encamped about three-fourths of a mile from the place where we had been halted. Some of the men of that regiment had been on guard near where we were, and when they were relieved, returned to camp and reported our forlorn condition to their comrades and they, with the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, whose camp adjoined, came promptly to our relief. They conducted us to their camps where room was made for us in their quarters and stables. Having gotten us under shelter, they came with large kettles of steaming hot coffee, which was a God-send to the shivering, drenched wretches, and of which we all partook with true thankfulness. This action was the real sympathy of true soldiers towards their companions in arms. Without the kindness of these men, great indeed would have been our sufferings that wretched night, many would have been taken to the rear or left in the hospitals to suffer

and die. Indeed, many a poor fellow while exposed to the storm that night, contracted the seeds of disease that ended his life before many months had gone by. The kindness of these Massachusetts soldiers touched us deeply and we never forgot it; and to this day not a survivor of the old Sixty-third but has a warm place in his heart for the Sixteenth Massachusetts and the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The morning after our arrival at Fortress Monroe dawned bright and cheerful, we were now in a new land and everything was interesting to us, as we were in a portion of Virginia of deep historical interest.

Our tents and camp equipage arrived from the steamer, and we bade our hospitable friends good-bye with many hearty thanks, and moving out a short distance, pitched our tents on the border of a wide plain near an inlet of the bay.

The boys soon discovered that the marshy coast was full of clams, and in a short time everybody was busy digging the bivalves from their native mud and roasting great quantities in huge fires built along the shore.

We remained in this camp five days. We had reached Fortress Monroe a few days after the famous fight between the ironclads Merrimac and Monitor, and all the soldiers were full of talk about it and everyone had his own way of describing it.

It was a gay scene that greeted our eyes the morning after our arrival. The storm had spent its force, and the sun shone with unusual brilliancy; hundreds of vessels were lying in the bay at anchor, while numberless small boats were darting here and there from vessel to vessel and between the vessels and the shore, making an ever-changing picture that, to the eyes of those not used to such scenes, was wonderful. While we lay here the rest of the army of the Potomac disembarked and the stores, horses and artillery were unloaded.

The weather was truly delightful, and whenever we could get away from our regular duties, we spent the time strolling along the beach picking up small shells and curiously colored pebbles.

On Monday morning, March 24th, orders were given to strike tents and march. We hastily packed up our belongings, and in a short time our entire division, then under command of General Hamilton, took up the line of march. We passed through the town of Hampton, and advancing a short distance beyond, went into camp on a large level tract of land known as "Hampton Plain."

The town of "Old Hampton" deserves a passing notice. It lay two miles from the fort, and when we passed through it was in ruins. Every house had been destroyed, and nothing remained but the naked walls of what had at one time been the seat of wealth and fashion, as many of the first families of Virginia resided here and it was rich in historic legends.

At the time Hampton was burned, General Ben Butler was in command of Fortress Monroe and, as the Union lines were extended, most of the inhabitants of Hampton fled to Richmond. After the battle of Great Bethel, Butler withdrew the men from beyond the creek. To prevent the Union men from using the town as winter quarters, General Magruder sent 100 men from Yorktown to destroy the place. They came quietly to Hampton in the evening and shortly after the cry of "fire" was ringing on every side. Every house, church and building were vomiting forth flames, and a cowering, shivering and weeping throng of old men, women and children, were gathered on the plain, not knowing what to do or where to go. All their household goods were destroyed, and thus in an hour were scattered the families of the beautiful town, which was now a smoking heap of ruins.

We were now encamped in a beautiful place, the ground for miles around was level as a floor. The weather continued fine, and every day there were brigade drills and sometimes the entire division was put through many evolutions. The boys were well pleased with the place and wrote some glowing letters home.

Of the correspondents among the soldiers there were two classes, which may be called the optimists and the pessimists. The first class would write most encouraging letter home to

their families, telling them only of the bright side of a soldier's life, saying nothing of the privations or hardships, and would thus cheer and encourage their wives and parents. The second class would write most doleful Jeremiads, whining and complaining of the bitterness of their lot, exaggerating every trifling trouble, and giving a most doleful picture of the sorrows of a soldier's life, making babyish complaints about their sufferings and hardships, until their poor wives were almost distracted. There was a young man known as Polk McCullough, of Company A, who was raised by his uncle, Captain James McCullough, of near Monroeville. He was only a boy when he enlisted and was strongly advised not to join as we did not think he could stand the privations of a soldier's life, but we were never more mistaken as Polk served out his three years' enlistment and then re-enlisted and served until the surrender at Appomattox. He never missed a battle or a day's service, but once, when he was sick for a short time, and was as brave a boy as ever wore the blue of a soldier. Always cheerful and jolly, he was the life of the company. Colonel Hays thought a great deal of him and nicknamed him "Old Barefoot," from the fact that in the summertime, when Polk's shoes gave out, he would not draw a new pair but would run barefooted until the officers would compel him to put on footwear. Once, when he was detailed for guard duty on the following day, Polk was, as usual, shoeless, and had he told the sergeant he would have been excused. Now, when a soldier was detailed for guard duty, he was expected to brush up, brighten his accoutrements, have his gun thoroughly clean and his shoes blacked. When the detail got ready in the morning, Polk cleaned himself up properly and then taking the blacking and brush, rolled up his trousers nearly to his knees, and then blacked and polished his feet and legs until they shone. When the detail went over on the guard line to be inspected, many of us went along to see how Polk would fare. The officer of the guard was a peppery little German, as consequential as a bantam rooster. When he came down the line of guards inspecting them, he stopped at Polk and gazed

on him in astonishment. Polk stood gazing out before him without the motion of a muscle. After looking at him for a short time, the officer blurted out:

"Vat you doing here?"

"Serving my country," answered Polk solemnly.

"Vere is your shoes?"

"Haven't got any," said Polk.

"Vell, you gets to your quarters, and after de guart mount I'll 'tend to you."

Polk threw his gun on his shoulder and, as he turned carelessly on his heel, remarked in his peculiar drawl:

"Well, I suppose a man will have to wear kid gloves in this regiment to kill rebels, according to the tactics."

The officer hurried down to the Colonel's quarters and reported Polk for insubordination. The Colonel heard him attentively and answered:

"Well, that's Old Barefoot; let him alone, he is too good a soldier to punish just because he wants to go barefooted."

Polk had a chum, John Haymaker, and they made a team, two regular dare-devils that feared nothing and would venture on all kinds of dangerous exploits.

These were merry days while we lay encamped on the plains of Hampton. In fact they were the gala days of the Army of the Potomac. After being cooped up all through the winter in the miserable, muddy camps, amid the bleak and dreary hills of that portion of Virginia where everything was desolate and uninviting, we appeared to have been suddenly transported to a most beautiful country in the glowing springtime, where the fields were in brilliant green, where the sun was bright and warm, and all nature seemed to rejoice. The soldiers resembled a lot of emancipated schoolboys out for a holiday, more than men whose business was to kill, or be killed.

The skirmish drill was always an interesting sight and on these level grounds there was plenty of room to indulge in it, and our regiment became expert, and the boys were proud of it. Our regiment was armed with the Spencer repeating rifles in 1864. How pleased the boys were to exchange the old

Austrian muzzle loaders for the repeating Spencer, but in a short time they discovered that with these new repeating rifles had come something else not bargained for, as at every engagement came the order, "Spencers to the front!" and they found that their place was on the skirmish line much more often than was agreeable.

In every direction the roads were crowded with troops marching to their encampments, thousands of flags fluttering in the breeze, the air filled with martial music. It was a scene calculated to call forth all the enthusiasm in one's veins and to make the veriest coward feel brave. There were over six thousand wagons and ambulances connected with the army, and the number of horses and mules were estimated at forty-five thousand.

The army mule deserves a passing notice. Mules are peculiar creatures, and there is something ludicrous about them. The army mule has the most solemn countenance and contains more cussedness to the square inch than any other living creature. In civil life the mule is easily managed, but as soon as he belongs to the army his character changes and his whole being seems given over to depravity and general devilishness.

It was as good as a circus to see a teamster hitch up his mules in the morning, and everybody enjoyed the sight save the teamster, especially when the mules made up their minds not to be hitched, and men who never swore before would give way to the wildest profanity, and it was a common sight to see a teamster limp away rubbing himself on account of a severe kick from a mule, and at the same time hurling back terrible curses at the offender. One of our teamsters, Jim McManus, used to solemnly declare that he had a mule who could kick him while he was tying the hamestring.

Often, after a long day's march, when tired and sleepy, we threw ourselves on the ground to catch a few hours of needed sleep, as if by a preconcerted arrangement all the mules in the division would decide to hold a concert for the benefit of the soldiers, and that would end the sleep for that night. One loud

voiced chap would start in with a baritone solo which would soon be a duet, then a trio, would become a quartet, and again would become a grand chorus which would send the men into paroxysms of profanity. Sometimes an angry soldier would seize a club and rush up to where a number were carrying on a full mule opera, and belabor them, but a few vigorous applications of their heels soon convinced him that he was simply an intruder in a family amusement, and he would retire limping, while they would burst forth in a louder and grander song of triumph than ever. They had a hard life of it, poorly fed, and almost worked to death, but they often had their revenge. Sometimes a number of them would get loose during the night, and then there was fun for the mules. Over the tents they would rush, getting entangled in the tent ropes, and then kick everything to pieces until they got clear again and arousing the entire division. Speaking of mules, W. H. Morrow, of Company A, tells the following:

"I want to tell of the greatest scare I got during my whole course of soldier life. I was often scared while in the army, in fact I never went into a fight that I was not scared, but this particular scare was one of the meanest and one of the most humiliating kind, and was caused by a mule. It was in July, 1862, just after we had reached Harrison's Landing, on the James River. Our army had just finished the terrible seven days' battles and had emerged bruised and battered from the dismal swamps where we had fought every day and retreated each night. We had lost our blankets, shelter tents, and in fact all our camp equipage, and our nerves were strung up to their highest tension. A couple of days after we arrived it commenced to rain. In the evening I was seeking some kind of shelter when I saw a teamster drive into the upper end of camp and unhitch his mules. It was forbidden to sleep in any of the wagons, so I kept out of sight until the driver, after tying his mules to the front part of the wagon, went down to camp. Now was my chance, so crawling into the rear I crept forward and lay down with my head close up to the forward end. As I lay and listened to the rain pattering on the canvas

covering, such a delightful sense of comfort stole over me as I have very seldom experienced, and I was soon sleeping profoundly. Some time during the night one of the mules thrust his head in under the cover and his mouth could not have been more than six inches from my face when he began to bray in a most unearthly manner. How I got out of that wagon I never knew, but I do know that I was at least twenty feet behind it when I awoke running. I often made good time when on the retreat with the yelling rebels coming on behind, but my running this time was the best I ever performed. I cast hurried glances from side to side and over my shoulder to see if the thing was after me, but when I noticed that camp was still and quiet and I appeared to be the only scared thing in it, I began to check up and at last stood still and gazed around. Just then another mule, in another part of the camp, began a song, and the truth struck me. I sneaked quietly back and crept into the wagon again, but my fright had banished all desire to sleep any more that night. I kept very quiet about it, as I knew if the boys got hold of the story I would never hear the last of it."

While there were some noble, humane and self-sacrificing physicians in the army, who were an ornament to the class and a God-send to the poor, broken down, fever-stricken or wounded soldiers, unfortunately they formed a minority to the unskilled quacks whose ignorance and brutality made them objects of detestation to the soldier. Many of these fellows, if compelled to depend upon their profession in civil life, would have starved, but having, through the influence of political friends, been appointed army surgeons, as soon as they donned the soldier straps, blossomed out into miserable tyrants. Brutal, as well as ignorant and careless of the poor soldiers placed in their care, they helped to fill many graves where our army marched.

Once, while our regiment lay near Alexandria, one of the cooks of Company D was severely scalded one night while cooking rations for the company to go on picket the next day, by upsetting a kettle of boiling water over his legs. He was

carried into his tent and someone ran to the doctor's quarters and asked him to come and dress the man's injuries. It was a cold, disagreeable night and the doctor was comfortable in bed and refused to get up, giving this heartless answer:

"He won't die before morning and I'm not going to get out in the cold night for any d—d soldier in the army."

But he did, oh yes, Colonel Hays was told of the matter, and in a few minutes a file of men marched the doctor to where the injured man was, and after his hurts were dressed, the Colonel gave that doctor such a lecture as he would likely never forget, and then put him under arrest for a week.

Colonel Hays, though one of the strictest disciplinarians in the army, had a heart as tender as a woman's, and would not permit any wrong or injury to be perpetrated on the poorest soldier in the regiment.

After awhile, when a large number of these would-be doctors had been kicked out of the army, the service improved.

Our first surgeon was Dr. John Crawford, of Kittanning, who was one of God's noblemen. A skillful physician, a true gentleman and a genuine Christian, all the soldiers loved him. Soon after joining us he was promoted to brigade surgeon and died during the penisula campaign. His death was a heavy blow to the service. We had a number of other doctors, some good, some middling, and some worthless.

On Thursday, April 3rd, we were ordered to get ready to march and we now knew it was "on to Richmond." The next morning we left the beautiful camp at Hampton, and to the merry tones of fife and drum, stepped out gaily from one of the most pleasant camping ground we had yet occupied.

The morning was beautiful, the sun shone with splendor and nature had put on one of her gayest moods, but these moods were very uncertain; one day it would be most delightful weather and in a few hours it might be storming and raining furiously. We took the road toward Yorktown, and about noon passed Big Bethel, some ten miles from Fortress Monroe, where a disastrous fight had taken place on the 10th of June, 1861, between a body of rebels and a body of Union troops

under command of General Pierce, of Massachusetts, in which the Union men were defeated and the gallant Major Winthrop was killed. To make the disaster worse, our men had fired into each other by mistake.

The rebels had encampments at Little Bethel, but withdrew as we approached, and joined the main force at Yorktown. A number of brush shanties marked the place where they had encamped.

Passing Big Bethel, we proceeded about four miles further and encamped for the night. After crossing Big Bethel Creek, the aspect of the country changed, it became broken and hilly, the hills being mostly covered with scraggy pines and cedars, and the land appeared very poor. It had become impoverished from the raising of continuous crops of tobacco until almost worthless. As soon as these worn-out tobacco lands are allowed to lie vacant, they begin to send out a growth of pines as though nature was making an effort to restore the fertility that man has destroyed. It was a common sight to see a dense growth of pine on one side of the road and a forest of oak, maple and chestnut trees on the other, and not a pine among them.

Along the small streams and creeks, the ground abounded in swamps, which extended quite a distance on either side, houses were few and far between, and it was a dreary, desolate looking country and bore all the ear-marks of the curse of slavery.

We encamped on a plantation owned by a man named Russell. It was a beautiful place, a gem in the wilderness, the house was a typical southern mansion, large, roomy, and with a wide veranda extending clear around it, beautiful ornamental trees and shrubbery encircled it, with hundreds of beautiful rose bushes in the large yards. The owner was an out-and-out old Virginia aristocrat, a regular F. F. V., and if looks could have destroyed an army, we would all have been swept away. He was very indignant that Northern "mudsills" should dare to encamp on his premises, but when the boys began to burn his fences for fuel to cook their suppers, his fury became too

COLONEL
WILLIAM S. KIRKWOOD

COLONEL
A. S. M. MORGAN

GENERAL
PHILIP KEARNEY

COLONEL
JOHN A. DANKS

great for utterance and he retired into the house and did not show himself again while we remained. He owned a large number of slaves, among whom were a number of most beautiful octoroon girls, which recalls a funny incident:

Ben Butterfield was a member of Company B, as was also a good humored Dutchman named Springer. Ben had been down about the Russell place and when he came back to the company, said he had seen "quite a number of Creoles" (meaning octoroons). When Springer heard it he shouldered his gun and started for the place. After awhile he returned and said:

"Ben, I vas all arount dare und I didn't see a plame one of dem owls."

"What owls?" enquired Ben.

"Vy, dem cree owls, vat you said you seen down dare."

He thought when Ben said he had seen creoles he meant some kind of birds, and had gone out to shoot some of them.

Near the road where the head of our regiment lay, stood a small cabin, the dwelling of some of those unfortunates known in the South as poor whites, who are considered by the wealthy planters as lower than the negroes—in fact the slaves regarded them with contempt, calling them "white trash." Their condition was truly worse than the slaves, for they often suffered for the necessaries of life while the slave was sure of his living. These men were poor, shiftless, lazy creatures, who depended upon what odd jobs they could get, while the women were generally slattern and careless creatures, inveterate users of tobacco, mostly in the form of snuff, and could bite a chew off a plug and masticate it with the skill of a veteran. While we were at Accotink, a very pretty girl, but dressed very slatternly, came out on the porch and said:

"Say, mister, have you any tobacco?"

We happened to be in luck just then and handed her a plug. She bit off a generous chunk and handing back the remainder, went into the house without another word.

The husband of the woman who lived in this cabin, was in the rebel army, and when the poor creature saw our army

going to where he was serving, she wept bitterly. Among the many painful scenes witnessed during the war none comes back with more vividness than that pale, hollow-eyed woman surrounded by her band of little ragged, white-headed children holding to her skirts, as she stood in her door weeping as she thought of the danger of her husband in the coming struggle, and we often wondered if he lived to return to that frightened little flock again, or if his bones are rotting on some of those dreadful battlefields of Virginia.

Some of our men talked to her and heard her say that her husband was opposed to the war and did not want to go, but had been forced into the service. She was miserably poor, and to the honor of our boys, they treated her with much respect and kindness and divided their rations with her and her little ones, giving her coffee, sugar, crackers and meat, until she had received quite a supply of provisions, enough to last many days. She could not understand why the men who were on their way to kill her husband, should be so kind to her, and as she murmured her thanks she said:

"You uns are mighty curious people."

We camped on the Russell farm during the night and lay beside the road leading to Yorktown. Shortly after dark one of those drizzling, continuous rains, so frequent in that section of the country, set in and continued all night. The weather became quite chilly, but we had plenty of fuel for our camp fires in the shape of fence rails belonging to the old rebel Russell's farm, and the boys did not spare them. Early in the morning the bugle called the tired and hungry men to their feet and they straggled out, and oh, how cross and ill-natured they were, ready to fight with their shadows, yet eager for their scanty breakfast of hard tack and coffee. A number of the boys of Company A had two rails parallel with each other, and filling the place between with sprigs and splinters, placed their tin cups over the fire kindled there. Just as the coffee began to boil, Polk McCullough came along and either through accident or from mischief, hit one of the rails a kick, and over went all the coffee into the fire. Then there was trouble, and

the profanity was picturesque. Polk took to his heels, and well for him that he did or the angry boys would have nearly killed him. About 9 o'clock we fell into line and took up the march. It continued drizzling all day and the ground was soaked, which rendered marching very heavy and unpleasant. The country through which we were passing was very poor and desolate looking, and appeared to be unfavorable for farming. About 4 o'clock we ascended a long hill, having heard cannonading for some time before reaching the top, and supposed that a battle was in progress, consequently we hurried on as fast as possible, soon reaching the summit, and there, before us, lay Yorktown. The firing was from some batteries that had gained the foot of the hill and were throwing shells into the rebel breastworks at Yorktown. The rebels answered promptly, and sent their compliments over in the shape of solid shot and shell. Our brigade marched down the hill and took position in a bleak field behind a woods where we were separated a short distance from the enemy. The artillery stopped their firing, but every now and then the Johnnies would throw a shell into our lines which would cause a scamper among the boys. We were face to face with the enemy and expected to engage in a furious struggle in the morning.

As the shades of night settled down upon our army as it lay encamped before Yorktown on that memorable Saturday, April 5, 1862, there were evidences that the men felt the solemnity of the occasion. For the first time since we had become soldiers were we brought, as it were, face to face with the enemy, and all felt sure that on the morrow a desperate battle would take place between the Union and rebel armies and all knew that the conflict would be a bloody one, and when at dark Dr. Crawford, our brigade surgeon, rode into camp and asked Colonel Hays to send the brass band to hospital quarters to act as stretcher carriers for bringing in the wounded, it did not tend to raise the spirits of the men. It was also noticed that the boys did not indulge in the usual sky-larking and funny antics that they generally did every evening in camp during pleasant weather, but were disposed

to gather in groups and discuss the probabilities of the fight next day. There were no cowardly feelings exhibited, but this would be our first battle and it caused a solemn feeling which was not real fear.

On our left lay a dense woods beyond which were strong entrenchments of rebels; on our right another heavy tract of timberland full of swamps and ponds: on our front, beyond a rise of ground, lay Yorktown within three lines of strong fortifications. Those good people who remained at home to criticise the manner in which the war was conducted, have repeatedly declared that the great mistake of the war was that the Army of the Potomac did not at once storm the rebel works at Yorktown, which they could have easily taken.

Well, we might have taken them, but it would have been at a terrible loss of life, anyone seeing the formidable earthworks would realize this.

The rebels evidently expected an attack in the morning and were on the "qui vive." All through the night at regular intervals some of their heavy guns would send a ponderous shell or solid round shot into our camps to inform us that they were on the alert, which greatly interfered with the slumbers of the boys. But the long night passed at last and the morning was beautiful, a typical spring Sabbath. Almost the first object that met our gaze was the huge war balloon of Professor Lowe that accompanied the army, at a considerable height, and glistened in the rays of the rising sun like a ball of silver suspended in the air.

The camp fires were lighted and breakfast was hurriedly cooked and eaten, but no preparations for battle were visible, and it would seem apparent that there would be no fight that day.

We lay in front of Yorktown for thirty days, and of this number it stormed and rained twenty, and all this time the boys worked incessantly digging rifle pits and casting up entrenchments.

A short distance in front of our regiment there was an open place through the woods to the left, where we had a view of

a rebel fort on the hill about three-fourths of a mile away. The boys began to gather at this place to look at the fort when, without any warning, a shell from the Johnnies came crashing into the midst of them, causing a sudden stampede. It is needless to say that we lost all interest in this rebel fortification for the time being.

Half a mile from where our regiment first encamped, and near to where some heavy earthworks were being made, was the spot where tradition said that Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington on October 19, 1781. A large flat rock marked the place of surrender, and some of the old lines of entrenchment were yet visible. Standing at this historic spot, one was led to reflect on what strange things occur in history. Here were two armies composed of men whose forefathers had stood at this same spot and felt their pulses thrill with joy as they beheld the enemy march out of their intrenchments and lay down their arms in token of surrender, and could feel that they were a free people, united in the bonds that had been purchased with privation, suffering and blood, and now here were assembled their descendants, members of the same family, with the same common interests, arrayed against each other in a deadly strife. Truly it was an unnatural war.

The first Sunday evening before Yorktown Colonel Hays held dress parade, and as the enemy was in hearing distance, he ordered the band to play the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," in order to annoy them and ruffle up their feelings. He succeeded beyond his expectations, for by the time the parade was dismissed the Johnnies sent us their compliments in the shape of some shells that stopped any more dress parade or playing exasperating tunes while we lay in that camp.

It was found that our camp was too close to the rebel lines for comfort, as they had a habit of dropping their shells amongst us without any notification; so in a few days we moved further to the right and encamped in a dense, swampy woods, a most uncomfortable and undesirable position. Here we made our first acquaintance with that pest peculiar to the

timberlands of the south, the Virginia wood-tick, a miserable vermin that caused much profanity among the boys. They were about the size of a bed bug and bore a striking resemblance to that pest. They quietly secured a permanent abiding place on one's person and at once proceeded to bleed him. They would penetrate some distance into his flesh and remain there, gorging themselves until they became distended with blood, but unlike a leech, they did not drop off when full, but remained sticking in the wound. If we attempted to pull one away the head would come off in the flesh and cause a festering sore.

On Monday, April 7th, it began to rain and continued to pour down incessantly until the 11th. On Wednesday four companies of the regiment started out on a reconnoisance and soon came upon a nest of rebels who opened fire on them. Our boys returned the fire. Sergeant David Irwin, of Company F, was killed, and our men returned to camp.

The hard work of our army now began, and the long delay, exposure and fatigue in these fever-laden swamps soon began to tell on the man unused to such a climate; hospitals filled up and the men lost that buoyancy and hopefulness they possessed when he started out so gaily from Hampton. The whole country was a vast bog, ponds of water lying in every direction.

Day and night there was a succession of storm, thunder and lightning, while the rain fell in torrents. The soldiers on duty had to endure all this. Often at night, being rushed out to the front at the double quick, when, heated and perspiring, they were made to lie down on the water-soaked ground until after becoming chilled to the bone, they were brought back to camp wearied and feverish. Soon an apathy would creep over them like a paralysis and in a few days more, all the symptoms of typhoid fever would be developed and they would be carried to a hospital, usually a rough pen made from saplings, where without careful nursing and any of the comforts of home, they tossed and moaned in the delirium of the deadly fever until, wrapped in a blanket, they were carried out and committed to

the earth, their soldiering forever ended. We have thus dwelt rather long on this gloomy picture which is not overdrawn, to show what our boys had to endure during those never-to-be-forgotten days of the siege of Yorktown.

On Thursday night, April 10th, several of our companions went out to within a short distance of the rebel fortifications and dug some rifle pits, in which they remained the rest of the night. Unfortunately, they remained too long in them, and when morning broke they could not get away as the rebels, knowing by some means that they were there, kept a careful surveillance on their hiding places, and as soon as a head appeared above the edge of the pit it became the target for dozens of guns from the rebel works. All day the boys had to remain in the holes, and as it was very hot and the boys had neither water nor rations, they suffered greatly. Towards evening it was seen that the Johnnies were about to make a charge and would likely capture all in the rifle pits. It became necessary, therefore, to get out of that and to get out quickly, consequently we hastily scrambled out and ran. We emerged from that locality swapping time for distance, making many a step to the minute, but comparatively few to the mile. The enemy gave us a volley which killed a man named Eliphalet Crow, of Company K, and one of Company A named Joe Thompson.

On our way back to camp we were met by a section of a battery which opened on the rebs and checked pursuit. We carried our dead comrades back to camp, and with sad hearts, laid them away. Thompson was the first man killed in Company A, and for a time it cast a gloom over the boys. He was a noble fellow and a brave soldier.

This incident recalls a remark made by Colonel Hays that night, while standing with a number of other officers by a camp fire. The conversation was about the late skirmish and the death of our comrades. During the talk Colonel Hays made the remark:

"If I should be killed during the war, I want to be killed right at the head of the Sixty-third Regiment."

This was in April, 1862, and on May 5, 1864, after he had been promoted to Brigadier General and we were engaged in a bloody fight in the Wilderness, he rode down the line with his staff, and stopped at the head of his old regiment, as he most always did, to say a few words to the boys. He ordered Captain Nesbitt, of Company B, to deploy his company and advance in skirmish line to the front in order to develop the enemy's position. Just after giving this order a rebel bullet struck him in the forehead and he fell just where he said he wished to be killed on that gloomy night by the camp-fire at Yorktown two years before.

Of this engagement at Peach Orchard and Wynn's Mills, Colonel Hays made the following report:

Camp Harper, near Yorktown, Va.,
First Brigade, Hamilton's Division,
April 12th, 1862.

Capt. R. M. Sawyer,
Assist. Adj't. General:

Sir:—For the information of the Brigadier General commanding the division, I have the honor to submit the following statement of the operations of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers:

The regiment, numbering for duty, eight hundred and fifty men, was detailed on the evening of the 10th inst., for picquet duty, along the lines of the fortifications, guarding the approaches to Yorktown.

The night was passed without any material demonstration from either side. On the 11th inst., however, an attack was made by the rebels upon our advanced picquets, from a rifle pit opposite the centre of our line. The line was very judiciously retired into the woods, of which the enemy, taking advantage, left their cover and advanced. Our men at once drove them back, with what result upon their side I am unable to say, but with a loss on our part of Private Crow, of Company K, killed.

About 3 o'clock p. m. another attack was made upon the centre of the left wing, directly opposite the extreme work of the enemy, on the right. They were three times repulsed, but succeeded in firing a farm house, barn and outhouses, lying between the two lines. The enemy's loss is certainly severe at this point. I am happy to report that no one of ours was even wounded. After their repulse I became satisfied from their movements that they designed making another attack upon our right. Brigadier General Jameson coming up with

the remaining regiments of his brigade, I communicated to him my opinion, when he immediately ordered the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers to the support of our right wing, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Morgan. Very soon my opinion was confirmed, by firing, the Fifty-seventh was rapidly deployed into the woods, and supporting the picquet line, opposite the fort, on our extreme right, the firing became successive and effectual.

The picquet line at this point is about 1,500 yards from the (rebel) fortifications, and midway between a line of rifle pits have been dug, from which our men continually annoyed the enemy. The enemy deployed a strong force from their work, which drove our riflemen from the pits, and enabled them to advance to our lines, burning a house and other buildings. They were soon repulsed, with what loss I am endeavoring to ascertain. On our side the loss was only one killed—Private Joseph Thompson, Company A—and two privates wounded.

I regret the length of this communication, but cannot omit to testify to the gallant bearing of my brother-in-arms, Charles Campbell, and the steadiness and discipline of his regiment—the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers.

My own officers and men have justified my most sanguine anticipations. Lieutenant Colonel Morgan, Adjutant Corts, Captains Kirkwood, Hanna and McClellan demand especial notice.

Respectfully submitted,

ALEXANDER HAYS,
Col. 63rd Regt., Pa. Vols.

Thus the month wore away and our works approached completion. It was expected that as soon as they were finished the grand assault would take place and a notable battle would be fought. By the close of the month, owing to the long continued wet weather and the exposure in the rifle pits and heavy fatigue duty, the hospitals were full of sick; typhoid fever in its most malignant form prevailed, and the mortality was great. The boys were becoming discouraged, they had enlisted to fight the enemy, not to lie in our swamps and see the grand army melting away from sickness. The newspapers, too, were saying unkind things about the Army of the Potomac. All these things worried the soldiers and added to their discontent, so that all were praying for a move and some active service; we had become heartsick of lying in these fever

laden swamps, drinking stagnant water and drenched to the skin nearly every day.

At length McClellan had completed all his plans for the assault on the rebel fortifications, but here, as in other instances, the fruit of these great toils was turned into ashes before we could grasp it. On the night of May 3rd the whole army knew that on the following morning the battle would open and a general excitement was in every regiment before Yorktown.

None of the old boys of the Army of the Potomac will forget that Saturday night. As soon as it grew dark, regiment after regiment filed silently out of their camps and took up their allotted positions where they would operate in the coming struggle. The Sixty-third was placed well on the right of the line opposite to where the rebs had some heavy seige guns. The cannonading on that night was grand beyond description. Owing to some peculiar conditions of the atmosphere for prolonging sound, every discharge of the rebel guns was followed by a long, deep, reverberating roar like deep thunder as peal followed peal, and the earth seemed to tremble. It was not at all like the sharp, deafening crashes of the terrible cannonade at Gettysburg, but a roar different from any we had heard before or since. The burning fuses of the mortar shells could be seen like fiery serpents crossing back and forth as the mighty projectiles came sailing through the black night. All night the enemy kept up this terrible cannonading and not an answering shot was fired by the Union army, but we lay hugging the ground, waiting for the morning light in order to begin the fray.

As soon as morning dawned the firing ceased, and as the Union skirmishers advanced to feel the enemy, they found there was no enemy in front of them, for, during the night, while a portion of their army remained to keep up a furious artillery fire, the rest had silently decamped and retreated toward Richmond, leaving their deserted camps, which was all we had for the long seige and hard labors, besides burying many hundreds of our poor comrades in the dark swamps.

While cheer after cheer broke from our Union soldiers, mingled with the blaring of brass bands and the thunder of drums, there were curses loud and deep from the disappointed men who saw the hopes of a brilliant victory suddenly snatched from their grasp. After thirty days of stupendous work and wonderful engineering, Yorktown was ours without striking a blow; but what a barren victory! The enemy carried off everything of value, save a few cannon, which they spiked before leaving.

Yes, Yorktown was ours, a bloodless victory, but a very unsatisfactory one; just as we were ready to settle old scores with the enemy he had quietly walked off and left us some empty entrenchments in return for all we had suffered. While we stood in groups talking excitedly over the matter, staff officers and orderlies were dashing in all directions to headquarters of commanders and soon the loud, clear tones of the bugle told that the army would move at once, and a hot pursuit of the fleeing rebels would take place. In a few minutes long lines of cavalry were seen galloping rapidly along the roads leading to Richmond. The artillery started next, quickly followed by the steady tramp, tramp of the infantry, and the mighty Army of the Potomac was in motion.

Before evacuating the place, the rebels planted a number of torpedoes in the road and around the springs and wells. These were buried so that only the capped nipple of the shell came to the surface, and when stepped on they exploded, killing all near by.

Chaplain Marks relates an incident that he witnessed which showed the devilish ingenuity of the wretches. A soldier of a New York Regiment while at a spring, saw a pocket knife lying on the ground. Picking it up, he found a cork tied to it. Without any suspicion he gave it a pull to see what the cord was fastened to, and the next instant was torn into fragments, the cord having been fastened to the machinery of a concealed torpedo and the slight pull had exploded it.

General McClellan at this place authorized an act for which he was soundly denounced by the southern papers and many

of the copperhead sheets of the North. We had a number of rebel prisoners in our hands, and by order of the General they were compelled to go over the ground and completely remove the buried torpedoes. Of course they ran great risks, but none were injured, as they well knew where they were hidden. Rebel papers roasted McClellan, calling it cruel, barbarous, and not warranted by the usages of war. They had not a word to say against the savage barbarity of those who planted these deadly engines in the pathway of the army.

CHAPTER IV.

(From May 4, 1862, to May 31, 1862.)

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG—CAMP SASSAFRAS - BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

KEARNEY AT FAIR OAKS

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
  That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney,
  Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
When the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
  Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
  No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
  Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
  And his heart at our war-cry leaped up with a bound.
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
  His sword waved us on and we answered the sign;
Loud our cheers as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder:
  "There's the devil's own fun boys, along the whole line."

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
  In the one hand still left, the reins in his teeth,
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
  But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath!
Up came the reserves to the melee infernal,
  Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
  You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line."

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
  That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul, sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
  The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still—in the shadowy region
  Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of this legion,
  And the word still is FORWARD! along the whole line.

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

FIFTEEN miles from Yorktown, on the main road leading to Richmond, is the old town of Williamsburg. Here the rebels had erected some earthworks and a fort which they had

named Fort Magruder. The erection of these works showed that they had not expected to stand the brunt of a general engagement at Yorktown, but had built them in case of a retreat that might hold McClellan for a time until their army could get safely off with its equipments to the entrenchments at Richmond. They evidently had no idea that our army would remain a whole month in the sickly swamps and morasses and thus decimate its ranks by disease and death.

The rebels retreated to these works, where they prepared to give us a warm reception. As we marched through the deserted camps at Yorktown we could see the destitution of the Confederate soldiers. There were none of the comforts that marked the quarters of the Union Army; they had but few tents and had constructed quarters by weaving bushes together, a good protection from the sun, but no defense against the heavy rains so prevalent in this section. The Confederates suffered as much from exposure as the Union men did, but it did not seem to affect them in the same way, and we were told by rebel prisoners that there was very little sickness in the rebel camps during the siege. Our regiment joined in the pursuit at 1 o'clock that Sunday afternoon, May 4th, and we noticed that the road was filled with broken wagons and other debris of a retreating army. We marched about six miles from Yorktown and went into camp on a hillside. The evening was pleasant and gave promise of a fine night. We did not put up our tents, but stretched ourselves on our blankets, and soon all, save the guards, were sound asleep. About midnight we were awakened by one of the heaviest thunderstorms we had yet experienced in this land of heavy storms, the rain poured down in floods, and soon every soldier was soaked to the skin and the camp ground was a lake. The boys scrambled up, and collecting their few belongings, stood nearly ankle deep in water until morning.

The rain ceased at daybreak, and after infinite labor and much grumbling, we managed to make fires and boil some coffee and started again on the pursuit. The rain began again about 9 o'clock and the roads became quagmires in which the

wagons sank up to the axles. About noon we heard heavy cannonading far away in front. General Hooker, who was leading the advance, had come up to the enemy strongly entrenched and had opened the ball. Soon orderlies, covered with mud, came dashing back along the line with orders to hurry up the men. On through the deep mire and pelting rain the tired soldiers pushed their way, the firing growing louder every minute.

Every now and then we had to make way in the road for artillery which was rushing forward furiously, the horses and guns being literally covered with mud. The roar of the guns became louder and louder, mingled with the crashing volleys of musketry. The Battle of Williamsburg was on.

General Hooker found the enemy entrenched at a place called Lee's Mill. After a short engagement they fell back into the woods, and Hooker followed and found them posted more strongly. It was about 2:30 p. m., while our division was floundering in the muddy roads, making desperate efforts to get up and take a part. During the last two miles of the march we were pushed forward at the double quick and arrived at the edge of the battlefield just at dark. The firing ceased as the Sixty-third came on the ground and we had no part in the action, but we bivouacked on the field expecting that in the early morning our time would come to take part in the struggle. The misery of that night will never be forgotten by the soldiers. It was cold and a drizzling rain fell, and without any protection from the storm, we sat with our guns in hand all through the long weary night, After many hours of ceaseless marching we found ourselves, having been run at double quick, exposed to a most unpitying storm, standing in many places knee-deep in water, without food and without fire, and all night under arms. During the night the enemy left their works and began their retreat toward Richmond, leaving their dead unburied, and most of their wounded on the field.

Next morning, as we moved on to the field, the sight that greeted our eyes was a most ghastly one, hundreds of dead of both armies were strewn in every direction, trampled on, and

half buried in the mud. Numbers of wounded were moaning piteously for help, while dead and dying horses, broken wagons, and abandoned guns lay scattered in all directions. As soon as our men took possession of the field, details were set to work to bury the dead and care for the wounded; long trenches were dug and the dead laid therein, side by side.

The One Hundred and Fifth Regiment marched into the town of Williamsburg and through it to a distance of a mile beyond, where they formed in line of battle, while the Sixty-third marched into the town and went into camp.

John Howenstein and W. H. Morrow, in order to avoid the deep mud of the road, went across a wheat field in order to reach the town. About the middle of the field they came upon the body of a dead rebel, who having been desperately wounded during the battle, had started across the field, not knowing in his agony where, and from loss of blood had fallen and died in the wheat field. His face was upturned, and the rain of the night had washed his face which was most strikingly beautiful, and the smile thereon made us think that he had died dreaming of the loved ones at home in the far south. He was a very refined and intelligent looking man, and evidently "somebody's darling." We opened his knapsack and with the usual clothing of a soldier, found a testament, on the fly-leaf of which was the following inscription: "Presented to Walter Hartley by the ladies of the Selma Seminary." It seemed too hard to leave the handsome young soldier lying there unburied, so the two comrades went back to the battlefield and procured a couple of shovels and returning to the wheat field, dug a shallow grave and laid him therein and left him sleeping the soldier's last sleep, far from home and friends.

"Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so noble, so brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand."

Morrow kept that testament for about 20 years, when one day he wrote to the postmaster at Selma, detailing the circumstances of the affair. In a few days he received a letter from a

CHAPLAIN
JUNIUS J. MARKS.

MAJOR
JAMES F. RYAN.

MAJOR
GEORGE W. McCULLOUGH.

ADJUTANT
JOHN S. A. YOUNG.

lady named Mrs. Evans, saying that Walter Hartley was her only brother; that he had enlisted in the beginning of the war, and when he left, the young ladies of Selma Seminary had given each of the young men who had enlisted from that town, a testament. She said that she knew her brother had been killed somewhere in Virginia, but had never, up to that time, known the particulars. It was a very pathetic letter and he at once sent her the testament for which she returned a beautiful letter of thanks.

When we took possession of Williamsburg, the citizens acted at first as if they expected the most inhuman treatment from our men; at every house a white flag was displayed in token of surrender, but not a single case of inhumanity was heard of from our boys. On the contrary, guards were placed at every house to prevent our soldiers from intruding on the inmates, and in a short time the inhabitants regained their composure. Many of the citizens, however, had left the town when they became aware of the retreat of the army from Yorktown; those who possessed horses and carriages went off in wildest haste to where they imagined was a place of safety.

As soon as the people had recovered from their scare, the old secesh feeling began to show itself, especially among the women, which recalls another incident.

The next day after we entered the town, as one member of the regiment was going down the main street, he saw a well in the back yard of a handsome house. His canteen being empty at the time, he went in at a gate and around the house to the well. As he reached it, he saw standing on the back porch a most pleasant looking old lady, and asked her if he could fill his canteen with water.

"Oh, yes," she replied quickly. "You uns are masters here now, but it's only for a short time."

He said nothing, and after filling his canteen, started to go out of the yard, but the dear old soul had a few more shots to fire at him.

"See here, young man," she said, "don't you imagine that because you have taken this town you'll be allowed to keep it.

No indeed. You Northern people can never conquer the South; we have the brains, the understanding and the real blood, and our men are much braver than any of the Northern nigger worshipers—"

And thus she went on for nearly half an hour, extolling the South and denouncing the North. He made no reply as she was an old lady, and it seemed to do her so much good to vent her anger on some Northern soldier. His passive manner appeared to put her in a better humor, but as he passed out she fired this parting shot after him:

"Young man, when you uns are taking the back track through here with our boys at your heels, you can stop here for some more water."

In the next August, when General Pope and his shattered army were coming down by way of Manassas and our army was ordered down the peninsula to go and save him, we thought of what the old lady had said as we passed through Williamsburg on "the back track," but you can rest assured that we did not stop at that house for water.

Williamsburg is one of the most interesting towns in Virginia, being four miles from where Jamestown was founded in 1607, but in 1697 the officers of the government removed to Williamsburg, which was chosen as the capitol of the colony. The College of William and Mary is one of the historic places. It was founded by King William and his Queen Mary, who endowed it with one thousand acres of land and duties on furs and skins, and one penny per pound on all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland. Many of Virginia's most distinguished scions, such as Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson and others, were educated here.

The college and churches of the town were being used as hospitals for the wounded of both armies, many of the rebel surgeons being permitted to remain and attend their wounded men.

Our regiment had encamped in a beautiful green field at the northern edge of the town, and after the gloomy days spent at Yorktown, amid the swamps and morasses, this place, with its

handsome environments, was a Garden of Eden to us. We hoped we would be allowed to remain here for a long time; in fact Colonel Hays was offered the provost marshalship of the place, which would have been very delightful to us, but his reply was characteristic of the man: "The Sixty-third came out to fight and not to loaf around doing nothing to put down the rebellion," so we remained here from the 5th of May until the 9th, when we left and marched about seven miles through a very fine country and encamped in a large field. The next day was very warm and sultry and we marched about 12 miles through a fine tract of country, although the farms were going to ruin very fast and nearly all the houses were deserted. We encamped in the evening alongside of the road and near by was one of the finest springs of water we had yet seen in the State.

After the rebels retreated from Yorktown, and following the Battle of Williamsburg, our camps began to fill up with negroes, runaway slaves, who, when the Union Army came within reaching distance, left their masters and came to us in great numbers. Aged aunties with great bundles on their heads, old gray-haired uncles, lively youngsters, all came flocking in with the confidence and trust of children, believing that when they reached the "Unions" they were safe from all future trouble. The able-bodied male slaves were more closely guarded and compelled to work on the rebel fortifications, but still numbers of them managed to slip off and come into our lines.

A negro named Dick Watson gave us an account of his escape to the Union Army; it was while we lay in the neighborhood of the Rappahannock River in 1863. Dick's story was as follows:

"I tells you, boss, I often wished to de Lor' dat I could get away, an' one night I was lyin' in de hay mow, jes' a-wonderin' how I might git free, when Jim Bates, a nigger from de nex' plantation, come along an' said, kinder low an' careful: 'Dick! Say, Dick! Is you asleep?' I said, sorter low, too: 'No, I isn't.' 'Well,' ses Jim, 'de Unions is only 'bout five miles down dis road.' An' Lor' bres you, boss! he hadn't de words out till

I was jest a-hiken' down dat road in my bar' feet an' no hat. I tells you I jest flew, a skeered hoss couldn't a-cotched me. All at once somebody hollered out quick an' sharp: 'Halt! Who goes dar?' I hollered back, 'Is you de Unions?' He said 'yes,' and den boss, 'clare to goodness I jest set down in de road an' cried for joy, I knowed I was safe den, no more whippin' post for Dick."

It was, however, not alone to escape from slavery that brought many of the negroes into our lines. Times were pretty hard on the other side and food was rather scarce. While we lay in front of Richmond, two likely darkies made their escape and came into our lines. We asked them: "Boys, would you sooner be in our army than with the rebs?" One of them answered promptly: "Yes, indeed, boss; why dey haven't any grease on der bread over dar."

We lay in this camp by the Yorktown Road until May 13th, and again moved forward about two miles and encamped in a large wheat field where we remained until the next morning at 4 o'clock, when we took up the line of march and moved forward through a desolate country about eight miles, and went into camp in a large field close by a small stream of running water, which enabled the boys to wash their clothes and take a good bath, which was badly needed. The next morning was ushered in by a regular downpour of rain which soon had the road in a river of mud, rendering the marching very laborious. We left camp about 8:30 and after a long, tiresome march we passed New Kent Court House. This road was known as the New Kent and Richmond Road. We reached New Kent about noon, and moving down a long slope, went into camp in a large swampy bottom on the Pamunky River, near Cumberland Landing. The Pamunky is a deep, sluggish river, a tide-water stream, too narrow for navigation for the larger boats, but deep enough to float a man-of-war. We lay in this camp until Monday, May 19th, when we started and marched about three miles, on what was known as the Telegraph Road, and encamped.

Next morning we went about four miles on that road and branched off on the James River Road, and after going about

three miles further encamped in a large field. This was a pleasant place and was in a direct line, about eight miles from Cumberland Landing, and about five miles from White House. White House was a historic place, being the property of the rebel General Lee. It stood on an elevation of about 20 feet above the river. It was here that General Washington, in the year 1758, met Mrs. Custis, who afterward became his wife.

Here in the river lay more than one hundred vessels, transports and steamers, containing supplies for the army with hospital and sutler's stores.

From Baltimore cross-roads, where we were encamped, it was five miles to the long bridge which crosses the Chickahominy at the great swamp. The country was rolling, and the farms reduced to desolation. The land, if properly cultivated, would doubtless have yielded bountifully, but the owners had cleared out, most of them being in the Confederate Army, leaving their farms to be cared for by the negroes, and these, as soon as our army approached, left everything and followed us.

We remained in this camp, which the boys named "Camp Sassafras," until Friday, May 23rd, when at 3 o'clock p. m. we were ordered into line, and after marching until about 10 o'clock that night were halted, and threw ourselves down by the side of the road and slept until morning.

The next morning by 5 o'clock we were again on the move, and after tramping a couple of miles through a terrible rain storm went into camp within a mile of the York River & Richmond Railroad.

On Sunday, May 25th, we again started toward the rebel capitol and about 9 o'clock came to the famed Chickahominy, which we crossed at Bottom Bridge. The rebels had destroyed the original bridge, and we crossed on pontoons. This stream has scarcely any perceptible flow, but spreads out in wide swamps. In dry weather it is contracted into a stream not much over 30 yards in width, but after some of the heavy rains which are prevalent in this country, it spreads into a broad stream with but little depth, but abounding in treacherous swamps. The lands beyond the Chickahominy were about the

meanest we had passed over, and by poor cultivation had been worn out and abandoned to the brier, the pine and the swamp oak.

We had expected the enemy would meet us here and oppose our crossing the stream, but we encountered no opposition, the rebels having retired to Richmond.

We moved about three miles further and encamped. The regiment was sent about a mile further and placed on picket. The next day it was relieved by the Eighty-seventh New York, and we returned to our camp of the day previous. Another severe thunderstorm deluged us. We remained here until Thursday, May 29th.

In the meantime, news was received of General Banks' defeat in the valley, which caused the boys to feel rather gloomy. We left camp about 8 o'clock in the morning and moved about two miles and encamped in a pleasant situation alongside the Richmond & York River Railroad.

The next day was fought the Battle of Fair Oaks. A short distance from our camp was Savage Station, and about a mile further, on toward Richmond, was Fair Oaks Station.

On Friday, May 30th, all was quiet and peaceful in camp; the day was terribly hot, one of the hottest of that very warm summer, not a breath of air stirred, and the rays of the sun poured down in a blistering flood. About noon the sky assumed a curious aspect, it was no longer blue, and yet no clouds were to be seen, the light was white and ghastly, and it was evident to all that nature was preparing for some terrible convulsion of the elements. The men lay around in their tents and under the trees in a listless manner, and a fearful hush seemed to pervade all nature. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the sky assumed a coppery color, which was frightful to behold. Flashes of lightning of the most vivid character followed each other so rapidly that the whole sky seemed to be aflame, while the thunder crashed and roared in a manner that caused a thrill of fright to strike the hearts of the bravest. The rain fell in perfect sheets and the wind blew a hurricane. The storm partially ceased about 6 o'clock and the boys prepared their scanty supper. In a short time the thunder, which

was muttering in the eastern part of the heavens, began to grow louder, and it was soon apparent to all that the storm was returning. All the old soldiers of that portion of the Army of the Potomac will remember as long as they live, that terrible night of thunder and lightning and tempest.

All night long the fearful war of the elements continued, and during the night a number of men in our division were killed by lightning. The storm ceased about daybreak, and on the morning of the 31st the sun rose bright and clear. The camp was soon astir and the boys were drying their clothing and laughing and joking as usual. The sluggish Chickahominy in our rear was now a raging torrent and that portion of the army that had crossed it was completely separated from the rear portion on the other side.

That day, about 1 o'clock, a rattle of musketry was heard coming from the extreme front where Generals Couch and Casey's divisions were stationed. Calculating upon the swell of the Chickahominy, which was holding the two wings of our army apart, the rebel General Johnston had seized this moment to hurl his army against us in order to annihilate our entire left wing.

The musketry fire soon deepened into a continuous roar and presently the deep, hollow booming of cannon joined in, and we all knew a battle had begun. Soon an orderly from General Kearney's headquarters was seen galloping to Colonel Hays' tent, and in a few minutes we were hurrying up the railroad to the scene of carnage. Presently the shells from the rebel cannon began to shriek over our heads, bursting with startling crashes among the treetops, while the zip, zip, zip of the musket balls betokened that we would soon be in the midst of it.

On our front was a large slashing—that is, the woods had been cut down, the trees being felled so that they lay in every way forming an almost impenetrable mass of trunks and branches. The rebels had possession of a portion of this slashing, and Jameson's Brigade, consisting of the One Hundred and Fifth, Sixty-third and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania and

the Eighty-seventh New York, was ordered in to drive them out. In we went, yelling and cheering like madmen.

The following graphic account of the Battle of Fair Oaks is reproduced from a letter written by Captain B. J. Reid, of Company F, dated "Bivouac at Fair Oaks, Va., six and a half miles from Richmond, June 10, 1862:

"On the memorable 31st of May, our camp was about a mile this side of the Chickahominy, at some rifle pits on the railroad, at eleventh mile post from Richmond. Two of our companies (I and K) were two miles distant, down the Chickahominy, erecting a bridge. Colonel Hays and Captain Berringer (acting Major) were three or four miles off, southward, inspecting the picket lines of our (Kearney's) division. At 2 o'clock Company F went to a knoll across the railroad to bury Corporal Dunmire, who had died early that morning. While at the grave the heavy rattle of musketry was distinctly heard to the westward, mingled with the booming of cannon, which we had noticed an hour before without paying much attention to it, from its being of frequent occurrence. Hastening back to camp, after the close of the ceremonies, we found the regiment forming for the march.

Our brigade (Jameson's) was ordered forward. Lieutenant Colonel Morgan was in command of the Sixty-third Regiment. We started out the railroad track, on the usual 'route-step;' but had not proceeded far when we were met by a courier from General Kearney, and the command 'double quick!' was given. Besides arms and accountrements and sixty rounds of ammunition in the men's cartridge boxes, we had our canteens and our haversacks filled with three days' rations. We had had a heavy thunder storm the previous day and night, and although the sky was still clouded, the air was close and sultry.

Sickness had thinned our ranks and considerably weakened most of those still on duty. * * * For my own part, though not decidedly sick, I had been rather unfit for nearly two weeks, and when it came to the double quick, I found it very hard work to keep up. Under almost any other circumstances I should have sunk by the wayside; but, by throwing away my haversack and making extraordinary exertions, I kept my place at the head of my company. Quite a number in the regiment fell out of ranks, unable to keep it up; but on the regiment pressed toward the awful roar of fire arms, growing closer and louder every moment.

After making two and a half miles on the railroad, we obliqued across some fields to the left and struck the Williamsburg and Richmond turnpike, near the point known as 'Seven Pines.' Here we met a stream of men going back—some wounded—but most flying in

panic. We kept our way along the turnpike amid a perfect shower of solid shot and shell from the enemy's batteries, that enfiladed the road and its immediate vicinity. This severe cannonade increased the haste and confusion of the fugitives, and gave us a foretaste of what was before us.

On we pressed, led and cheered by General Jameson, who appeared unconscious of danger from the shells bursting on all sides. We double-quicked over a mile through this rainstorm, meeting now and then a piece of artillery or caisson in full retreat—having probably run out of ammunition, and fearful of being captured. It was to turn back this tide of battle that we were pushing forward.

Part of Berry's Brigade of our division had preceded us a little way, and were already engaged in what seemed an unequal conflict with superior numbers. Casey's Division—the first attacked—had by this time, all fallen far to the rear and were effectually hors du combat. At length we reached the point where the rifle balls of the enemy began to mingle with their heavier shot. We halted a moment to allow the left of the regiment to close up. Then up again and forward. For some distance back there had been woods on both sides; but we had now reached a point where Casey had felled the timber on both sides, to form an 'abattis.' Just beyond were the large open fields where his camps had been, and where his deserted tents were still standing. Here was the enemy's line of battle.

Our regiment was deployed on the left of the road—the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers and Eighty-seventh New York (of our brigade) on the right. We deployed just behind the 'slash' or abattis, and had then to march over it, or crawl through it in line of battle, to reach the front. Just as Company F were filing into line, General Jameson cried out, 'Captain Reid, go in there and don't come out until you have driven every rebel out of that brush!' As soon as the line was formed, we advanced through the slash, our line resting on the road. This advance was very difficult, owing to the felled and tangled timber. And all the while bullets and shells were flying like hail, over and among us, coming from an enemy as yet unseen.

A few rods further was a belt of sapling pines and oaks, on the left of the road, not yet felled. Passing a few rods through this brought us to the front where, just at the edge of the saplings, a slender line of Berry's Brigade was trying to hold its ground against a host of rebels hid in a strip of brush and fallen timber, close in front of them concealed behind Casey's tents a little further beyond, and protected by three houses, a long row of cord-wood, and a line of Casey's rifle-pits, still beyond, where they had captured two of our batteries and were now turning our own guns against us

with terrible effect. Here, just in the edge of the saplings, we halted and opened fire.

The crash and roar was grand. Berry's men were cheered up, and the rebels appalled by the intensity of our steady and rapid fire. But the firing both ways was intense. Our line was already strewn with dead and wounded. Almost at the first fire, Sergeant Elgin of my company, a splendid soldier, fell at my side, dead. A little further along the line, to the right, Orderly Sergeant Delo was a few moments afterwards killed. Then Private Rhees fell near the former. Now and then, too, one of my men would walk or be carried, wounded, to the rear.

We soon discovered that the most deadly fire came from the swampy-brush-wood and fallen timber close by us. We could see the smoke of the rifles among the brush, and by watching sharply, could distinguish a head or an arm half hidden. It was evident that the patch of brush was full of rebels, and we soon turned our attention chiefly in that direction. A Michigan man close by me fell dead, just as he had loaded his piece. I thought I saw where the shot came from, and seized his loaded gun in time to level it at a crouching rebel there, who seemed about to fire again. He was not thirty yards from me. There appeared to be a race between us; but I shot first, and the rebel rolled over backwards in the swamp, and troubled us no more. Under the circumstances, I had no compunction about it. I took the balance of the dead man's cartridges and used his gun the rest of the evening.

That spot soon became too hot for its occupants, and a few tried to fall back from it, but as they had a piece of open field to pass in order to reach a safer shelter, scarcely one escaped alive. I was there two days afterwards, and although the rebels had buried great numbers of their dead Saturday night and Sunday, I found that little piece of brushy swamp and abattis literally filled with rebel dead. The scene was a sad one after the excitement of the battle was over.

Middling early in the fight, our Lieutenant Colonel was wounded and carried off the field. Thus left without any field officer, we fought on, keeping our ground, unsupported by artillery and reinforcements, although the enemy had both. We could plainly see fresh regiments brought up and deployed in line, strengthening and relieving the others, thinned by our fire. Two or three times they appeared formed, as for a charge, but they did not attempt it where we were. They did, however, charge on the extreme right of our brigade, and by overwhelming pressure, compelled it to give way.

The enemy followed up their advantage with great vigor and before sundown they had succeeded in flanking us so far on that side, that they had possession of the turnpike behind us. Then it was that Colonel Campbell coming up with his regiment (the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania of our brigade) and our own Colonel Hays with

Companies I and K, made such splendid efforts to turn back the advancing wave. Colonel Hays rapidly gathered up about half a regiment of straggling fugitives, rallied them for a stand, and forming them about his own companies, led them to the charge, supported by the Fifty-seventh. Both colonels and both regiments did gallantly and checked the enemy for awhile, but being reinforced, the latter advanced again with unbroken front and Colonel Hays' miscellaneous recruits gave way, leaving only Companies I and K to breast the wave. He reluctantly withdrew from the unequal contest, as did also the Fifty-seventh.

It was sundown and General Jameson had given the order for our whole brigade to fall back to an entrenched position, on the turnpike about a mile and a half to the rear, having the advantages of wide, open fields in front on both sides of the road, where our batteries would have a good range to guard against a night attack. Somehow or other, I believe from the cowardice or other default of our courier charged with the delivery of the order, it never reached us, and after the other regiments of the brigade had gone safely back, and the enemy had followed them a considerable distance along the turnpike behind us, we still held our position on the left of the road in the very front of where the hottest of the battle had been.

I knew well, from the direction of the firing on our right, that the enemy had succeeded in flanking us on that side, and there was still light enough to see fresh regiments beyond the houses moving toward our left. Our men had shot away all their ammunition, except perhaps one or two cartridges apiece, and had emptied besides, the cartridge boxes of our dead and wounded. Captain Kirkwood, of Company B, succeeding to the command as senior captain, asked my advice as to what he should do. I told him we had done all we could for that day; that under the circumstances to remain there longer was to expose what was left of the regiment to be sacrificed or captured as in a few minutes the only avenue of escape left us would be cut off. We had sent back all our wounded that we could find; the dead we could not possibly take with us through the slash and swamps we would have to cross.

Accordingly the captain gave the order to fall back slowly, just as it was growing dark. After I had seen that we had left none of our men behind and could get no further answer to my calls than the whiz of bullets that still came flying from the rifle-pits behind the houses, we turned our men into a by-path that diverged considerably from the main road, which was held by the enemy in force, and from which they greeted us with random and harmless volleys. A little further on I was struck by a spent fragment of a shell, causing a slight smart for a few minutes, but without breaking the skin. That was the only time I was even touched that day by any of the enemy's missiles. I never can be sufficiently thankful to Almighty God for my preservation from the showers of bullets that whistled

close by me; it seemed almost incredible that I was not touched. I walked through that belt of little pines on Monday after the battle and it astonished even me to see how almost every sapling of two or three inches thickness was spotted all over with bullet marks, from the ground up to the height of a man's head. It may be my lot to be in many another battle, but I do not believe I can ever be placed in a situation of greater apparent danger.

* * * * *

We succeeded in rejoining our brigade at about 10 o'clock that night. We found them on the east side of a large tract of about a mile square, on both sides of the turnpike, collected and disposed in order of battle—protected in part by earthworks, commenced by Generals Casey and Couch on their first advance, and which our generals were now busy extending and strengthening to be ready for emergencies.

Striking across the opening, we found some of Hooker's division which had arrived from the left and rear just as the firing had ceased. They were fresh for the work in the morning. Inquiring as we went along the lines, we found that Kearney and Jameson were in the edge of the woods on the north side of the turnpike. * * * General Jameson was overjoyed to see so many of the Sixty-third safe, and returning in a body in good order. He led us to Kearney's headquarters, where we found Colonel Hays and Companies I and K. Here we got some crackers and hot coffee and rested on our arms until morning. Here, too, we learned that besides Hooker, who came from the left, Richardson's and Sedgwick's divisions of Sumner's Corps, had arrived from the other side of the Chickahominy on our right, just in time to give and take, before dark, a volley or two with the left wing of the Rebel Army, which was moving down on the north side of the railroad expecting to cut off our retreat. So the prospect for the morning's work was much more agreeable than it would have been in the absence of such comfortable reinforcements.

* * * Sunday morning the rebels advanced boldly to the attack, coming up to the edge of the woods in front of us, but Hooker's division on the turnpike and Sumner's troops on the railroad—our brigade being held as a 'reserve'—met and routed them in a couple of hours' fighting, without any need of our help.

Ever since we have been kept in position, changing only by advancing, ready for battle at any moment. There has been some skirmishing since, between the pickets, and an occasional cannonade from one or both sides, but nothing more as yet. I think, however, the great Battle of Richmond will be fought this week, if it is to be fought at all.

* * * Our regiment lost twenty-one killed, eighty-one wounded, and seventeen missing. * * *"

CHAPTER V.

(From May 31, 1862, to June 30, 1862.)

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL—EVACUATION OF SAVAGE STATION AND DESTRUCTION OF SUPPLIES—BATTLE OF NELSON'S FARM OR GLENDALE—BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers
And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk;
But, whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss;
And I warm to you friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
We have marched and fought in all kinds of weather
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean—
Oh! then I remember you crawled to my side
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!"

—Charles G. Halpine.

THE wounded were taken back to Savage Station where their wounds were dressed, and from there were taken by cars to White House Landing, and in a short time transferred

by steamers to Fortress Monroe and Northern cities. The scenes that night about Savage Station will never be forgotten. The doctors were kept busy all night dressing wounds and cutting off shattered limbs, while the ground was completely saturated with blood.

When darkness had put an end to the fighting at the Battle of Fair Oaks and our bruised and battered regiment had withdrawn from the field, we then learned how severe our loss had been during the conflict. There is nothing in the world so strikingly sad as the calling of the roll after a battle; it is then we learn how many of our comrades have answered their last roll call and have gone to join the great majority.

"There they stood in the fading light,
Those men of battle, with stern, grave looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While darkly gathered the shades of night.

It was called a victory, but it cost us dear,
For of a hundred men who went into the fight,
When the company roll was called that night
There were only twenty who answered 'HERE!' "

Savage Station was one mile in the rear of the battlefield and had been made a general hospital where all the wounded were taken for treatment. Ambulances were coming in from all parts of the battlefield, laden with wounded men, torn and bleeding from shot, shell and bullets, and it was a sickening sight. Many poor fellows had died while being carried from the field to where doctors were attending to the injured, and many died while under the doctor's hands, and soon a long row of ghastly corpses was lying on the ground in the rear of the building. Charles Adams, of Braddock, a noble young man, met a sad fate. Later he was made prisoner and taken to Andersonville where, in that hell of misery, he starved to death.

All night long we labored at our disagreeable task, carrying the wounded from the ambulances to the surgeons, and the sights witnessed that night were simply horrible. The groans and screams of the poor fellows, while under the surgeon's knife, were heartrending, and soon a large heap of several

arms, hands, feet and legs attested that the work of amputation was in rapid progress.

We returned to our regiment the next morning, in time to help with the Sunday morning's fight. Both sides claimed the victory, but it was evident that our army had the best of it. The rebels had their entire army, while ours was broken in two by the raging Chickahominy, which had cut off our left from the rest of the army and they, knowing our condition, had made a desperate advance, feeling certain they could annihilate our left wing or drive it back into the turbulent river, but they utterly failed and at the close of the fight we were masters of the situation, the enemy having been driven back along the entire front. The enemy had taken many prisoners and a number of cannon from General Casey's division, besides a large quantity of stores. These were hurried back to Richmond on Saturday night as trophies of the fight. The few days following, the battlefield presented a horrible spectacle; about four hundred dead horses lay strewn over the field, and in that hot climate decomposition was rapid, and a most terrible stench assailed our nostrils; most of the carcasses were burned.

On Monday, June 2nd, we lay on the edge of the battlefield and nothing of any moment occurred. The burial details were busily engaged in placing the dead beneath the ground, and in many instances the bodies had so far decomposed that they were not buried, but the earth simply piled over them. In other instances, long trenches were dug and the dead placed in them side by side, and covered with earth.

On Tuesday, June 3rd, about noon, word came that the enemy was driving in our pickets on the left. We hurriedly fell into line and moved a mile or two down the railroad, when the order was countermanded and we marched back and were placed to support an eight-gun battery.

Of course, just after a battle there is considerable excitement and it takes some time for the army to get settled down in the old routine again, and there are always wild rumors

flying around; no one can trace them to their starting point, but they are for the time, generally believed.

On Wednesday, June 4th, while we lay in camp, a terrible thunder-storm passed over, and for awhile the volleys of thunder were frightful. It was at this time that we noticed something that was decidedly curious, and which showed the instinct of dumb animals and how they remember their training. The peals of thunder were not of the long, rolling kind we are used to in the hilly country, but were short and sharp, like the firing of heavy cannon. Near our camp was a battery belonging to a Rhode Island Regiment. The horses had been taken some distance from the guns and turned into a green plot to eat grass. All at once the heavy crashes of thunder broke over us, and at the first explosion the horses raised their heads and at the next instant broke into a gallop and rushed to the guns, where they ranged themselves in their usual positions in the rear of them, evidently taking the peals of thunder for artillery firing. This may seem a little highly drawn, but it is an actual fact, and hundreds of the soldiers can testify to the truth of it. The next day, Thursday, the 5th, about 10 o'clock, heavy cannonading was heard on our right. It was General Porter's division shelling the woods on his advance, but we did not know what it was then, and believed it was the opening of another battle, and expected soon to be called to move in that direction.

A rather laughable affair occurred at this time; it was one of Colonel Hays' peculiar expressions. It seemed that a number of the officers of the regiment were sick at the time; whether it was real or what the boys called "bullet sickness," was known only to themselves, but at any rate, a number of them reported to the colonel as unfit for duty and retired to the rear. The colonel was sitting under a tent fly, in a bad humor. Every now and then an officer would come to him, report sick, and ask permission to go to the rear. The colonel stood it for some time, but his face kept getting redder and redder, and his eyes began to have a steely glare. At last a lieutenant came up and said:

ADJUTANT
R. HOWARD MILLAR

CAPTAIN
J. M. C. BERRINGER.
COMPANY A.

CAPTAIN
WILLIAM P. HUNKER.
COMPANY A.

CAPTAIN
R. A. NESBIT.
COMPANY B.

"Colonel, I am feeling sick, can I go to the rear?"

The colonel sprang to his feet, and in that cutting tone of voice which only Hays could assume, shouted:

"There are two roads leading from this camp, one to Richmond and one to the hospital; the privates and I are going to Richmond, and every d—d officer is taking the road to the hospital."

The lieutenant did not wait to hear any more, but quickly returned to his quarters, and there were no more requests to go to the hospital that day. Colonel Hays was a most kind-hearted and patient man with a private soldier, but an officer who was inclined to shirk his duty received no mercy at his hands; that was the great reason why the privates all loved him so dearly. Another instance of his kindness is recalled. It was at the Second Battle of Bull Run. One of the boys was shot in the leg and was in danger of bleeding to death, as the hospital steward with the field knapsack was in another part of the field. Colonel Hays rode by and asked what was needed. One of the men in charge told the colonel that they had no linen or cotton bandages and could not stop the bleeding. Instantly the colonel's coat and vest were off; next he pulled his muslin shirt over his head and tossing it to the men, said: "There, make bandages out of that as far as it will go," and then galloped away to another part of the field. In the evening we learned that General Porter had advanced a considerable distance on our right and found no enemy. Some of us began to think that the rebels had retreated, leaving the way clear for us to Richmond, and we began to speculate how long it would be before we would reach the rebel capitol. Dave Ludwick, of Company A, had, by some means, become the owner of a fine white shirt of which he was quite proud. One day he washed it carefully, and after it was dry, he packed it in his knapsack, saying: "There, I won't wear that until we get to Richmond." Poor Dave, he never wore his handsome shirt again as he fell in battle on the 30th of June at Nelson's Farm.

The next day we moved forward a short distance and

encamped in one of the worst places we had yet seen, a large, swampy field close to the rebel lines. The day was dark and gloomy and the rain continued to fall in heavy showers. Every now and then we would receive an unwelcome visitor in the shape of a rebel shell which would fall unpleasantly near us. As evening came on, the guards were doubled and we received orders to be particularly vigilant. Colonel Hays appeared to be on the lookout for something, and we heard him remark to Captain Kirkwood, "If the enemy attacks us tonight, we are in bad shape to meet him." Our regiment had been pushed out in front and we had no supports near us. As a large part of the army was back by the Chickahominy, this remark of the colonel did not cause us to sleep very quietly thereafter. The colonel never went to his bed that night, but continued to go around among the sentries to see that they were on the alert. For some reason the rebs did not molest us during the night, and we were all glad that they had forborne to do so.

Morning broke, bright and clear, and we moved to another camp much more pleasantly situated, where we lay the next three days, during which time several of us obtained permission to visit our comrades who were lying sick in the hospital, and will never forget the sad sights there. The hospitals were crowded, and hundreds of poor fellows in the wild delirium of fever, were tossing about, many of them in the last stages of disease. When a comrade visited one poor fellow, Harry Shaffer of near Turtle Creek, he was still conscious, and he asked his friend to write to his father. Having no paper, the comrade tore a few leaves out of his diary, and sitting down beside him, began to write. Before he had written more than a dozen lines, the fever increased to such an extent that Schaffer became delirous, and the letter was brought to a close, and in a short time he was dead. He was a bright, cheerful young man, and a good soldier, but fell a victim, as did hundreds of his companions, to the deadly fever in the pestilential swamps of the Chickahominy, and his remains repose in an unknown grave in the gloomy swamp,

far from home and friends, where no one can drop a tear over his obscure resting place or deck his grave with flowers on Memorial Day. We have read of great heroes of the past, but there were as great heroes of whom the world never heard, who wore the simple blue blouse of the private soldier, as were ever sung by minstrel or revered by hero worshipers. They gave to their country all they had,—their lives, and may Heaven hide the day when their sacrifices, sufferings and death will be forgotten by the land they helped to save.

Friday, June 13th, was a remarkably hot day. On this day Chaplain Marks took several of us along to White House Landing to see to some of our wounded, and to assist him in bringing up some hospital supplies. We found a number of our regiment there, and while Chaplain Marks went on board one of the vessels and remained there during the night, the rest of us encamped with our boys, who were acting as nurses at the time. Some time during the forepart of the night we were all aroused by a number of cannon shots and firing of musketry, and a flying rumor came in that the rebels had captured Tunstall's Station of the York River & Richmond Railroad, and had also attacked our troops at different points along the line. Instantly all was confusion; signal lights were flashing among the large number of vessels lying at anchor at White House Landing, and they all began to drop down the stream to get out of danger. They were all loaded with army supplies, sutler's stores, and many other things, and would have been a rich haul had the Johnnies captured them. All night long the alarm was kept up and all kinds of rumors were afloat. It was the celebrated raid of General Stuart, the dashing Confederate General, whose bravery only equalled his rashness and daring. With one thousand eight hundred men, as wild and daring as the celebrated Moss troopers described in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he swept around our entire rear that night. A body of our men were on guard at Tunstall's Staiton when Stuart swooped down on them and captured the entire lot.

A train containing a number of officers, also sick and

wounded men, came along. The engineer saw that the place was in possession of the rebels, and putting on all steam, dashed past, though hundreds of bullets whistled by him. He was struck, but kept his hand on the throttle until he was out of danger.

The train came to White House and it was then known that the enemy was close by, but the object of his presence was not yet understood. The scene about the landing was exciting as well as ludicrous; there were hundreds of negroes about the place, most of whom were runaways and had left their masters when our army came along, and when they learned that the Confederates were likely to arrive, they were scared clean through and through. They ran to the miserable shanties where they had taken up their abode, gathered up their little belongings into bundles, then, not knowing what to do or where to go, they filled the air with dismal groans, and while some prayed loudly and fervently, others, too badly scared to pray, uttered wild and incoherent ejaculations, and on all sides could be heard, 'Lawd, save us po' sinners," "Oh, de good Lawd look down an' help us," etc. The sutlers also had a first-class scare on and packed up their goods, which they had on display in some large tents, and hastened with them on board the vessels.

When Stuart found himself foiled in his attempt to capture the train, he gathered up what horses, arms, and supplies he could find in the neighborhood of Tunstall, and swung around toward the left and stopped at Baltimore Cross Roads.

One of our hospitals was at this place, and General Stuart and his chief surgeon paid it a visit, behaving most humanely, not allowing any of their men to enter the hospital, saying it would alarm the sick. The rebel surgeon borrowed what quinine and other medicine our doctor had, and which he was compelled to lend him, as well as some surgical instruments.

From this, Stuart and his raiders went on, passing entirely around the left of the army, gathering up horses and wagons, and taking prisoners many of our soldiers that were in their way, and with all these spoils, returned safely to the rebel

capitol. This was a severe blow, not only to our army, but when the news of the raid reached Washington, it caused great consternation. Those who were unfriendly to the North were jubilant, saying that the war was a failure and it was all nonsense for the North to think that it could conquer the South; that when one rebel general with only one corps could pass entirely around the great Army of the Potomac and after capturing supplies and prisoners, then ride unscathed into Richmond, it was very evident that the war was a failure. To the loyal party it was a shock, and a deep disgrace. Our head officers came in for their share of abuse and were greatly blamed, but to the authorities at the rebel capitol it was a source of great rejoicing, and the Richmond papers made great fun of the army of the North and General McClellan, advising him to get a pen made for his army or General Stuart might come down some night and bag the whole concern, and bring it into Richmond before breakfast. To the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, it was also a stunning blow, but it only made the men more determined to get even with the rebels and pay them back in their own coin with interest. This they did, but it was a long time in the future. Things were growing more desperate, and every day showed that a crisis was approaching, and the boys were glad that a time was coming when we could measure our strength with the enemy.

On Tuesday, June 24th, we moved to a long, low breastwork of logs about 200 yards from our former camp. On this day one hundred rounds of ammunition were issued to each man, and as forty rounds was the regular issue, it made the boys stare when they received such an immense quantity at once, but we all knew what it meant.

In front of our camp, toward the enemy, was a strip of timber land heavily covered with tall pine trees. Orders were issued to cut these down and make a slashing. It was a curious sight to see the tall pines dropping so fast with crash following crash, and in a very short time the woods were gone and the trees were lying tangled up in every way, affording a

splendid place for men against an advancing enemy, but a miserable place to charge into when occupied by the enemy.

A peculiar bustle was observed all day among the field officers, and orderlies were galloping from one headquarters to another, so when we lay down that night it was with the settled conviction that the next day would witness some stirring scene, and that the great crisis had arrived at last. The soldiers were all glad that the suspense would be ended and that they were about to change the dreary monotony of camp life for a stirring reality. If we gained the victory it would be a glorious change, and if we were defeated it could not be worse than the life we had been leading among the pestilential swamps, where the army was rapidly melting away through sickness, and the strong, robust men who had so proudly marched from Hampton in the spring on their way "to take Richmond," had changed to sickly, fever-stricken skeletons, but not for an instant did any of us cherish a doubt that we would be successful. We had a great deal to learn yet.

On this day a man appeared in our camp in citizen's clothes with an armful of sheet music; it was a song entitled "On to Richmond;" the words were very patriotic, and the boys who had money bought copies to sing around future camp-fires. None of us knew then that this man was a noted spy who, in the guise of a song seller, had worked his way through the camps and thus learned many valuable things for the benefit of the Confederates. It was said he belonged to Stonewall Jackson's corps. We heard later on that he had been captured while playing the spy in our army, and given a hurried trip out of the world on the end of a rope.

Wednesday morning, June 25th, broke bright and clear. The bugle call aroused the men as soon as the rays of the sun began to gild the tree tops, and in a short time all was bustle and activity. We all felt that before the sun would sink to rest some stirring scenes would be enacted; between us and Richmond lay the hosts of Lee, Longstreet, Huger, Hill and Magruder, all able commanders, who would fight every step of the way, and there was no picnic before us.

A hasty breakfast of hard tack and black coffee was quickly disposed of, guns carefully inspected and put in proper condition, cartridge boxes filled, and each company fell into place. The regiment was formed into line, and soon the tramp, tramp of the men began toward where the enemy was waiting. There is no more impressive sight on earth than the steady march of men going forth to battle, with features sternly set and a resolve to do or die written plainly on their faces, and the tight grasp of the faithful rifle.

Looking at these men of "stern, grave look," one failed to see a sign of fear—that kind of fear that causes one to shirk his duty; the cowards had left the ranks before the fight began. We passed through the slashing, and beyond it was a wood. In this wood we met some rebel pickets, and firing at once began, the enemy's pickets falling back as we advanced. Passing the woods we came to a swampy field covered with tall briers and huckleberry bushes. Our skirmish line advanced until it reached an old building known as the "Half-Way House," which we had been told was two and a half miles from Richmond. Beyond this was a road, and there the main body of the enemy lay. Our line halted and formed a line of battle. The fighting was of desultory nature; a great amount of skirmishing was done, and every now and then the firing was desperate, then it would cease for a time, and again break out fiercely.

Kearney's and Hooker's divisions were engaged in the fiercest part of the fight. Our troops pushed forward and kept driving the enemy steadily back. The Union loss in this fight was six hundred and fifty. Our men suffered much for water, and quite a number of our regiment were wounded and several killed. When it grew dark, the enemy massed his force on our right and made a fierce attack, crushing that portion of the line and throwing it back; they then moved back to our left, but nearer to us.

About this time our line retired, leaving the Sixty-third out in front with the enemy in front and on both flanks. Our pickets were ordered to move toward the left, but it was then so dark

that the only way they could keep in line was by following a low whistle made by the leader and repeated by each one following. Presently they became involved in a swamp, and could go no farther; there we lay in that trying situation, during which time the rebels had managed to throw a line of pickets in our rear and we were virtually between two lines of the enemy.

While lying in that perilous position, we could hear the conversation of the rebels quite plainly, and could hear them forming their lines of battle preparatory for the next day's conflict. Every now and then a fierce volley would crash out in front of us, the bullets singing and whistling over our heads. In one of these volleys Lieutenant Cochran, of Company G, was killed.

About midnight, Colonel Hays sent an orderly to General Kearney, saying that the Sixty-third Regiment was alone in front of the enemy, and asking him if he expected it to hold the whole rebel army in check. As the day began to dawn and we could begin to distinguish our surroundings, in the grey light of the early morning of the 26th, word was quietly passed along the line to fall in at once, and about-face with our backs to what had heretofore been our front. During all the hours of the preceding night we heard the tramp of the enemy in our front, and could quite distinctly hear the commands given by their officers, and when this order to about-face came to us in the manner in which it did, we naturally supposed our foe had succeeded in flanking us, and had taken a position in our rear, never dreaming of a retreat. The regiment, having fallen in line with the utmost quiet, facing to the rear, Colonel Hays in his most stentorian voice gave the command: "Attention, battalion! Sixty-third forward, guide center, march!" By this ruse the rebel forces in our front patiently awaited our advance, and did not discover the trick until we had safely reached the slashing or abbatis of fallen timber which lay immediately in front of the camp we had vacated the day before. Upon reaching this abbatis, the enemy was close at our heels and every man of the regiment struck out

for himself through this mass and labyrinth of fallen timber, being constantly under a fusilade of bullets from the Johnnies and, strange to relate, the regiment all got safely back to our old camp, with no casualties from that morning's experience. Our delivery that day from a fierce engagement with all odds against us, can be attributed to nothing else than this strategical move on the part of our gallant commander. We began to move back, and when we struck the woods next the slashing, what was our surprise to find a rebel picket line. They were as much surprised as we were. With a kind of "let me alone, and I'll let you alone," we pushed on and arrived at our camp from whence we had started. Sergeant R. A. Nesbit, of Company B, was the leader of the skirmish line during that terrible night's experience, and nobly did he perform his duty. Thus ended the first of the seven days' battles in front of Richmond.

The casualties of the Battle of the Orchards, or Seven Oaks, were:

KILLED—First Lieutenant S. Hays Cochran; Privates John B. Ford, Company E; William Greenawalt, Company F; John Johnston, Company F.

WOUNDED—Privates John Harvey, Company D, severely; John Huggins, Company E, severely; William J. McClarren, Company E, slightly; A. Greenawalt, Company F, loss of arm; Philip Griffin, Company F, slightly; Laurence Lyon, Company H, severely; Michael Kelly, Company H, slightly; James Magraw, Company H, slightly; Jacob Schuler, Company H, severely; Corporal Patrick Fisher, Company H, slightly.

MISSING—Private David Lynch, Company E.

Following is Colonel Hays' official report of the engagement:

In Camp, near Richmond, Va.,
June 28, 1862.

Capt. C. H. Potter,
Asst. Adjt. General:

Sir:—I have the honor to report the results of the skirmish with the enemy's forces on the 25th inst. I was ordered with my regiment to deploy in front of Robinson's rideau. Soon after passing our picket

line, we fell in with the advanced pickets of the enemy, with occasional exchange of shots, for the distance of a mile and a quarter. Here we were opposed determinedly by the Fourth Georgia, but after a brisk and spirited contest, they gave up the ground.

Our loss, though light, considering the extent of the action, I regret to enumerate, one commissioned officer and three privates killed; thirteen, rank and file, wounded.

Respectfully submitted,

ALEXANDER HAYS,
Col. 63rd Regt., Pa. Vols.

Next day, Thursday, June 26th, our regiment lay quietly in camp, listening to the heavy firing on the right of the line. We knew a heavy battle was in progress and were in constant expectation of being sent up to help do the fighting, but the day went by and we were not called on. This made us believe that our side had been victorious. About dark, Adjutant George P. Corts advanced to the center of the camp and in a loud, ringing voice, made the following announcement:

"General Porter attacked the enemy today at Beaver Dam, and has beaten them at every point. The rebels are in full retreat."

Then we shouted and yelled and shook hands with each other, and promised that we would be in Richmond in less than a week. That prophecy was fulfilled to some, for in less than a week a large number of our men were in Richmond in Libby Prison, as prisoners of war.

A little incident occurred during Wednesday's fight, which will show how cool some men are in battle. Company A was stationed among some tall huckleberry bushes. The fruit was getting ripe and the boys, between firing spells, were plucking and eating them. Among them was a young soldier from Braddock named Will Davison. He was a cool boy, and never got excited in danger. He was in the act of reaching to a bush when a minie ball came along and cut off his right forefinger, close to the hand. Will looked at his bleeding hand a minute and then throwing his gun across his shoulder, calmly remarked: "Well, they can just keep their d—d berries," and started to the rear to get his wound dressed.

David Strachan, of Company B, was the tallest man in the

regiment, being fully six foot six in his bare feet, and proportionately strong. At the Battle of Fair Oaks, General Jameson's horse fell, catching the general under him, at a moment when the enemy were pressing our lines very hard. Strachan, seeing the predicament the general was in, boldly, in the face of a heavy fire, rushed forward and, aided by Thomas M. Shannon, of Company A, actually lifted the horse and released the general, possibly saving him from capture.

Thursday was another hot day. Stonewall Jackson had crossed the Chickahominy and moved down the north bank of the stream, expecting to annihilate Porter, who had only two divisions and some regulars. On the way down, Jackson was joined by General Branch and A. P. Hill, making a strong force composed of the flower of the rebel army. The artillery duel was a terrific one, which shook the earth, and which we had excitedly listened to in our camp. Porter had a strong position on Beaver Dam Creek and presented a bold front to the enemy, who outnumbered him two to one. For hours the battle raged furiously and only ceased when night put an end to it. Hundreds were killed on both sides, and had the fight lasted a few hours longer, Porter would have been forced to give way. This was the fight we had listened to all day, and were cheered at the report that it was a grand victory. It was well that we believed so; had we known that our right wing had been shattered, we would not have been so jubilant. Doubtless our officers had an inkling of the state of affairs, but wisely kept it from us in order to instill confidence in the men. Be that as it may, we slept soundly that night in our camp in the swamp peninsula, and thus ended the second of the seven memorable battles before Richmond.

Friday, June 27th, was another blistering hot day. Our boys were up at the first call of the bugle, expecting to have some work to do before night. We were all feeling good over the news received the previous evening, but about 10 o'clock the word came down from the right that changed the complexion of things, and we learned that Porter, instead of pursuing the enemy, had withdrawn his forces and taken up a

new position. While this was a surprise, we did not consider it a defeat. We agreed that it was simply a ruse of Porter, who had merely fallen back in order to draw the rebels into a position where he could give them a severe whipping. We waited for the next move on the great chess board.

At noon, heavy firing was again heard on the right. The cannonading was so heavy that the earth seemed to tremble and the deep rolling volleys of musketry could be plainly heard. Sometimes we imagined we could hear the cheering of the contending hosts, but that was imagination as the distance was too great for that. There is something thrilling in listening to the uproar of a battle in which you are not engaged, and our men were restless and uneasy, gathering in groups, straining their ears, and indulging in speculation as to the outcome. Sometimes, owing to certain conditions of the atmosphere, the sound would become indistinct, and then we would say that our men were driving them, but soon again the awful roar would burst forth louder than ever, and then we believed our men were being driven back. All through that hot, sweltering afternoon the roar of battle never ceased for an instant, and we knew that blood was flowing freely and that thousands of our fellow creatures were being torn and mangled by shot and shell, and lives were being sacrificed in mighty numbers.

General Porter had fallen back from Beaver Dam during the night and taken his position at Gaines' Mill. The enemy, flushed with the triumph of the preceding day, and with vastly superior numbers, dashed on Porter's forces with a bravery seldom witnessed. Porter's whole force numbered only 35,000 men, while that of the enemy, according to their own historians, was over 60,000. The slaughters were terrible. It was here that Colonel Sam Black, commanding the Sixty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, was killed. He was a gallant officer, and his loss was deeply felt.

As evening approached the din of battle seemed to double in intensity, and Porter's weakened and battered army could stand it no longer, and the whole right wing, without disorder

or panic, gradually fell back before the fierce charges of the foe. For about a mile they retreated, then halted, and forming their thin and bleeding ranks into a line of battle, again prepared to meet the enemy. Darkness put a stop to the fray, and both armies rested.

The Union loss at this battle at Gaines' Mill is reported six thousand killed and wounded and two thousand prisoners, while that of the Confederates has been estimated at nine thousand.

This was the third of the great battles before Richmond.

At about 6 o'clock that evening, when the din of battle was at its worst, our brigade was ordered to move up toward the right. It seemed strange to be started out at that hour, but we were only moved up to hold a portion of the line which had been weakened by the men sent to reinforce Porter. Accordingly, we tramped a long distance through the dusk of the evening, not knowing where we were being taken, moving on until we reached the position occupied by General Richardson during the day, and who had been moved farther up to help Porter.

It was between 9 and 10 o'clock when we were halted and told to lie down for the night. The roar of battle had ceased, but every now and then a battery on our side would suddenly open and be quickly answered by a battery on the other side. They would keep this up for some time and the air would be full of screaming and bursting shells, which frequently flew over our heads and sometimes dropped unpleasantly near us. The firing would then cease and a dead silence would follow, only to be broken soon again by another artillery duel, and this was kept up all night. Sometimes a Union battery would start the racket and at others a rebel one, but no matter which opened, it would be quickly answered from the other side.

While this firing was kept up during the night, Porter was withdrawing his battered battalions to the other side of the river, preparatory to a general retreat of the whole army to the James River. None of us had any suspicion that this was

in contemplation, and it was well that the men did not suspect such a move, not that the boys would have refused to obey their officers, but they would have felt keenly discouraged. If ever a set of men on God's earth showed bravery and discipline, it was the unfortunate Army of the Potomac.

We lay in Richardson's camp until morning, when our regiment was moved out and placed on picket in the edge of a field close to the Chickahominy. Across the stream on our front was a long, sloping hill covered with small, straggling timber; an old road ran along the face of the hill some distance up the side. We lay inside a fence, and while lying there, two rebel cavalrymen were seen riding along the upper road. John Haymaker pushed his musket through between the rails and began to sight along the barrel. Of course no one was allowed to fire while on picket, and after glancing along his gun awhile, John said: "I'll bet I could fetch one of them fellows." The other boys at once began bantering him and John, who boasted he would never take a dare, fired, and down dropped one of the men. An officer came hurrying along the line to see who had fired but, strange to say, none of the boys had heard the shot and John was lying innocently on the grass and had heard nothing of a shot either. The other cavalryman had put spurs to his horse and left hastily, and soon after we got orders to move. We moved back and went into camp along the Williamsburg Road, about half a mile south of Savage Station.

The private soldiers never dreamed that a retreat was about to be made in the face of the enemy, or that our situation was most critical, or that Stonewall Jackson was moving on White House Landing in our rear, where he would cut off our base of supplies thus placing us, as it were, between two armies. The day was quiet where we lay. The Army of the Potomac was stripping itself for the race and the terrible struggle that was before it.

On Friday night, Porter transferred his entire force to the other side of the Chickahominy preparatory to the movement of the whole army to the James River. General McClellan

moved his headquarters to Savage Station, and in spite of all that could be done to throw us on a false scent and to hide the real situation, by Saturday night the true condition of affairs began to make itself apparent to every mind, and the stern look that might be seen on every face showed that the men began to appreciate the situation and would meet it as true volunteer soldiers, men who had enlisted to fight and who would resist to the bitter end.

Officers arrived at and departed from headquarters in haste, orderlies were dashing to every part of the army; the gloom of the night was made more hideous by the constant arrival of ambulances bearing wounded. Like at Fair Oaks, the open grounds around the Savage House were again covered with a ghastly multitude of bleeding, groaning, dying men. There was no general engagement on this day (Saturday), but there was desultory fighting in many places along the line. The enemy was looking for us on the banks of the Chickahominy, not anticipating our retreat to the James. Our men had destroyed the bridges over the Chickahominy when they had crossed on Friday night. This was a complete surprise to the rebs, and for awhile it rendered them powerless to do us any material mischief. This was a God-send to us, as it gave McClellan time to get his immense train across White Oak swamp before the army began to move.

The distance to the James River from Savage Station was seventeen miles, and a single road traversed it, a portion of it "corduroy," hastily made. Along this single line the immense train started, winding like a huge serpent through the gloomy recesses; there were between five thousand and six thousand wagons, besides immense droves of cattle.

The tragic scenes of that night in the hands of a fluent writer would make interesting reading. From where we lay in our camp, all night long we could hear the passing of the troops, and we knew that our army was in full retreat; where to, we did not know, but we did know that we were to hold the dangerous position of the rear guard and would be called

upon to do some desperate fighting when the morning light would dawn.

Who that are left of the old Army of the Potomac will ever forget that Sunday, June 29th, when we lay at Savage Station as the rear guard, expecting the Confederate Army to appear in our front at every moment.

The historian Pollard, in his "Lost Cause,' says that Lee's Army had been augmented by forces brought from the South, until it was vastly superior to McClellan's, whose army had been decimated by sickness and the terrible fighting it had undergone, until it was a mere skeleton compared to what it was when it started from Hampton on the 4th day of April, scarcely three months before. Opposed to us was Lee with his grand army, Longstreet's, Hill's, Magruder's, and Huger's divisions in our front, while Jackson, with his fierce fighters, was working around our right flank and getting well in our rear. Opposed to these were the two corps of Sumner and Heintzelman, the rest of the army being well on their way to the James River.

The rear guard of an army is a most important affair, being expected to sacrifice itself for the good of the remainder of the army. It must fight, and fight with desperation, not to win a victory, but to hold back the enemy as long as possible, and when no longer able to do so, to retreat to another good position and again form line of battle and engage the enemy and endeavor to hold them sufficiently long for the advance to gain a good position.

Sunday morning was hot and sultry, it was the sacred day of rest to the war-worn and weary Union troops. As soon as we had snatched our hasty breakfast, our regiment moved back a few hundred yards to a rise of ground within sight of the station, where we formed line of battle and awaited results.

Savage Station had been made a distributing base of supplies, and there was piled up an immense stock of army rations consisting of crackers, meat, coffee, sugar, medical supplies, clothing, whiskey and ammunition. Not having teams to carry off these supplies, and to keep them from falling into the

CAPTAIN
WILLIAM J. THOMPSON
COMPANY D.

CAPTAIN
G. EMANUEL GROSS.
COMPANY D.

CAPTAIN
BERNARD J. REID.
COMPANY F.

CAPTAIN
DAVIS SHIELDS.
COMPANY F.

hands of the enemy, orders were given to destroy them. A long train of empty cars and an engine had come up from White House Landing before the place had fallen into the hands of the rebels. This train was filled with supplies, ammunition, kegs of powder, loaded shells, etc., steam was gotten up in the engine until it was hissing and trembling; fire was applied to each of the cars, and then a soldier got on the engine, pulled the throttle, and sprang to the ground. The whole train moved forward, slowly at first, but faster and faster until it was dashing down the track with wild fury. The rapid motion fanned the fire until it was soon a mass of flame. It resembled a huge, fiery monster, and its roar fairly shook the bridge. The bridge over the river had been destroyed by our men on Saturday, and when the burning train reached the river, it plunged far out into the stream with a crash that could have been heard for miles.

About 10 o'clock the work of destruction began at Savage Station. Hundreds of barrels of coffee, rice, sugar, whiskey, boxes of crackers, barrels of meat, and other supplies were quickly destroyed and consigned to the flames.

The hours passed on and noon came, but no enemy as yet appeared. Some of our boys ventured into a piece of woods in front and captured two rebel soldiers who were scouting. They brought them into our camp. One was an Irishman and the other a native Texan; the Texan was sullen, but the Irishman, like all his countrymen, had plenty of talk. An Irishman belonging to Company H came along and struck up a conversation with his rebel countryman. In a short time he learned that the rebel had come from the same place in Ireland that he had, and then it was all the guards could do to keep him from pitching into his fellow countryman and thrashing him for being a rebel. When he was prevented from fighting him, he gave him such a tongue lashing as only an Irishman could give. It was very amusing to the rest of us, but not at all funny to the prisoner. In front of our regiment was a rail fence. This we threw down and piled up the rails in a line and behind this slight defense we lay, looking over the open fields and to where they terminated in the dark pine woods where

the enemy lay. Various changes in the disposition of our forces were going on. Now a long line of artillery passed on our right and took up a position on a rising ground, the bright brass guns gleaming in the sunlight, while the dark steel Parrot guns looked black and threatening. The guns were unlimbered, the horses taken to the rear, the ammunition chests opened, with the gunners lying down beside their pieces, and again all was an ominous silence. Then we saw a large body of infantry advance around our right and take up a position in an open field. While we were wondering what troops they were, a breeze blew open the folds of a flag and we saw the green flag of Ireland. Then we knew it was Meagher' fighting Irish brigade, and we felt that not a man in that brigade would yield while life lasted, and where that green flag would lead it would be followed by every true son of Erin, even into the very jaws of death.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a report was circulated that a portion of the rebel army was attempting a flank movement in order to cut our line as it was passing on its way to James River, and a portion of Heintzelman's corps was hurried toward the White Oak swamp, leaving General Sumner to meet the enemy at Savage Station.

About 5 o'clock the rebel army fell upon Sumner in great numbers; it began with a grand artillery duel, gun answered gun, and shell met shell in the air until it was an unceasing roar, and the very earth seemed to tremble. The artillery duel lasted nearly an hour when suddenly the whole mass of the enemy sprang forward with their peculiar panther yell, and charged on Sumner's lines; and nobly did the old soldier and his heroes meet them with a storm of fire that made them waver and fall back for some distance, but they soon rallied and the firing was incessant. Peal on peal from the cannon, volley on volley of musketry, yells and screams, until it formed a picture that will never be effaced from memory while life lasts. The fight continued to rage until about 9 o'clock when the firing gradually slackened, and the rebels withdrew, completely whipped by the gallant body of Sumner's brave men. During that night we plodded our way through the dark

recesses of the dismal White Oak swamp and about 2 o'clock in the morning our tired forces emerged from it and came out on hard ground. We were halted and all threw ourselves on the ground and each man went to sleep where he lay.

Monday morning, June 30th, was one of the hottest of that summer. We were aroused early by the bugle call, and weary and cross, the men got up and we began to look at our surroundings. On our right lay the Pennsylvania Reserves and on our left lay the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, while farther down the slope in front of us, lay the fighting Irish boys of the Eighty-seventh New York. The heat of the day caused the men to suffer greatly from thirst and no water could be found anywhere. When a well was reached alongside the road it was so crowded with thirsty men that it was impossible to procure any water, and we never felt the heat more than on that day. After marching for several miles along a plateau, we turned toward the right and descended a long hill and debouched into an immense grain field, and were halted. As soon as we came to a halt, several of us took our canteens and started off on the hunt for water. After going along for sometime we came to the Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves, where we met a number of Braddock friends, and there found a spring of deliciously cold water, and we drank until we feared we would founder. While with the Reserves, cannonading was heard on our right and we hurried back to the regiment. The firing on our right was by General Slocum's men who were in a hot fight with the enemy who had followed our retreating army through the White Oak swamp to where the corduroy road had been destroyed, and where General Slocum had been posted to stop their advance. It was a hard fight, but our men had successfully held the enemy from advancing any farther. Our regiment prepared for the mighty encounter that seemed inevitable. Just in front of our line there was an old-fashioned "worm" fence which had been thrown down, and behind this slight protection our men were lying. In front of us was an open plain of about three-quarters of a mile, and just beyond this a woods behind which the enemy was lying. About half way between

us and these woods was a negro cabin in which were domiciled a number of slaves. The second line was placed about three hundred yards in our rear, obliquely to our right, on a rising ground, while the Irish Brigade of four thousand men under General Meagher, was stationed as a general reserve, to be let loose at the proper moment of the battle. A section of a battery was stationed about two hundred yards in front of us, with the horses taken out, the guns unlimbered, and the artillery men lying on the ground beside their guns and caissons, waiting for the ball to open.

There were two roads by which the enemy could reach us from Richmond, viz.:. The Charles City Road, running a short distance south of White Oak swamp, and the Derbytown Road, nearer the James River. By these two roads A. P. Hill and the other rebel generals had poured all their mighty hosts, except that portion which had followed Sumner through the swamp, and which Slocum had checked and prevented from attacking our rear. The object of the rebels was to strike McClellan's weary columns as they emerged from the tangle of the swamp, and crush them before they could reach the river. There was a third road called the New Market Road, and on this one McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves were posted, but McClellan had used such expedition and his columns were pushed on so rapidly that they had cleared the swamp and had time to form lines of battle before the enemy had come within striking distance.

The Sixty-third was in the first line behind an extemporized breastwork of fence rails, waiting for the attack. Every now and then one of our cannons in front of us, would send a shell flying into the woods in our front, and again all would be still as death. The enemy paid no attention to these compliments sent by the artillery, but maintained the ominous silence which precedes the storm.

We had piled up our knapsacks, blankets, shelter tents, etc., before the battle began, and that was the last we ever saw of them, for when the battle ended our lines had fallen back and the Johnnies had possession of them.

We will never forget the awful stillness that reigned just

before the opening of this fight. The men seldom spoke and when they did it was in low, quick tones. When the ears are deafened by the roaring of cannon, the crashing of musketry, the shrieking and bursting of shells, the yelling and shouting of furious combatants, the soldier loses all fear and the veriest coward will not think of running away, but will fire and yell, yes, and swear like a madman; but it is a severe strain on the men to lie, momentarily expecting the carnage to begin.

All at once, from away in front, came three cannon shots at regular intervals, and we knew instinctively that it was the signal for some decided move of the enemy. Scarcely had the echoes of the last shot died away, when a most furious cannonade burst forth against McCall's Reserves. The discharges were so rapid that it was impossible to count them. This took place about 3 o'clock. McCall was not slow in answering, and soon shot answered shot and shell met shell, and the air was full of the missiles of death.

The tremendous artillery duel lasted about three-quarters of an hour, when almost instantly the woods in front of McCall seemed to open, and thousands upon thousands of men in gray rushed forth and opened a fearful fire of musketry.

From where the Sixty-third lay we had a good view of the fight against McCall, and as we had not as yet come under the enemy's fire, we had nothing to do but gaze at the conflict, and it was a grand as well as a terrific sight. McCall's batteries were nobly served, and hurled grape, canister and shells into the charging columns. We could see great gaps made in their lines, yet they never seemed to halt, but closing up their shattered ranks, pressed on still with desperate fury, advancing with their panther-like yells which, once heard, are never forgotten.

The reserves made several daring charges, but it was like charging against a rock. Flesh and blood could not stand such desperate fighting against superior numbers and the line of reserves was gradually forced back, but at no time was it broken. The ground was literally covered with dead and wounded men and horses. Sometimes the fighting was hand

to hand. During the fighting, General McCall was taken prisoner.

After attacking McCall, the enemy paid his respects to our line. At first they opened a heavy cannonading on us from the woods on our front, their shells bursting away up in the air. They came so fast that the sky was dotted with the puffs of smoke from the exploding shells. Had they kept their range the result would have been harmless to us, but they soon began to lower the range and the shells burst nearer. At last they got our exact position, and their shells began to fall in amongst us. A short distance to the right of where we lay, a ponderous shell struck the rails and exploded in Company G. When the cloud of dust, smoke, and broken fragments of fence rails had been cleared away, there were eight men lying there, torn and mangled almost beyond recognition. Had the enemy kept that range longer, our whole line would have had to fall back or be annihilated, but they still kept lowering it until the shells struck the ground in front of us, ricochetted, and fell among the men composing the second line. In the meantime our batteries worked rapidly, especially Randall's, which returned the enemy's fire with interest. This was kept up for nearly an hour.

An amusing incident occurred at the negro cabin midway between our lines and the woods where the enemy was massed. This cabin contained quite a number of negroes of all ages. After our lines had been formed, an aide to General Kearney rode up to the place and told them to get out of that, as it was likely a heavy battle would soon be raging there and they would be in the very center of it. They did not seem to realize their danger and paid no attention to him, but stood outside their cabin gazing at the soldiers taking up their positions. It was a new experience to these simple-minded people, they never having seen such large bodies of men before, and they stood looking on in a kind of dazed condition, not realizing that they were in any danger. When the rebels opened their artillery fire on us, the first shells burst over the cabin, and then those negroes swarmed. If there was anything that a negro was more afraid of than another, it was a screeching

shell, and they would always fly when one came near. At about the time the third shell burst they were seen leaving their cabin and hunting for solitude. Here they came, old and young, men, women and children, most of them carrying bundles, but the center of attraction was a big fat darkey who led the procession, and all he carried was a scare big enough for the whole crowd. He had nothing on but his shirt and pantaloons, being bareheaded and barefooted. His head was thrown back, his face was the color of ashes, his eyes stuck out like two buckeyes thrown against a mud wall; his mouth was opening and shutting like a fish out of water, and he made more steps to the minute and fewer to the mile than he had ever done before. Every now and then a shell would burst close to him, and his leaps were wonderful. He ran right over our line and kept on. Our boys yelled at him as he passed, but he paid no attention; soon we heard the rear end give him another, but on he went; he never stopped short of the James River. The sight of this coon was a kind of consolation to all of us as we were glad to know there was somebody worse scared than we were.

All at once vast numbers of men in gray were seen rushing out of the woods in our front, and our time had come for bloody work. General Kearney spoke cheering words to his men and each resolved to do or die. The fighting of the Confederates was terrific and their bravery unexcelled, though our volleys strewed the ground with thousands, they never faltered, but closing up their gaps came on undauntedly. The hardest fighting raged around the negro house, and at one time our color sergeant, Will Weeks, held the Sixty-third colors at one corner, while a rebel color bearer held his at the other corner, so close were we to each other. Kearney was everywhere, encouraging and cheering his men. Thompson's battery mowed down the rebels by whole ranks, but they still came on; they seemed to spring out of the earth so many of them were there.

The Confederates fell back sullenly, and so ended the Battle of Nelson's Farm, officially known as Glendale, being the

sixth of the bloody seven days' fighting, and one of the bloodiest of the seven.

After the battle, General Kearney saluted Colonel Hays and said: "Colonel, you and your men did nobly, and as soon as we got into permanent camp your men shall be excused from all duty, except your own camp guard, for thirty days; I shall see that they get it."

After our arrival at Harrison's Landing, he kept his word and the men had nothing to do but police duty, swim and bathe in the James River, and eat "soft bread" with plenty of butter, jelly, jams and other good things too numerous to mention. The regiment remained at Harrison's Landing from July 2nd to August 13th, and during that time the Sixty-third was not called upon to do any extra duty. General Kearney was always friendly to the regiment, and was the boon companion and intimate friend of Colonel Hays.

This is, we believe, the only case on record during the war where a regiment received such a compliment, especially from such a stern disciplinarian as General Kearney.

General Kearney, in his official report of the Battle of Nelson's Farm, or Glendale, says:

"At 4 o'clock p. m. the attack commenced with vigor, and in such masses as I had never witnessed.. Thompson's Battery, directed with great skill, literally swept the slightly falling open space with the completest execution, and mowing them down by ranks, would cause the survivors to a momentary halt, but almost instantly after increased masses came up and the wave bore on. These masses coming up with a rapid run, covering the entire breadth of the open ground, some two hundred paces, would alone be checked in their career by the gaps of the fallen. Still no retreat, and again a fresh mass would carry on the approaching line still nearer. If there was one man in this attack there must have been ten thousand, and their loss by artillery, although borne with such fortitude, must have been unusual. It was by scores, with the irrepressibility of numbers, on they persisted. The artillery, destructive as it was, ceased to be a calculation. It was then that Colonel Alexander Hays, with the Sixty-third Pennsylvania, and half of the Thirty-seventh New York, was moved forward to the line of the guns. I have here to call the attention of my superior chiefs to this most heroic action on the part of Colonel Hays and his regiment. The

Sixty-third has won for Pennsylvania the laurels of fame. That which grape and canister failed in effecting, was now accomplished by the determined charge and rapid volleys of this foot. The enemy, at the muzzle of our guns for the first time, sulkily retired fighting. Subsequently ground having been gained the Sixty-third Pennsylvania was ordered to 'lie low,' and the battery once more opened its ceaseless work of destruction.

"This battle saw renewed three onsets as above, with similar vicissitudes, when finally the enemy betokened his efforts as passed, by converting his charges into ordinary line fight of musketry, embracing the whole front of the brigade, for by this period he was enabled to do so from Thompson's pieces having left the field, after expending their grape, and become tired of the futility of round shot."

General Berry, in a letter to Colonel Hays, says:

Headquarters Third Brigade,
July 11, 1862.

Sir:—It affords me great pleasure to address you at this time, particularly on the subject matter of the battle of Nelson's farm, or Charles City, as it is sometimes called. I had the honor to command the reserve brigade of our division. I was ordered by General Kearney to hold myself and command ready at all times to render aid to the First and Second Brigades. This being so, I watched the movements of the enemy and our own men with the most intense interest. You, sir, and your brave men were placed near to and ordered to support Thompson's Battery. Never was work better done, or battery better supported, and it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say it, and it is also my duty to say it, that I have not in my career in military life seen better fighting or a work better done. I should fear to try to do better with any troops I have ever seen. 'Tis enough to say your fighting was a perfect success.

Allow me, my brave friend, to tender to you my congratulations for honors won on many fields, particularly this one named here, and to assure you of my kind regards for your health, happiness and prosperity in life. I am sir, with much respect,

Your friend and servant,

H. G. BERRY,
Brig. Gen. Vols.

COLONEL ALEXANDER HAYS,
63rd Regiment, Penna. Vols.

General Sumner says of this battle that it was "the most severe action since the Battle of Fair Oaks," and General Heintzelman, in his official report, states that "the attack commenced at 4 p. m. and was pushed by heavy masses with the

utmost determination and vigor. The whole open space, two hundred paces wide, was filled with the enemy,— each repulse brought fresh troops. The third attack was only repulsed by the rapid volleys and determined charge of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Hays commanding."

No army but the Army of the Potomac could have stood such heavy pounding without becoming demoralized. For six days the enemy, in overpowering numbers, had been dashing on our lines with desperate bravery, and though our losses were very great, still that devoted force shook itself together and presented a bold front to the exultant foe.

The fighting had ceased by 9 o'clock that night. The rebels lay on their side of the battlefield and we on ours, while between the lines lay thousands of dead and wounded soldiers of both armies. Both sides claimed that the other's loss was the heavier, but there was not much difference, it was really a drawn battle, neither side had gained anything; but alas, we had to leave our dead and wounded on the field.

About 12 o'clock the word was quietly passed along the line to "fall in," and the tired and worn-out soldiers began to drag their weary limbs into column again for another tramp. We knew we were heading towards the James River, and we also knew that the morrow would be another day of carnage and death to many, but to the everlasting honor of the boys, but little grumbling was heard, and no one shirked his duty.

Soon we were in line and moved off quietly and slowly lest the enemy, hearing our departure, should make another attack which was not wanted at that time, and once more the head of the Army of the Potomac plunged into the darkness of the night on its memorable retreat.

We went some distance along the Newmarket Road, and this led us over a portion of the ground where the reserves had done their hard fighting. We saw here enough to show the terrible struggle that had taken place,—all along the road the dead were thickly strewn, while the wounded men lay moaning and groaning on every side. The universal cry was "Water! Water!" uttered in such piteous tones that none but hearts of stone could withstand it. We gave the poor fellows

all that remained in our canteens, and left them in the darkness to moan out their sufferings, knowing that before the sun would again rise, many would have passed away from all suffering and trouble.

After marching some distance along this road we turned to the left.. We passed through woods, then along a road with cleared fields on each side, then down a sloping hill into what appeared to be a swampy country, then again up a long hill and across a level plateau; and thus we trudged wearily through the darkness, making frequent halts for short rests. During these halts we would sit down by the roadside and in a few minutes would be fast asleep; then be hurried again into line, to move on.

There was one peculiar incident that occurred during one of these halts which came near precipitating a panic among the men. It occurred while we were going down a long hill. A mule belonging to a New York Regiment some distance in our rear, laden with camp kettles, had become frightened or possessed of the devil's spirit belonging to a mule, ran off and came tearing down the line lickety split, the kettles clashing together and making more noise than a boiler shop in full blast. He was mixing some powerful kicking with his running and knocking the camp kettles in every direction. Every man sprang to his feet grasping his gun, not knowing what to make of it, and only for the coolness of the officers, it might have resulted in a panic. All old soldiers know how easily a panic can be started at night when something occurs of which the boys cannot see the cause.

Next morning (Tuesday, July 1st) we reached the base of Malvern Hill and in a short time were assigned to our station, where we ate a frugal breakfast of hard tack and waited for the coming storm, well knowing it would be the final one, for if we did not drive the enemy back here, it was all up with us.

Malvern Hill is an elevation of about 150 feet in height, with the James River on the south. To the north are open fields for nearly a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. On this hill and on the slope General McClellan had planted his artillery, consisting of about three hundred

pieces of all sizes, so arranged as to sweep the fields in front. Five gun boats lay in the James River waiting to take part in the coming battle. Our regiment had been assigned a position where it was not exposed, hence our casualties were but few that day. It began shortly after noon, but the rebels did not make their grand attack until about 4 p. m., and their charges were most desperate, but our men mowed them down like grain before the scythe. At half past five, General Magruder made his last desperate charge, which was repulsed with heavy loss to the rebels, and the battle was over.

As darkness closed upon the scene, who can ever forget the grand cheer that broke from regiment to regiment and from brigade to brigade, until the echoes were caught up by the surrounding woods and rolled along the river banks in one grand pean of victory. Doubtless the fleeing enemy heard these cheers of victory, and felt all the more depressed over their bitter defeat.

The following graphic description of the battles of Glendale and Malvern Hill, was written by Captain Bernard J. Reid, of Company F, of the Sixty-third:

"Late in the afternoon of Sunday, June 28th, Robinson's (late Jameson's) Brigade of Kearney's Division, having been the rear guard on the Williamsburg Road during the day, were ordered to pass White Oak swamp at the upper ford to protect the right flank of the retreating army. The ford was impassable by artillery, the new corduroy road and bridge recently constructed by Keys' corps, having been torn up, and mounted officers found great difficulty in passing the swamp. When the head of the column reached the high ground on the south side, it was fired upon by pickets and skirmishers of the enemy, and General Kearney, who just then reached the ford, ordered a countermarch rather than bring on an engagement prematurely, and the trains, not having all had time to pass at the crossings below. The swamp was passed by the brigade at a bridge two miles below, after dark, and we rested on our arms in the high ground beyond till daybreak, when we moved on to the intersecting of our road with the Charles City. Here the brigade was massed in column, while scouts and skirmishers were thrown out, up and across the Charles City Road, feeling for the enemy's approach on our right flank. We rested two or three hours without any tidings of the foe, and then moved on towards Malvern and were posted in a large clover and oats field to the right of our road and on the near side of

the Newmarket Road. The day was clear and beautiful and the men, unslinging their knapsacks, pitched their shelter tents for the sake of the shade they afforded, and after the fatigues and marches of the last few days and nights, most of them made a bed on the luxurious verdure beneath, to seek a few hours of much-needed sleep and rest. There had been considerable cannonading early in the day in the direction of White Oak swamp, where we were holding the enemy, but towards noon all became still and calm as any rustic scene could be in time of peace. It was the death-like stillness preceding the tornado, so quiet it seemed that being bi-monthly muster day, the Sixty-third was regularly mustered, as though we were secure in permanent camp or barracks. Scarcely was the ceremony over when there arose symptoms of break in the unusual calm, and early in the afternoon an occasional cannon shot was heard.

Our position was at the intersection of the Newmarket Road with a road on which we had advanced that Monday morning, June 30th, from the upper side of White Oak swamp towards the James, on the right flank of the main body of the retreating army, the head of which was Porter, and already reached communications with our gunboats at Turkey Bend. On the left, as we approached the crossing of the roads, there were woods which extended on that side some distance and beyond were fields on both sides, the cleared land lying in an L shape, and its angle of woods on our left. McCall's Division was posted beyond the Newmarket Road and nearly parallel with it, with its back to the woods. Kearney's Division was on McCall's immediate right with its back to the same angle of woods, the two lines thus forming an L with its point outwards toward the enemy. The opposite woods on Kearney's front were some three hundred yards distant; those fronting McCall about twice that. The Sixty-third was on the extreme left of Kearney's Division, its left resting on the Newmarket Road, and connecting there with McCall's extreme right, at the angle of the line. Thompson's Battery of the Fourth United States Artillery was posted in the field in our front, and to us was assigned the duty of supporting it. About 3 o'clock the ominous stillness of the last few hours was broken by a furious attack of artillery and infantry on McCall's position, followed rapidly by a similar one on us. The enemy, in great force, under Longstreet and Hill, debouched by the Newmarket Road in our front and deployed in the edge of the woods on both sides of the road, seemed determined to carry that position and capture our battery at all hazards. For a long time we were the only regiment of the division actively engaged as the point of attack did not extend farther to the right than the ground we held, whilst to the left it extended the whole length of McCall's position. When the enemy first appeared and began its advance across the open space commanded by Captain

Thompson's guns, the Sixty-third was faced about, marched a few paces to the rear, and ordered to lie low outside in the edge of the field. Here we then remained for half an hour, restive under shot and shell and whistling bullets, which we could not answer. We had nothing to do but watch with intense interest the effect of Captain Thompson's and Lieutenant Butler's splendid artillery practice in breaking the ranks of the advancing foe, and for a considerable time holding them in check. The enemy maddened, it seemed by the unexpected check, formed in new line with most likely new troops, and charged with a run and a yell as if determined to reach the battery and take it, cost what it might. Then "Up! up! boys! charge!" was the expected command of Colonel Hays, and away went the Sixty-third, with a counter yell and bristling bayonets, passing the field pieces, and bearing down with a rush on the enemy who, already staggered by the gaps made by the grape and canister at close range, fell back and sought safety in the woods. The Sixty-third then fell back and took a position close in front of the muzzles of the field pieces, lying low so that the artillery could fire over us, and keeping up a relentless fire upon the rebels in the edge of the woods, and whenever they renewed the advance in the open fields, as they did repeatedly during the afternoon. During all this time they were subjected to a galling front and cover fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry posted in the woods on both fronts of the exposed position we were to hold. About 6 o'clock we were reinforced by a part of the Thirty-seventh New York sent by General Kearney to our assistance, but they deployed in the field behind us; the iron and lead hail they had to face was so fearful that their officers had difficulty in getting them up to our position in front of the guns.

Three times before darkness clouded the sun did the Sixty-third charge upon the advancing columns of the enemy and drive them back before the guns. All the time Captain Thompson and his gallant men were handling the pieces most beautifully, and the effect of grape, canister, shrapnel, and solid shot, as they alternated in the fight, was absolutely terrific, opening wide lanes in the advancing columns and piling the ground with heaps of dead and wounded. At sundown Captain Thompson informed Colonel Hays that his ammunition was about spent, and that if the enemy should make another charge he feared he might lose his guns. Just then a fresh line appeared from the opposite woods; it seemed as if they were ready with reserves, constantly brought forward to replace the shattered ranks of regiment after regiment that had attempted to take that battery and failed. 'Give them another, Captain,' said Colonel Hays, 'and leave the rest to me.' Captain Thompson withheld his fire until the enemy had advanced about half way and then, at very

short range, opened on them with staggering effect, followed by the last charge of the Sixty-third. The two lines met at the negro house in the field. A portion of the rebel line gave way at first and fell back towards the woods, firing as they retreated, whilst the rest, under cover of the intervening house and garden, stood their ground for awhile until driven off in a hand-to-hand encounter. Meantime the exhausted battery was withdrawn and replaced by DeRussey's, and as it was growing dark, Meagher's Irish Brigade came up the road at the double quick, and the Sixty-third was relieved after one of the hardest fought five hours of the war.

Next day, at Malvern Hill, the regiment had not so prominent a part to perform; after reaching the ground near Crew's house and resting till noon, it was ordered to the right center and posted in a ravine some distance in the rear of the line of battle, to be in readiness to support them if required. Their only annoyance during the day was from shot and shell from the enemy's batteries falling among them, but the casualties were few and light."

Following is the official report by Colonel Hays, of the Battle of Malvern Hill, Va.:

In Camp, near Weston, Va.
July 4, 1862.

Adjutant General First Brigade, Third Division, Third Corps:

Sir:—I have the honor to furnish the following statement of the movements of the Sixty-third and Fifty-seventh Regiments, Pennsylvania Volunteers, combined, which I had the honor to command on the 1st inst.

After undergoing severe shelling from the enemy's batteries for several hours, in which the Sixty-third had two men wounded, and the Fifty-seventh one commissioned and one non-commissioned killed, and eight men, commissioned officers and privates, wounded, the Sixty-third, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania and Eighty-seventh New York Regiments, were detached from the brigade, and ordered to support Couch's Division.

Under instructions from Brigadier General Kearney, to act at discretion, we successfully supported a battery from Couch's Division, and also later in the evening, Captain DeRussey's Battery, U. S. Artillery, until his ammunition was exhausted. During the night strict guard was kept by the command. At daylight, discerning that Couch's and Kearney's divisions had been withdrawn, I fell back, to the camp of the day before, one mile in the rear.

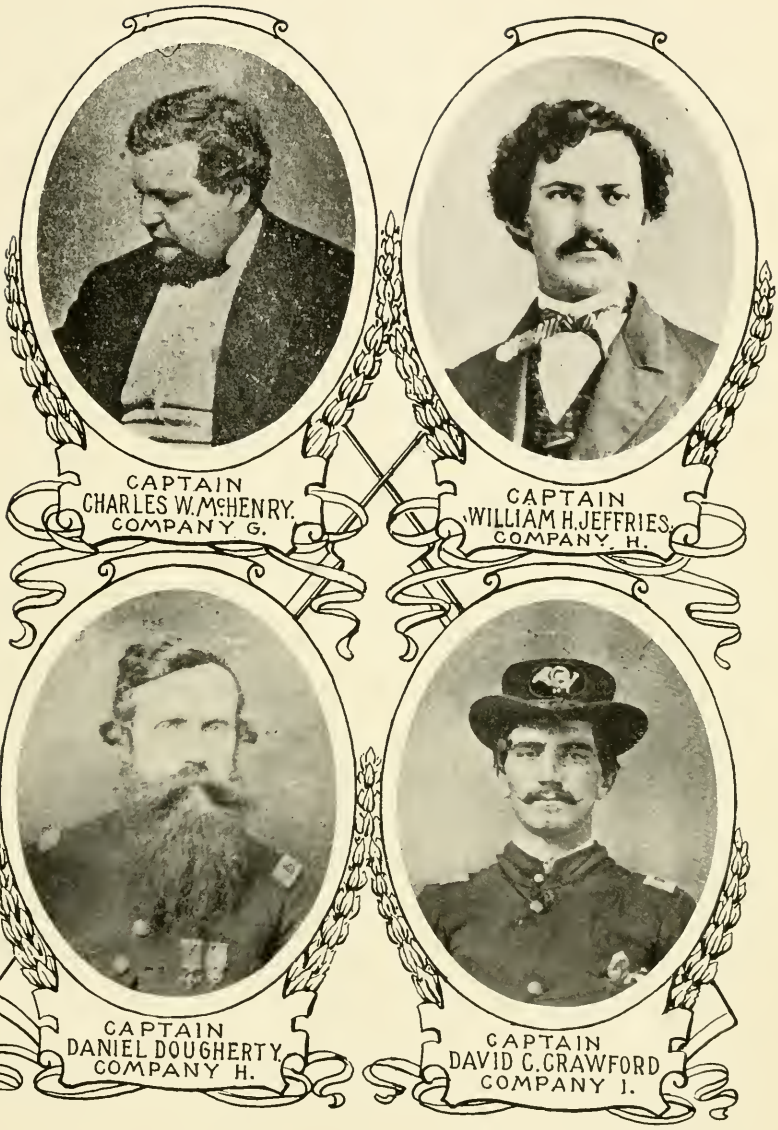
Here I received a request from Colonel Averill, of the cavalry, to prepare certain Government wagons for burning, which was done,

and the command afterwards marched to join the division at this point.

In the support of DeRussey's battery the Sixty-third lost two privates, disabled. No other casualties.

Respectfully submitted,

ALEXANDER HAYS,
Col. 63rd Regt., Pa. Vols.



CAPTAIN
CHARLES W. McHENRY.
COMPANY G.

CAPTAIN
WILLIAM H. JEFFRIES.
COMPANY H.

CAPTAIN
DANIEL DOUGHERTY.
COMPANY H.

CAPTAIN
DAVID C. CRAWFORD
COMPANY I.

CHAPTER VI.

(From June 30, 1862, to January 23, 1863.)

T HARRISON'S LANDING—THE FOURTH OF JULY IN CAMP—IN RETREAT, SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN—POOLSVILLE AND CONRADS' FERRY—FORDING THE POTOMAC—BURNSIDE IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY—BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, BURNSIDE'S MUD MARCH.

"OUR LEFT"

[Second Bull Run, August 30, 1862.]

From dawn to dark they stood
That long midsummer day,
While fierce and fast
The battle-blast
Swept rank on rank away.

From dawn to dark they fought,
With legions torn and cleft;
And still the wide
Black battle tide
Poured deadlier on "Our Left."

They closed each ghastly gap;
They dressed each shattered rank;
They knew—how well—
That freedom fell
With that exhausted flank.

"Oh, for a thousand men
Like these that melt away!"
And down they came
With steel and flame
Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud
Their lightning path they cleft;
And triumph came,
With deathless fame
To our unconquered "Left."

Ye of your sons secure.
Ye of your dead bereft—
Honor the brave
Who died to save
Your all upon "Our Left."

—Francis O. Ticknor.

THE army was safe at last, and the terrible struggle that had been kept up since the 25th of June was over. We had been pressed by overwhelming numbers, allowed no time to rest, almost without sleep for a week, scarcely allowed to snatch a morsel of food, fighting every day, leaving our dead and wounded scattered from Gaines' Mill to the James River, we had fought our way out of the very jaws of destruction; is it any wonder that we cheered joyfully when the hitherto triumphant enemy, whipped and beaten, was in full flight?

The Confederate Government had put forth its mightiest effort to crush McClellan, and had failed. Our losses in these seven days' battles are given at fifteen thousand, but the enemy had suffered more heavily.

In conversation with the rebel prisoners, they all agreed that the Battle of Malvern Hill was the most dreadful affair ever witnessed. "Why," said one, "It was a rain of bullets and shells, and it's a wonder how one of us escaped."

An old Virginian said, "This war is not natural, it is like brothers fighting, but we will never give up now."

A big, brawny prisoner, belonging to a Texas regiment, spoke up: "Say, look here, Yank, we whipped you every day, from Seven Pines to Malvern Hill; we made you hump yourselves, and will keep it up, too; you got the best of us at Malvern, but we licked you six days, so we can afford to stand one defeat. I tell you, you can never conquer us."

We rested that night on the field, and though it rained heavily, so worn out and exhausted were we that we slept soundly with the rain pelting us and saturating our clothing. The next morning we moved a few miles down the river to Harrison's Landing, where we went into camp. The sick, and many of the wounded, where brought to the Landing, carried on board transports and taken to hospitals at Philadelphia, New York and other northern cities.

At last the great struggle was over, and McClellan's tired and battered army had time to breathe and gain strength for more desperate struggles that were yet before it.

As we gathered up our shattered fragments, after the Battle

of Malvern Hill, only two hundred and seventy-eight men were fit for duty out of over one thousand that had started out a few months before. Where were the others? In the gloomy fens of Yorktown, on the bloody field of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines many had laid down their lives; in the pestilential swamps of the Chickahominy the deadly fever had carried off many more, and the terrible Seven Days' Battles had claimed their quota of dead, until of a full and complete regiment of stalwart men, less than three hundred were left to answer roll call.

But now we had our rest and in the conversations around the camp fires, the talk was of a little more cheerful character, and we began to see light ahead and still discussed our triumphant entry into Richmond. How wisely does Heaven hide the future from our view.

The night after we had arrived at Harrison's Landing, the rain fell in torrents, and as we had lost our blankets, shelter tents, overcoats and extra clothing at Nelson's Farm, we were without protection from the deluge, but notwithstanding all this we slept soundly, not heeding the pelting of the rain that soaked every thread of our clothes, so utterly worn out and exhausted were we, suffering for sleep and rest. The morning broke dark and dismal, the rain still fell and a chilly wind came up from the river that caused us all to shiver, though it was the 2nd day of July. The boys were a bedraggled set of hard-looking creatures and cross; dear, oh dear, how they did growl and grumble and "cuss" as they tried to build fires with the wet soggy wood, blinding themselves with smoke, burning their fingers, and then, when they had almost succeeded, the fire would give a gasp, and die out; but when we did succeed, how we enjoyed that tin of black, strong coffee. It is a wonder our stomach were not ruined by the dreadfully strong coffee we used to gulp down.

The James River at Harrison's Landing is very wide and transports were enabled to come close to the shore, laden with army supplies.

The army was strung along the river for quite a distance and reached out several miles from the shore. The Sixty-

third was situated about two miles from the river in a pleasant grove of young pine trees, and the contrast from the gloomy swamps, where we had been cooped up for so long, was a most pleasant one, but after we had established our camp, the terrible strain, added to the exposure and hardships we had endured, began to tell on the men who had hitherto retained their health, and much sickness prevailed. A number of volunteer doctors joined us, and they did their best for the boys. The change from the poisonous air of the swamps to the pure breezes was very beneficial, and the boys began to recover rapidly and gain vitality.

It was here that Dr. Whitesell, of Deer Creek, Pa., came to us, and his skill and kind efforts did wonders for our sick. He was a noble man, but while doing everything in his power for our sick, he was suddenly stricken down and died, regretted by all in the Sixty-third Regiment, who still remember him and revere his memory.

The following piece of doggerel, written by the inimitable Polk McCullough on our retreat, notwithstanding its crudity, is so expressive of conditions of affairs that we reproduce a portion of it:

"So our base we had to change
Out of range, and our trains
Down toward the River James.

They were sent to the shore;
Then when the fight begun
There was fun for each one,
For we made the Johnnies run—
Only we run on before.

For when the rebels sought us,
Then they caught us and they fought us,
And they made the place so hot
That we no longer there could stay.
But we hurried and we scurried
And we ran off toward the river
And skedaddle was the tune
That we played on our way."

The word "skedaddle" was born in the army, and became, as it were, a household word among the boys who used it on

every occasion to denote rapid transit, which we were often compelled to perform.

Friday, July 4th, dawned bright and clear, one of those beautiful days which we sometimes had in Virginia and which, with the many dark, murky ones, was the more striking. The air was balmy and mild, the sky a most beautiful blue, and the sun brilliant and revivifying. The rain drops hung like jewels on the trees and the beautiful, blue river looked like a mirror. It was just the kind of a day to cheer up and animate the battered and worn-out soldiers, who soon began to feel its influence, and then we remembered that it was the great National day, the glorious Fourth of July. As we sat by our little fires, getting our scanty breakfasts, our minds traveled back over the past year to the previous Fourth of July and we found it very hard to realize that only a year had passed away since then. What startling changes had taken place; only one year ago and we were in our pleasant homes in the North, where everything was quiet and peaceful. War was then only an ideal affair. True, we were all talking war, and expecting to engage in it, but at that distance it had a more romantic aspect than it presented now. We looked upon the war as a grand and glorious affair in which we would all signalize ourselves by deeds of bravery and with a succession of brilliant victories, soon achieve a grand success and bring the struggle to a happy termination. In short, we all looked upon the war as a glorious pageant in which the waving of flags, thrilling martial music and all the pomp and pageantry of which we dreamed would be the salient point. But this morning, as we sat on the banks of the mighty James River, and looked at our ragged and muddy hosts, and remembered all we had come through within the past twelve months, our ideas of war underwent a great change.

About noon a National salute was fired by the artillery in honor of the day, but the enthusiasm was of a mild type. During the afternoon a transport landed, bringing several regiments up from Fortress Monroe. These men had been in comfortable quarters, were well fed, and had suffered from no

exposure, having had nothing to do but camp duty. They were neat and clean, their uniforms bright and new, and they presented a marked contrast to our ragged and tough-looking men. We were, without a doubt, as hard a looking set as one could meet outside the rag factory. We had drawn no new clothing for a long time, and our camping in the swamps and morasses had changed our uniforms until it was hard to tell what had been their original color; our hair and beards had grown long and straggly, our faces and hands had become so grimed with dirt and smoke that it would puzzle one to tell if we were whites or Aborigines. Our pantaloons were in fringes from the knees to the feet.

When the new regiments stepped off the boat with their neatly polished shoes, their clean faces and tasty uniforms, our poor ragged devils gazed at them in wonder at first, and then got mad. We were amused at some of the boys of Irish extraction and the remarks they made as they stood by the side of the road, looking at the new comers marching by:

"Look at the Sunday sojers!"

"Aren't they the purty byes?"

"Won't the ribils run whin they see the blackened shoes comin' at thim?"

"Oh, well," said another, "Thank hivin it won't be long till they git the polish taken off thim."

These men had nothing against the new soldiers, but the contrast between their appearance and that of themselves, caused a jealous pang to take possession of them, and they could not refrain from giving vent to their feelings.

A short distance from the landing stood a large, and at one time elegant mansion. The occupants had fled at the approach of our army and gone to Richmond, and so great had been their haste that they left nearly everything behind. The negroes deserted and struck out for themselves. The beautiful home had been made a hospital, and the spacious rooms were filled with wounded, bleeding and dying men. The costly carpets were covered with mud, and presented a sight that would have driven the owners wild. The handsome ornamental trees

were cut down, as a signal station had been built on the roof and they obstructed the view of the signal men. It was a sad sight to see such a valuable property thus destroyed, but it was the fate of war.

About this time the following promotions were announced:

First Lieutenant William Smith to be Captain of Company A, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Berringer, discharged.

Second Sergeant W. P. Hunker, to be First Lieutenant Company A, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Smith, promoted.

Second Sergeant Samuel L. Paden, to be Second Lieutenant of Company A, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Laufman, discharged.

First Lieutenant T. L. Maynard, to be Captain of Company B, to date from June 19, 1862, vice Kirkwood, promoted.

Second Lieutenant James S. Powers, to be First Lieutenant Company B, to date from June 19, 1862, vice Maynard, promoted.

First Sergeant Robert A. Nesbit, to be Second Lieutenant Company B, to date from June 19, 1862, vice Powers, promoted.

First Lieutenant G. W. Gray, of Company I, to be Captain of Company C, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Taylor, discharged.

Third Sergeant William J. Thompson, to be Captain of Company D, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Dunham, discharged.

Second Lieutenant G. E. Gross, to be First Lieutenant of Company D, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Kline, discharged.

Second Sergeant Samuel P. Gamble, to be Second Lieutenant of Company D, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Gross, promoted.

First Sergeant William J. Marks, to be Second Lieutenant Company E, to date from August 15, 1862, vice Anderson, resigned.

First Lieutenant George W. McCullough, to be Captain of Company F, to date from August 4, 1862, vice Reid, resigned.

Second Lieutenant George W. Fox, to be First Lieutenant Company F, to date from August 4, 1862, vice McCullough, promoted.

First Sergeant Andrew C. Critchlow, to be First Lieutenant of Company I, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Gray, promoted.

Fourth Sergeant David C. Crawford, to be Second Lieutenant Company I, to date from July 26, 1862, vice McMullen, resigned.

Second Sergeant Thomas W. Boggs, to be Second Lieutenant Company K, to date from July 26, 1862, vice Mowry, resigned.

Our regiment was encamped close to the One Hundred and Fifth and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania, and Twentieth Indiana,

and we settled down to the daily routine of camp life and remained in this place until August 18th, drilling, and building fortifications. Our life in the present camp soon began to have a pleasing aspect for the boys. We lay in a clean, dry place, and received wedge tents, which were a great improvement over the miserable little dog tents we had been living in. Then Captain Kames, our Brigade Commissary, had field ovens built, and in place of the mouldy, wormy hard tack, we had sweet, fresh bread every day. We also drew new clothing, and once more we were "clothed and in our right minds," and instead of resembling scarecrows, we blossomed out neat, natty and clean soldiers again, and to crown all, the paymaster came and we received four months' pay. The sutlers were plentiful, and we had some money to purchase luxuries, such as butter, cove oysters, tobacco, and cheese. Then we bought flour and tried our hand at what the boys called "flour doings."

On the other side of the river, nearly opposite the landing, stood a large mansion house belonging to a man named Ruffin, who took an active part in the rebellion, being a red-hot secessionist. It is said he fired the first gun at Fort Sumter. His house stood a short distance back from the river and was completely embowered in trees. The rebels used this place in an attempt to work some mischief. On Thursday night, July 31st, while sleeping quietly in our tents, suddenly, about midnight, we were startled by the bang, bang, bang of some heavy artillery on the other side of the river. The enemy had placed a battery at Ruffin's house and were throwing shells and solid shot into our lines along the shore. Our brigade, being some distance from the front, did not suffer as none of the shots reached us, but those troops lying close to the shore caught it. The men swarmed out of their tents and stood around, wondering what it meant. The rebels kept up the firing for some time, when a couple of gunboats, lying just below the landing, steamed up and opened on the battery, and in a short time silenced the rebel fire.

The next day the Ninth Pennsylvania Reserve Regiment crossed the river and went to Ruffin's house. They found

everything in confusion, the tables had been set for a big supper, loaded with provisions; the family had evidently prepared a good meal for the battery boys when they would finish shelling the Yanks, but when the ponderous shells from the gunboats began to drop among them, and burst in their midst, they got a first-class scare and fled, leaving everything. The Ninth boys cleared the tables and carried away everything portable and then cut down all the beautiful trees surrounding the place, making it impossible to conceal any more rebel batteries.

Colonel Hays had a rare sense of humor, and many times offenders for small refractions brought before him secured their release unpunished, owing to their ready wit. A member of Company D, accused of stealing and killing a sheep, the property of a farmer upon whose farm the regiment was encamped, was brought before the colonel for judgment. When asked for an explanation he remarked: "You see, colonel, while out chopping fire wood, this lamb, which was in an adjoining field, attacked me, and in self-defense I killed it, and I would kill this sheep or any other man's sheep that climbed over a fence and tried to bite me." With a significant grin the colonel dismissed the case, but there was a suspicious smell of roast lamb pervading the camp that evening.

While we lay at this place, we eagerly scanned the newspapers to learn how the war was progressing at other places. The Philadelphia Inquirer was the soldier's favorite, though many read the New York Tribune or the Herald, whilst Frank Leslie's and Harper's illustrated weeklies found ready sale among the boys when they had money to buy them, and if they had not, someone generally managed to steal one, which was passed around until all had seen it. These papers, as well as other mail matter, came by way of Fortress Monroe and up the James to Harrison's Landing. Each regiment had a man who was detailed as postmaster, and whose duty it was to go once a day and lug a big sack of mail to the regiment and distribute it. Unlike the postmasters of the present day, there were not eager applicants for the position, and when the

adjutant detailed a man for the position, he was compelled to serve, and generally did some tall swearing in consequence. Of course he was excused from other duties, such as drill, guard mount, etc., but that was a small recompense for the annoyance he had to endure. People are the same the world over, and all deem it a privilege to growl and swear at the postmaster. It mattered not how cold, or wet, or hot, or disagreeable it might be, the regimental postmaster must always be on time; if he was late the officers would give him a blowing up and the men would abuse him. When he arrived in camp with his mail sack, he was an object of interest to all. Those who received letters were satisfied for the time, and those who did not get any, apparently seemed to think it was his fault and expressed their opinion of him in a manner that was not at all complimentary. Once our mail carrier fell in a creek and lost his sack, and how he was cursed and abused. We all felt certain that the lost sack contained letters for each one of us, and if the carrier had been drowned and the mail matter saved, we would have been much better satisfied.

It is unnecessary to remark that we eagerly scanned the papers for news of the war, and as we read how our armies were gaining victories in other places, it made us angry that such was not our lot. Still we believed that as soon as recuperated, we would go on and capture Richmond. We saw by the papers that General Pope had been called from the west and placed in command of McDowell's army. He entered on his duties the very day we began the terrible Seven Days' Battles.

Life began to grow monotonous to us at Harrison's Landing; we were thoroughly rested and were anxious to be on the tramp again. It is a curious fact that soldiers desire to be on the move, as soon as rested; they want to go on, and become surly and restless, and want a change.

On Wednesday, August 9th, the President reviewed the entire Army of the Potomac. We could trace his progress by the firing of salutes, and the cheering, long before he reached our division. We were ordered into line about 5 o'clock in the

evening. Kearney's whole division was in line. Soon the President, accompanied by his body guard and a number of generals, came up our line; we had a good view of him as he rode by holding his hat in his hand. As he passed us that evening, his face lighted up by the setting sun, we were struck by the care-worn expression observed on his countenance. The men cheered him, but their cheers had not the clear, hearty ring they used to have. But when the idol of his men came, General Phil Kearney, whom the rebels called the "One-armed devil," his entire division let loose with cheers that woke the echoes of the dark pine woods. We knew Kearney, and he knew us, and each knew they could depend upon the other.

On the night of the 16th we had a fearful thunderstorm and several of the men on guard were killed by lightning. Next day orders were passed to pack up and get ready to march. The boys lost their listlessness and all was bustle and activity; we all believed that we were going to take up the march against Richmond. Had we known that we were about to take the back track and retrace the route we had so proudly traveled six months before, it would have been a bitter pill to swallow.

When we left Harrison's Landing, we took a route that led obliquely to the left. We supposed that we would go to the James River, cross on transports, and march up on the other side and thus advance on Richmond by that route; that is, we private soldiers thought so, but no doubt most of the officers knew where we were going, but after marching several hours, still obliquing to the left, it began to dawn on us all that we were not going the way we expected to go, and the men could be heard saying: "Surely this is not the road to Richmond."

On we went, and presently we came in sight of the Chickahominy River, which we crossed on the long bridge, and by this time we knew that we were leaving the peninsula and heading for Fortress Monroe. Then the boys began to growl. "Our whole summer's work gone for nothing," said one. Company A was commanded by Captain Billy Smith, a brave and good man, who afterward fell, riddled with bullets, at Chancel-

lorsville. Billy was cross, and when asked what he thought of the present move he angrily replied:

"To think that we were actually in sight of Richmond and might have taken it had we been supported, and now to turn our backs on it and go off, God knows where, is too disgusting."

Toward evening we halted and went into camp alongside of the road. On either side of us was a dense wood. Soon hundreds of little camp fires dotted the ground, and at each one, two or three soldiers were making coffee in their tin cups and quarreling with each other, as usual. We were aroused early by the bugle call and snatched a hasty breakfast of hard tack and coffee. Just as we fell into line for the march, one of those drizzling rains so peculiar to that country, began to fall. All day long we marched through the rain and every stitch of our clothing was soaked through and through. Late that evening we turned into a bleak field, halted, stacked arms, and prepared to pass the night as best we could. It was a night few will ever forget. Morning came at length, and buckling on our accountrements, we splashed on through the deep mud.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we struck the Williamsburg Road, and in a short time we went into camp, in sight of the town. The sight of the place recalled some bitter memories as we thought how triumphantly we had marched through it in May, driving the rebels before us, and were on our way back to Richmond. Now we were going back, not whipped, but discouraged and empty handed. The march down the river was not worth recording, as nothing of any note transpired on the way.

We reached Yorktown, got on board of transports and were taken to Alexandria, from whence we were hurried out on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad to try and save Pope's army, which had been defeated down the valley. It would be too tedious to follow all the moves of the Sixty-third as it meandered by Bealton Station, Groveton, and other points. On the morning of August 29th we found ourselves at the Battlefield of Second Bull Run, or Groveton, ready to take

part in that sanguinary struggle. This was one of the bloodiest fights that the Sixty-third had yet engaged in. Our regiment numbered now only three hundred men fit for duty.

Early in the morning, as soon as we had eaten breakfast, we were moved by the left flank to the lower end of a long, sloping field covered with low blackberry bushes. We lay here for sometime. From here we could see General Hooker riding along the top of a ridge and superintending the placing of a battery. We knew we would have some hot work before long. From beyond the ridge we could hear the roar of battle getting louder and louder, and waited anxiously for our turn to come to join in the melee.

At last an orderly came galloping down the slope. He gave some orders to General John C. Robinson, who commanded our brigade, and immediately the bugle called attention, and we began to move up the long slope of the field toward the crest. As soon as we reached the top we received a heavy artillery fire, but laid down and waited for the next command. It soon came, and we were moved obliquely toward the woods to the left. We passed over the ground where some heavy fighting had been done during the forenoon.

Alongside the road on which we were traveling, lay a rebel apparently dead; he had long, flaxen hair entangled around his head and shoulders; his face was white as ivory, and he was very handsome. As we passed him Robert Morton, of Company B, remarked:

"There is a dead rebel."

The dying man evidently heard the remark and, raising his head, replied in a tragic voice:

"Yes, I'm a dead rebel," and instantly fell back dead.

We moved on into the woods, left in front and halted. Colonel Hays was sitting on his horse at the left of the line. Just then we saw a body of men moving in a direction that would bring them across our left, but owing to the thick underbrush and trees, we could not see them distinctly. We supposed, from their position, they were our own men, and did not pay much attention to them. General Kearney had ridden up and was

conversing with Colonel Hays, when Corporal Strachan, of Company B, who had been sent out as a flanker, came running up almost breathless, and exclaimed:

"General! Get out of this! They are rebels, and you will be shot!"

Kearney leaned down to his horse's neck and, peering under the branches of the trees, exclaimed in his usual jerky style:

"What! Are those rebels?"

"Yes," said Strachan, "and there are lots of them."

Kearney studied a moment and then exclaimed:

"Colonel Hays, move your regiment until the right rests where the left now is, and charge, and the day is ours."

This was a terrible order, sending three hundred men to charge a rebel force of several thousand, with no supports available, as the battle was raging in all parts of the field. Our true and trusty friends of the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment were hotly engaged in another part of the field, so we were left to fight it out alone. The charge of the Sixty-third against that rebel line was one of the most daring deeds of the war.

Sergeant R. A. Nesbit was directed by Colonel Hays to advance to what he considered the length of the regiment, and halt, as a marker. He did so, and we moved forward by the left flank until we reached where he stood. Halting and front facing, we dressed the line, and as the word "Charge" rang out from the colonel, we dashed forward with gleaming bayonets and loud yells on the enemy, led by the gallant Hays. It was desperate work. The enemy waited until we got close up and then poured such a withering volley into our line that it seemed to shrivel up and reeled back. Rapidly rallying, we made another effort to face the iron storm, and again approached close to the rebel line, but the fire was too murderous and we were again compelled to fall back, leaving many of our dead and wounded. Colonel Hays was severely wounded, having one leg shattered, and compelled to retire. Major Kirkwood assumed command of the regiment, and after a short breathing spell we again charged. This time we almost

reached their line, but their fire was simply terrible. We broke ranks, and every man took to a tree, sheltering himself as well as he could, loading and firing as rapidly as possible, and many a poor fellow, as he stepped from behind a tree to deliver his fire, dropped dead in his tracks. The rebel line began to overlap our flanks and an enfilading fire warned us that we must get out of there quickly, or not one would escape. Major Kirkwood was wounded and Captain James F. Ryan assumed command. Another charge was made, and Captain Ryan was wounded. Flesh and blood could stand such butchery no longer, and the cry was made, "Rally on the colors!" which was done, and the remnant of the regiment, carrying their colors proudly, moved off, as twilight was settling down upon the field, worn out with desperate fighting, with only seventy-five men fit for duty. Soon the din of battle ceased and the terrible Second Battle of Bull Run, one of the bloodiest of the war, and one no member of the Sixty-third will ever forget, was over.

The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava has been immortalized in song and story, but looking at it calmly, without any gildings of romance, the three charges of the three hundred men of the Sixty-third Regiment against the entrenched line of the enemy, over five thousand strong, at Second Bull Run, was every whit as desperate and daring. They, as well as Captain Nolan's six hundred, knew it was a mistake, but—

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to do and die."

And nobly they obeyed the orders that hurled them, a mere handful with no supports, against an overwhelming force, not once, but three times, and they never once faltered.

Our enemy did not pursue us, and the battle was over; our men held the field but nothing had been gained by this fight, save that the shattered Army of the Potomac had saved Pope and his army from being hurled back to the Potomac, and had prevented Lee's victorious troops from advancing on Washington. We lay for a short time in the field, and then moved

back, crossing a small stream called Cub Run, and moving a short distance on, encamped for the night. Next day we joined the remainder of the brigade and at dark were sent out as a skirmish line.

The following is the official report of Second Bull Run, or Groveton:

Groveton, August 30, 1862.
Bivouac of the Sixty-third Regiment
Pennsylvania Volunteers, near Battlefield,

General:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, on yesterday, the 29th instant:

Early in the morning, moved from Centerville with the balance of the brigade (Robinson's First Brigade, Kearney's Division) proceeding some five miles the regiment was formed in line of battle, and moved forward across open fields and creek to woods, through which we deployed. Ordered to the support of brigade commanded by Colonel Poe, which occupied a front on the right of that to which we advanced. While in this position received a severe shelling from a battery of the enemy on the left of Colonel Poe's command. We suffered a loss of one man killed, and two wounded. After being ordered to a position on the right, still supporting Colonel Poe, the regiment was withdrawn, and moved to the left, resting in line of battle in edge of woods, looking upon fields. After a lapse of about an hour, General Kearney ordered Colonel Hays, with the Sixty-third Regiment and One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, to cross the fields in front, deploy through woods to left, and intercept bodies of the enemy who were annoying General Hooker's right flank. This was done and the regiment formed in line of battle at the "railroad cut," and rested. An error in some command on our left, and a miscellaneous fire in our front, caused a slight confusion in the Sixty-third, and misinterpretation of an order issued just at that time by Colonel Hays. This was speedily remedied, and the regiment occupied its old position without disorder. Immediately after General Kearney ordered the Sixty-third, with the Twentieth Indiana, and One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania, to proceed up the railroad cut, deploy to the left, "give the enemy a fire and charge them," and endeavor to drive them from their position on the railroad. In doing this we encountered a large force of the enemy coming down the railroad. Opening fire and advancing on them, a terrible conflict ensued, which lasted over an hour, our loss being very great. As the enemy took a position on the opposite side of the railroad, concealed

CAPTAIN
CHARLES W. CHAPMAN.
COMPANY K.

CAPTAIN
WILLIAM H. BROWN
COMPANY K.

CAPTAIN
GEORGE B. CHALMERS
COMPANY K.

DRUMMER
THOMAS F. JOHNSTON

by the ground thrown from the railroad cut, they could not be driven from the front, and we were subsequently forced to retire, being almost out of ammunition, and our effective force being reduced to one-half the number we came upon the field with.

GEO. P. CORTS,
Adj't. Sixty-third P. V.

Enlisted men for duty—Privates, 277;; Sergeants, 23; Corporals, 33	333
Officers for duty—Lieutenants	15
Field and staff	4
Non-commissioned staff	5
Total	357

There had been considerable fighting at a place called Chantilly, a mere cluster of three or four houses, that lay between us and Fairfax. As darkness began to settle down, a terrible storm came up and raged for sometime, and that evening General Kearney was killed at Chantilly, while reconnoitering. The death of this heroic man was a fearful shock to the boys of his division, as we all dearly loved the brave, impetuous and fiery Kearney.

The Union losses at the Second Battle of Bull Run, according to history, were as follows:

Killed, 1,481; wounded, 7,627; captured, 89; total, 9,197.

Kearney, in his official report of the battle, at the close of the first day's fight, says: "The Sixty-third Pennsylvania and the Fortieth New York suffered the most of any. The gallant Hays badly wounded." That was the last report ever made by that intrepid officer.

After the death of Kearney, the entire division was ordered to Washington, where we lay at Arlington for thirty days, recruiting our decimated ranks and enjoying a season of much-needed rest.

Previous to severing his connection with the regiment, Colonel Hays had the following statement made up, showing the casualties in the Sixty-third, from its organization to September 1, 1862:

ON PICKET DUTY NOVEMBER 1, 1861.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—Private Jacob Gardner; first man killed in the regiment.

SKIRMISH NEAR POHICK CHURCH, MARCH 5, 1862.

FIELD AND STAFF.

KILLED—Quartermaster James M. Lysle.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—Private Cyrus G. Moore.

COMPANY K.

KILLED—Captain C. W. Chapman.
WOUNDED—Private Robert Ferguson.

IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN, VA., APRIL 9, 1862.

COMPANY F.

KILLED—Sergeant David Irwin.

IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN, VA., APRIL 11, 1862.

COMPANY A.

KILLED—Private Joseph Thompson.

COMPANY C.

WOUNDED—Private Thomas Brooks.

COMPANY K.

KILLED—Private Eliphalet Crow.

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS, MAY 31, 1862.

FIELD AND STAFF.

WOUNDED—Lieutenant Colonel A. S. M. Morgan; Adjutant George P. Corts.

COMPANY A.

KILLED—Corporal John McCutcheon; Private John Wilson, Frederick Shilling, Frederick Sallada, Nathaniel Lowry, Robert Linden, James Maxwell and John McC. Taggart.

WOUNDED—Corporals Jesse Morris and Charles McCosh; Privates Peter Hamill, William Bittner, John Boyle, Milton Barnett, Francis Dunbar, Jonathan Jamison, James Miles, Henry Moffitt, Daniel Oskins, Samuel Stout, James Trout, Henry Tomer, and Samuel White.

MISSING IN ACTION—Privates William Wilson and Mathias Hessey.

COMPANY B.

KILLED—Private Thomas McWilliams.

WOUNDED—Corporals John L. Hays and Andrew Rihn; Privates Michael Ferguson, George W. Duncan, William Tepfer, William LaFever, John Moyle, Robert McPherson, and Samuel McGill.

COMPANY C.

KILLED—First Lieutenant Henry Hurst.

WOUNDED—Corporal David H. Gibson; Privates Asa B. Ecoff, George Gibson, James H. Hays, John Shook, Henry Schiffhoer.

COMPANY D.

KILLED—Private James Casey.

WOUNDED—Sergeants J. H. Miller and Samuel P. Gamble; Corporal William W. Peters; Privates Arthur Ballou, J. C. Gray, George Hall, William J. Kennedy, James A. McCafferty, and James McAdams.

MISSING IN ACTION—Geo. Kirkpatrick.

COMPANY E.

KILLED—Sergeant Thomas J. Coates; Privates Robert Aiken, William D. Frailey, Joseph Boynon, John Fleming, and John A. Emerick.

WOUNDED—Captain John A. Danks; Corporals John Blair and George W. Allison; Privates David D. Mahaffey, Thomas A. Miller, John Callahan, J. Milton Boyd, and Peter Young.

MISSING IN ACTION—Corporal Thomas J. Davis; Privates Robert M. Boyd, and William F. Lee.

COMPANY F.

KILLED—Orderly Sergeant Joshua H. Delo; Sergeant Robert S. Elgin; Private George W. Rhees.

WOUNDED—Privates Francis P. McCloskey, James McCammon, Peter Nugent, and Peter O'Neil.

MISSING IN ACTION—Privates James McDonald, and Andrew McDonald.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—Corporal George A. Cook; Privates Charles France, Hugh McConnell, Henry B. Gross, and A. W. Wilhelm.

WOUNDED—Sergeant R. M. Brown; Second Lieutenant Isaac Moorhead; Corporal William M. Smith; Privates James S. Gates, Loben Russell, John M. Thomas, William D. Frailey.

COMPANY H.

KILLED—Privates Patrick Farrell, Philip McDermott, Nicholas Hartie and John Rodgers.

WOUNDED—Second Lieutenant William H. Jeffries; Sergeant Charles McMahon; Corporal James Jones; Privates Ezekiel Crane, Michael Carroll, Patrick Gormley, William Whiteside, and Peter Whelan.

COMPANY I.

KILLED—Privates William Day, Robert F. Gould, and Patrick O'Neil.

WOUNDED—Captain James F. Ryan; Privates Winfield I. Davis, Levi B. Scott, and George Soles.

COMPANY K.

WOUNDED—First Sergeant George B. Chalmers; Privates Henry Harris, and Samuel Shallenberger.

MISSING IN ACTION—Privates James Connolly, John Heckman, and Morgan Eaton.

BATTLE OF THE ORCHARDS, OR SEVEN PINES, JUNE 25, 1862.

COMPANY D.

WOUNDED—Private John Harvey.

COMPANY E.

KILLED—Privates John Ford and John Huggins.

WOUNDED—Private William J. McClarren.

COMPANY F.

KILLED—Private William A. Greenawalt.

WOUNDED—Privates Anthony Greenawalt, Philip D. Griffin, and John Johnston.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—First Lieutenant S. Hays Cochran.

COMPANY H.

WOUNDED—Corporal Patrick Fisher; Privates Lawrence Lynn, James McGraw, and Jacob Schuler.

BATTLE OF NELSON'S FARM, OR GLENDALE, JUNE 30, 1862.

FIELD AND STAFF.

WOUNDED—Quartermaster William N. Haymaker.

COMPANY A.

KILLED—David B. Ludwig.

WOUNDED—Privates Joseph P. Wolfred and John Haymaker.

COMPANY B.

WOUNDED—Corporal William McCutcheon; Privates John Baird, William C. Clark, Joseph Clowes, and Edward E. McCorkle.

COMPANY C.

WOUNDED—Privates Frank L. Graham, Henry Kettenburg, Henry Kelly, and Sandy C. McLaughlin.

MISSING IN ACTION—Private George Castler.

COMPANY D.

KILLED—Privates Robert McPherson, Samuel Gill, William Smith, and William McMunn.

WOUNDED—Corporal Elijah Hall; Privates A. J. Clark, John Fagan, Edward McCaffrey, John J. Neeper, Aaron Robbins, J. C. Green, A. J. Parke.

COMPANY E.

KILLED—Corporal C. W. Miller.

WOUNDED—Corporal Henry Williams; Privates Thomas B. Jones, Ralph H. Dawson, Thomas Power, and John G. Robinson.

COMPANY F.

WOUNDED—Privates John Thompson, Charles Harbst, and Jacob T. Delo.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—Corporal D. R. George; Private David W. Coursin.

WOUNDED—Privates Samuel Rhodes, J. A. Sell, and A. H. G. Wilhelm.

COMPANY H.

KILLED—Privates Chester N. Clark, and Richard Cochran.

WOUNDED—Corporal John W. F. Johnston; Privates Patrick Larkins, John McAnulty, James Smith, and Hugh Gibbons.

COMPANY I.

KILLED—Second Sergeant George W. Mansfield; Privates James Whitesell, and John Whitesell.

WOUNDED—Captain James F. Ryan; Second Lieutenant David C. Crawford; Second Sergeant George Soles; Privates Bailey Cook, Alexander D. Foster, Joel T. Painter, and John Kempff.

COMPANY K.

WOUNDED—Captain Theodore Bagley; Sergeant Robert Stanford; Privates John M. Smith, William H. Shaner, Reuben George, John Williard, Stewart Hodge, James Carney, William Davis, William Drake, and Robert Dunham.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, VA., JULY 1, 1862.

COMPANY D.

WOUNDED—Private Francis Toner.

COMPANY H.

WOUNDED—Private Joseph O'Brien.

BATTLE OF BRISTOE STATION, VA., AUGUST 27, 1862.

COMPANY A.

WOUNDED—Private John Lehmyer.

COMPANY D.

WOUNDED—Private James McGeary.

BATTLE OF SECOND BULL RUN, OR GROVETON, AUGUST 29, 1862.

FIELD AND STAFF.

WOUNDED—Colonel Alexander Hays; Lieutenant Colonel William S. Kirkwood.

COMPANY A.

WOUNDED—Privates David Free, James Miller, Wilmore Morris, James McAtee, William Trout, and John Ward.

COMPANY B.

KILLED—Private Cyrus Wills.

WOUNDED—Sergeant Edward T. Saint; Privates John Gray, John Klinefelter, and William Clark.

COMPANY C.

KILLED—Privates William Bliss, John A. McWilliams, and John Stone.

WOUNDED—Corporal Daniel Stone; Private John Waterson.

COMPANY D.

KILLED—Privates James McClain and Michael Purcell.

WOUNDED—Sergeant W. J. Robinson; Privates Davis Glass, Thomas Glass, James McAdams, David McCreary, John Moore, J. C. Trimble and John C. Gray.

COMPANY E.

KILLED—Second Lieutenant William J. Marks; Privates Thomas A. Miller, John Cooper, James W. Gilbraith, Christopher Fisher, Samuel Porter, and Benjamin Patton.

WOUNDED—Privates James A. Powers, Ralph H. Dawson, Alfred H. Jones, Samuel R. Baldwin, James A. Bateman, and Jerome R. Lingle.

COMPANY F.

KILLED—Sergeant John R. Guthrie; Privates Henry Shoup and John Thompson.

WOUNDED—Corporals James Whaley and Thomas H. Martin; Privates Joseph S. Elder, A. T. Ronce, Martin Castner, Daniel O'Neil, James Sample, John G. Richards, and Eliphas Highberger.

COMPANY G.

WOUNDED—Sergeant A. W. Gilmore; Privates William H. Green and Asa O. Douglass.

COMPANY H.

KILLED—Privates Patrick Gallagher, John McCullough, Samuel R. Woods, David Cannon, John Johnston, John Hill, and Edward McGinness.

WOUNDED—Sergeant Matthew Kane; Corporal William P. Wampler; Privates William H. Marshall, James Redmond, Patrick Collins, Thomas Crampton, John Cannon, Simon P. Dellman, Patrick Dugarry, James Dowling, James Friel, David Griffiths, Hugh Hagan, Michael Kelly, and John Woods.

COMPANY I.

KILLED—Third Sergeant William Stacy; Privates Robert F. Gould and Samuel Grubaugh.

WOUNDED—Captain James F. Ryan; Second Sergeant George Soles; Third Sergeant John H. Hoffman; Fifth Sergeant Joseph Evans; Corporal William Sample; Privates William Brown, John N. Gamble, James Irwin, John Keough, Peter Lafferty, Fauntley Muse, John Pritchard, Joel T. Painter, Robert Wiper, John S. Wolff, and William Wigham.

COMPANY K.

KILLED—Sergeant Thomas W. Boggs; Privates Daniel Young, Robert Westermann, John G. Green, and Jacob Keith.

WOUNDED—Corporals James Menold and Edward Bindley; Privates Robert Dunham, Robert Orr, Thomas Scully, Miles McCullough, Henry Hensel, Reuben George, and George Hilterbrand.

MISSING IN ACTION—Privates A. J. Moots and Robert Hodge.

During the time the battered up Kearney Division lay at Arlington Heights, the rest of the Army of the Potomac was busy at other places. The Battles of South Mountain and Antietam were fought on September 14th and 17th, and it was rather pleasant for us to lie quietly in camp while the rest of the boys were doing the fighting. It was so easy, as we read the reports of those battles, to discuss the action of our troops; we never knew before how nice it was to criticise. No wonder the brave stay-at-home people used to say, as they sat at their comfortable fires during the winter of '61 and '62: "Why don't the army move?" We felt the same way as we sat under the shade trees around the mansion of General Lee, at Arlington, and often asked the question, "Why don't McClellan hurry up and lick the Johnnies?"

Our ranks began to fill up with recruits and men who had been discharged from hospitals, until we numbered three hundred men, and we had a good rest and again were fit for duty. On October 11th we fell into ranks, and with reluctance left our beautiful Arlington camp. Our destination was Poolsville, Md., where we were expected to do scouting service and watch the predatory bands of Confederates that were making the raids across the Potomac into Maryland, and carrying off live stock and provisions. It was a beautiful autumnal day as we marched out of camp and descended by the winding road toward the long bridge that crosses the Potomac, and continued on toward Poolsville. As usual, while we were on the march, the weather took a sudden change and a cold rain began falling. It sounded like old times to hear the boys growling and grumbling again.

Poolsville was an insignificant village of about two hundred or three hundred people, who were not over friendly with the soldiers whom they evidently thought were men who needed pretty close watching. Lieutenant Bob Nesbit went into the village, and when he returned, his haversack and all his pockets were stuffed with eatables, and as none of us had a cent of money at the time, it was a mystery how he procured them. That recalls an incident that occurred while we lay

on the peninsula. Billy Bitner, a jolly Dutchman of Company A, came into camp with a huge side of smoked bacon, and when asked how he got it, said he had borrowed it, and when we laughed at his story, he said: "Honest as I live, boys, I borrowed it from an old rebel farmer; only I had to knock the old son of a gun down with the butt of my musket before he would consent to it." Perhaps the lieutenant had also borrowed, in the same way, what he had brought in.

On October 15th we moved to Conrad's Ferry, about six miles from Poolsville, and in a short time marched to the Monocacy, a stream that flows into the Potomac from the Maryland side. Here we did picket duty and watched the rebel cavalry from the Virginia side to prevent them from cutting the Chesepeake and Ohio Canal and destroying the aqueduct which they had several times attempted to do.

On a rise of land above the mouth of the creek was a log building, used as a block house, and here we made our headquarters. Captain Maynard, of Company B, who had been away on recruiting service since June 1st, rejoined the regiment at this place. The captain was a brave man, but was as particular about his appearance as a young man on his wedding day, and was remarkably fastidious in his habits. When he returned he had on a spick and span new uniform, and everything about him was clean and bright. He was even perfumed, and the old boys looked at him in disgust. Well, he slept in the block house that night, and the next day he asked Lieutenant Nesbit how to account for an uneasy feeling he experienced, having an itching that was intolerable. Bob had no trouble in explaining it, for he had been there as well as the rest of us, so he said to Maynard: "Why, captain, you have the gray-backs; the building is polluted with them." Had he told the captain he had the cholera or smallpox he would not have been so badly horrified.

On October 28th we left here and again took up the line of march. We forded the Potomac at a place called White's Ford. The weather was very cold, and thin ice had formed along the edge of the stream, making it a very disagreeable

task to wade through the icy water; and then might have been heard some tall growling and swearing by the boys. Some took off their clothing, while others waded across with their clothing on. Those who undressed were all right after crossing, while those who did not, suffered severely with their wet clothing.

A most laughable incident occurred here. In Company C there was a big, strapping Dutchman, who went by the name of Dutch Honnis. He must have been born cross, for a more ill-natured fellow never lived; always ready to quarrel; nothing ever pleased him, and in swearing he could beat the old-time stage driver. When we approached the river shore and found that we would have to wade through the icy water, Honnis indulged in one of his usual soliloquies, and after relieving his feelings, undressed. Tying his clothes on the top of his knapsack, he waded into the stream. He kept up a monotonous swearing as he went along, and when he reached the middle of the fording, where the water was about four feet deep, he stepped on a round stone and fell headlong, being entirely submerged in the chilly water. When he scrambled to his feet he was drenched from the head to feet, and the water poured out of the muzzle of his gun like out of the spout of a teakettle. The water had entered his haversack and all his provisions were soaked. After catching his breath he opened up the magazine of his profanity until the water around use seemed to grow warmer. To help it all, Polk McCullough asked him if he had been diving after minnows. This increased his rage, and he made a dash for Polk and got another tumble. This second ducking had the effect of rendering him silent, as he evidently concluded he could not do the subject justice, and waded through the remainder of the stream without a word. Though we were all suffering from cold, we indulged in roars of hearty laughter at poor Honnis.

After crossing the river we moved on to the historic place known as Ball's Bluff where, on October 20, 1861, a disastrous fight occurred in which the gallant Colonel Baker was killed. We remained here two days and then marched to

Leesburg, in a cold rain and sleet storm. Our next stop was at Millville, a small hamlet of half a dozen homes. Here was a large grist mill, owned by an old rebel named Stanley. This mill happened to contain at the time a quantity of fine wheat, and as there were several millers in the ranks, they soon had it in operation and were grinding flour for the boys, and we had the pleasure of eating some flap-jacks made from the old rebel's flour. After living on hard tack and salt pork for so long, those flap-jacks were delicious. From this place we moved to Mount Gilead, and then to White Plain, passing through the village of Middleburg, a red-hot nest of secessionism, the citizens gazing on us with looks of deepest hatred as we marched through.

On November 5th we crossed Carter's Mountain, an elevated plateau, and rather a pleasant looking place. We crossed the mountain in one day and encamped at the foot.

On September 29, 1862, Colonel Alexander Hays was promoted to Brigadier General, and Lieutenant Colonel William S. Kirkwood to Colonel.

On November 5th, the Army of the Potomac received a great shock that for awhile almost paralyzed it. It was the news that our general, G. B. McClellan, had been removed, and General Burnside was now our commander. This announcement fell like a thunder-clap on the army, and it was at first feared there would be a mutiny. The boys loved "Little Mack," and his removal caused a deep feeling of disappointment with many.

On November 16th we marched to Warrenton, where we remained one day, then proceeded to Bealton, a most forsaken looking place, and again moved and encamped eight or nine miles from Fredericksburg. Here rumors began to reach us that preparations were going on for a fight at that place, and that the rebels were preparing to give us a warm reception. We knew that we were expected to attack the town, and would have to take it if we were to move on to Richmond. Winter was now upon us, and we also knew that if we were checked at Fredericksburg, we would be able to do but little

until spring opened. We, however, felt very sanguine of defeating the enemy and capturing the city where we would probably go into winter quarters and have a comfortable time. On November 22nd we again moved and marched to Falmouth, an insignificant village on the opposite side of the river from Fredericksburg. Falmouth lay on a high plateau, and from this place we could see how the rebels were strengthening every point and preparing to resist our advance. We knew that it would be no holiday affair for the troops that would have to cross the river in the face of those defenses.

The Sixty-third lay at Falmouth until December 12th, while the attempt was made to lay the pontoon bridge, which resulted in great loss to our men from the sharpshooters concealed in the houses along the river on the rebel side. About noon, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Danks, we broke camp and marched to the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, where we bivouacked in a small grove and lay during the night.

The site selected for the crossing was in full sight of the enemy's line, and his sharpshooters, from the cover of the houses on the Fredericksburg side of the Rappahannock, picked off the engineers engaged in placing the pontoons in position. A call for volunteers to assist the engineers was made, and hundreds of brave men from the ranks, who realized the danger of the undertaking, gallantly came forward under a most disastrous and destructive fire, both from the artillery and musketry of the foe,

"They leaped in the rocking shallops,
Ten offered where one could go;
And the breeze was alive with laughter
Till the boatmen began to row.

Then the shore, where the rebels harbored
Was fringed with a gush of flame,
And buzzing like bees o'er the water
The swarms of their bullets came.

In silence, how dread and solemn!
With courage, how grand and true!
Steadily, steadily onward,
The line of the shallops drew.

Not a whisper! Each man was conscious
He stood in the sight of death,
So he bowed to the living presence,
And treasured his living breath.

'Twixt death in the air above them,
And death in the waves below,
Through ball and grape and shrapnel
They moved—My God! how slow!

And many a brave stout fellow,
Who sprang in the boats with mirth,
Ere they made that fatal crossing,
Was a load of lifeless earth.

And many a brave, stout fellow
Whose limbs with strength were rife,
Was torn and crushed and shattered,—
A helpless wreck for life.

But yet the boats moved onward:
Through fire and lead they drove,
With the dark, still mass within them,
And the floating stars above.

They formed in line of battle;
Not a man was out of place.
Then, with leveled steel they hurled them,
Straight in the rebels' face."

On the morning of December 13th, before day, our division moved a short distance down the river and halted where we were concealed by a strip of woods. Here we remained until about 11 o'clock when we received orders to move, and crossed the river under artillery fire and formed a line of battle on the other side. There were open fields from the river to the railroad, the distance being about half a mile.

On the other side of the railroad the ground rose in a pretty steep slope, covered with woods, in which the enemy was in considerable force. About midway between the river and the railroad was a ditch for draining the fields, running parallel with the river. On this ground, previous to our arrival, the Pennsylvania Reserves had a savage fight with the rebels and had driven them into the woods on the other side of the railroad. Our men had planted a battery on the rebel side of the ditch and the rebels were making furious efforts to capture it. The battery stood its ground bravely, hurling grape

and canister into their ranks, but still they pressed on. Our regiment, with the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania on our right, and a Michigan Regiment on our left, were ordered to the front. There was a long line of worm-fence running at right angles with the railroad, and up along this we went at double quick. At a gap opposite the battery we passed through, and deploying in the rear of the artillery, we opened fire on the advancing enemy with such vigor that they wavered and began to fall back into cover of the woods. The fire on both sides was rapid and hot for a time, and it was a fair stand-up-fight.

The rest of our division had formed a line of battle in our rear and were sending volley after volley into the ranks of the enemy who, after awhile, slackened their fire and drew off, leaving us, for the time, masters of that part of the field. During the fighting, a number of the enemy and some of our own men had taken refuge in the ditch. Major Ryan, who had been captain of Company I, and was as brave an officer as ever wore the blue, performed a gallant deed here. Riding up to the ditch amid the firing of the rebels, he gathered up about twenty Johnnies and brought them prisoners into our line, without receiving a scratch, although it was a most perilous undertaking and showed his grit.

We lay on this part of the field without taking any further active part in the fight which was raging on our right, as the enemy did not assail this point again, though every now and then they would send a volley of shells to let us know they were still on hand. In the meantime, our poor boys on the right were being mercilessly slaughtered while trying to storm Marye's Heights in the face of an overpowering foe concealed behind stone walls and earthworks.

After dark, two companies of the Sixty-third were sent to the ditch, where they gathered up the remainder of the enemy and some of our own men who had taken refuge there to escape the terrible storm of grape shot, canister and musket balls. While possibly it was not cowardice that caused the men to hide there, it was a much safer place than the open

field, and no one knows but those who have been there, what an inviting look a ditch presents to a person in a battle.

There used to be a story told of a soldier who, when the bullets were flying thick and the air seemed laden with death, saw a drummer boy ensconced in a big hollow stump. The soldier seized him by the collar and, dragging him out, said:

"You little rascal, get out of this and give me a chance," and then crawled into the place from which he had ejected the boy. This, no doubt, was a camp yarn.

Another story told on a member of the Eighty-seventh New York was that a badly scared soldier at the Battle of Bull Run had taken refuge under the bank of the brook, where he was safe from the bullets, and a general officer riding by and seeing him, ordered him, with an oath, to come out at once. The fellow, with a grin, replied:

"Like the —— I will, you want to get in here yourself; go and hunt a place, as I did."

On the next day, under a flag of truce, the dead between the lines were buried by details from both armies, and the wounded carried to the rear. On the morning of the 15th the Sixty-third was relieved and with the division, recrossed the river, with sad hearts, for we knew we had been defeated and the great Battle of Fredericksburg had been fought and lost to our army, and that thousands of lives had been lost and we had nothing to show for it. The rebels rejoiced greatly over this defeat of the Army of the Potomac, and the rebel sympathizers in the North were jubilant; but notwithstanding all this we did not despair, but believed our time would come when we would pay the enemy back with interest.

The Union losses at Fredericksburg, as given by history, were as follows: Killed, 1,152; wounded, 9,101; prisoners, and missing, 3,234; total, 13,487. The rebel losses, as represented in Pollard's "Lost Cause," a reliable work, were: Killed, wounded and missing, 3,455. This disparity in loss shows the terrible ordeal our men had to pass and how strongly they were entrenched when our loss was four times greater than that of the enemy. No wonder Fredericksburg battlefield

is remembered and spoken of by the old soldiers as the "Slaughter pen."

After recrossing the river, we returned to our old camps, expecting to go into winter quarters, as the season for active service in the field had passed and we were all in need of rest to recuperate, after the hard work we had been performing. We built temporary quarters and remained in comparative quietness for some time, doing nothing but camp and picket duty, and made up our minds that we would rest quietly until spring had opened another campaign against the rebel capitol.

The boys, having an easy time, began to gain strength, many of our sick, away in hospitals, returned and the old routine of camp life went on as usual. We had now been in active service for seventeen months, and the end of the war seemed to us as far remote as ever.

On Thursday morning, January 20th, 1863, orders were issued to pack up at once and get ready to march, where to, we did not know.

The morning was fine, crisp and cool, the roads in good condition, and the boys hastened to pack up and leave the camp we had believed would be our home during the rest of the winter. Our brigade (Robinson's) was placed in the extreme right of the line, and we knew that if there was going to be any fighting, we would be the first to catch it.

Our way led to what is known as Banks' Ford, on the Rappahannock, and we saw by the pontoons that were hurrying toward the front, that we were again to cross the river and have another scrap with the Johnnies. We marched along lively during the day in the direction of Warrenton until evening, when we turned obliquely to the left and marched more slowly. Orders were passed along the line to march in profound silence. We did not understand this, as we knew there was no enemy in force on our side of the river, but when we halted for the night, strict orders were given to kindle no fires. Then we knew our movement was designed to be a surprise to the enemy. The day was rather a pleasant one for January, and we prepared to endure the cold as well as possible without

fire. About 10 o'clock that night a change came, and one of the worst storms we ever saw struck us. Snow, sleet and rain in torrents fell incessantly. We had no tents or shelter of any kind and in a few moments were soaked to the skin and chilled through and through. We never before so well realized the expression, "The flood gates of Heaven were opened." All night long the storm pelted us unmercifully. Disregarding orders, the men attempted to kindle fires, but everything was so drenched and wet that it was an impossible task. Here and there a slight blaze would start up, but after nearly blinding and suffocating us with smoke, the rain drowned it out and we were left to endure the pelting of the pitiless storm in utter darkness. That night's exposure sent hundreds of men to the hospitals and many to their graves.

Morning broke at last, but what a sight the dawn revealed, the whole country was an ocean of mud, the roads were rivers of deep mire and the heavy rain had made the ground a vast mortar bed. After a miserable breakfast, we were again formed into line and an attempt was made to march. It was simply horrible; at every step we sank in almost to the knees, the pontoons and artillery were floundering in the mud, the teams pulling and hauling, but unable to move them. It was soon evident that other measures must be taken, so long ropes were attached to the gun carriages. The men were strung along these ropes to help pull the cannon, and even with this help it was almost impossible to move them. Every now and then some poor fellow, while pulling on a rope, would slip and fall, and when he regained his feet he was a comical looking object, covered with a thick coating of mud from head to foot. Sometimes a mule would fall, and true to his stubborn nature, would make no effort to get up until the men would pry him out of his miry bed. That march will never be forgotten by any of the old boys who participated in it.

Thus we tugged and pulled and floundered, gaining very little headway, wet, muddy, hungry and cross, until near the middle of the afternoon when all efforts ceased and the Army

of the Potomac was literally "stuck in the mud." To this day the old boys refer to it as the "Mud march."

To add to the discomfiture and humiliation of the Union Army, the enemy displayed a large sign near their works on which was painted in large letters the taunting inscription, "Stuck in the Mud."

On the 23rd of January, after wading through Virginia's mud in an almost incessant rain storm, when and where it was impossible to pitch a tent or construct a shelter from the elements, tired out and almost disheartened, the division returned to its old camps, where the men commenced in earnest the construction of "winter quarters."

Letter of General Birney to Governor Curtin:

Headquarters First Division, Third Corps,
Camp Pitcher, Va., December 19, 1862.

Your Excellency:—It gives me pleasure to say to you that among the distinguished regiments of this old division, in the Battle of Fredericksburg, were seven from Pennsylvauia, our patriotic old State.

The Fifty-seventh, Colonel Campbell; Sixty-third, Major Danks; One Hundred and Fifth, Colonel McKnight; Ninety-ninth, Colonel Leidy, were identified with the glory of the command. But the Sixty-eighth, Colonel Tippin; the One Hundred and Fourteenth, Colonel Collis; One Hundred and Forty-first, Colonel Medill—new accessions—did much service, and withstood the enemy's charge with enthusiasm, driving him to his breastworks and cover.

It was a peculiar delight, as a Pennsylvanian, that I led so many Pennsylvania regiments, to the support of the veteran "Reserves," as that division was slowly and sullenly retiring before the overpowering foe, that we relieved it from pursuit, and repulsed the enemy with terrible slaughter.

All of these regiments are fully entitled to have officially awarded to them, from the executive power, the right to add "Fredericksburg" to the names already crowding their banners. May I ask you, amid your many duties, to have this compliment promptly paid them?

I regret to say that Colonel Campbell, Colonel Leidy, and Major Hawksworth fell severely wounded while leading their commands. Many a brave Pennsylvanian gave his life for the glory of the old flag, and the honor of our good State and country.

I am your obedient servant,

D. B. BIRNEY,
Brig.-Gen. Com. Div.

CHAPTER VII.

(From January 23, 1863, to May 7, 1863.)

In Winter Quarters – Origin of Corps Badges—Holidays in Camp—An April Fool Joke—Grand Review by President Lincoln—Battles of The Cedars and Chancellorsville.

"Many and many a weary day
Our lion-hearted legions lay,
Waiting and hoping for the strife,
Weary of an inglorious life.
At last the onward order's given,
With cheer on cheer the air is riven!
And 'mong themselves the soldiers say,
'Hurrah! Hurrah! boys, this's the day
We cross the Rappahannock.'

Now the encampment's all alive,
And seems like some vast human hive,—
Now rattle and roll the noisy drums,
The long roll beats, and calls to arms!
Then 'Forward' the commander saith,
The soldiers almost hold their breath
And in the very face of death
They cross the Rappahannock.

'Ah! bloody work there was,' they say
Close where the Rappahannock lay;
Yet firm our valiant columns stood
Upon the slippery field of blood!
And fast the murderous missiles fell,—
A very storm of shot and shell,—
But, bravely fighting, there they fell
Beside the Rappahannock.

The sad-eyed stars looked down that night
On many a face all ghastly white;
For thick as autumn leaves, that day
They fell,—the gallant, young and gay;
They would not yield, they would not fly,—
For Freedom it was sweet to die;
So, scattered here and there they lie
Beside the Rappahannock.

Peace! to the loyal and the brave
Who fought our glorious land to save!
Who fought and fell and found a grave
Beside the Rappahannock wave.
Garlands of cypress and laurel twine
For those who died for yours and mine;
Poured out their blood like red, red wine
Beside the Rappahannock."

AFTER the return of the Army of the Potomac to its former camps near Falmouth, the troops commenced to stockade their tents and erect log huts as a protection against the inclemency of a Southern winter. Tools of any description were difficult to procure, yet the building of winter quarters progressed quite rapidly, every soldier working with a will. The quarters constructed at this camp were quite comfortable and though scarcely equal, from an architectural standpoint, to some erected subsequently, they were very creditable to the soldiers and proved to be not only habitable, but in most instances, decidedly cozy, comfortable and convenient.

One of the newspaper correspondents, writing of the various styles adopted, said: "Some model after a heathen temple, some after a Yankee woodshed, others after an Indian wigwam, and some after a wood-chuck's hole, but the Hottentot style of architecture on the whole, it must be confessed, prevailed over every other; and for every kind of structure that can rise out of mother earth,—that can be created out of Virginia mud—with some ribs and frame work of logs, let me commend you to the whole region round about."

To many, even among the veterans of the war, who so proudly wore them on their "soldier caps" in the department where bullets whistled, and now attach them to their breasts and badges with proud and fond memories of the days "when comrades touched the elbow" in the red front of battle, the origin of the designating corps badges is not generally known, and it is not to be wondered at that civilians are puzzled to know why it is that these grizzled veterans who today drag

"Their shattered limbs around
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battlefield's holy ground."

regard with such love and veneration these simple cloth or metallic emblems in the form of diamonds, Greek or Maltese crosses, circles, crescents, stars, etc.

During the memorable Battle of Fair Oaks, on the second day (June 1st) in front of Richmond, in the summer of 1862, General Phil Kearney, the fearless commander of the First Division of the old Third Corps, severely censured some officers of the Irish Brigade, Second Corps, for cowardice, which action got him into trouble; therefore, to avoid this mistake in the future, and for the purpose of distinguishing them upon the march and battlefield, he directed the officers of his command to wear upon their hats or caps a patch of red. These were obtained from the linings of their overcoats, flannel shirts, or any possible source, and there was at first no stipulated regulation as to size, shape or material. This proved of great advantage and benefit to general and staff officers during the campaign, enabling them to recognize stragglers, skedadlers, and shirks, and to identify those distinguishing themselves in action by personal bravery.

After the death of Kearney at the Battle of Chantilly, the soldiers of his division voluntarily adopted the "red patch" in honor of his memory, and long before the system of corps badges was instituted by General Hooker, a soldier of this old fighting division could be readily recognized wherever seen, by his simple badge or patch of red.

After the Battle of Fredericksburg, in which this division again distinguished itself, a general order dated December 16, 1862, was promulgated by Brigadier General D. B. Birney, then commanding the division, in which the following paragraphs occurred:

"The old regiments that have lost so many gallant men, will still maintain by renewed energy their old reputation, and although small bands are so united and gallant as to be equal to all that the bravest can achieve.

"The old standards are safe in their keeping. The new regiments have shown themselves fully worthy of the 'Red Patch' and I, in the name of the division, acknowledge them as members in full standing."

During the month of April, 1863, General Joseph Hooker, who had succeeded General Ambrose E. Burnside as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, directed in general orders from army headquarters, that the various corps of the army should hereafter be designated by the devices named by him, as follows:

First Corps, a circle; Second Corps, a trefoil; Third Corps, a lozenge or diamond; Fifth Corps, a Maltese cross; Sixth Corps, a Greek cross; Eleventh Corps, a crescent; and Twelfth Corps, a star. The divisions of each corps were designated by the color of the badge, the First being red, the Second white, and the Third blue. Division headquarters were distinguished by square flags with the designating emblem appropriate thereto. The First Division flag was white with red badge, the Second Division blue with white badge, the Third Division white with blue badge. Brigade headquarters were distinguished by triangular flags, or pennants; the number of the brigade by color borders. All officers and enlisted men were required to wear the badge of their division upon the center of the top of their caps. This system of designation proved of inestimable benefit to both officers and men of all the armies in the different sections of the Union.

Although after the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac by General Grant, March 25, 1864, the grand old Third Corps, the first regularly organized corps to take the field, the corps which furnished to the country and developed the genius of such illustrious commanders as Heintzelman, Stoneman, Kearney, Hays, Howard, Berry, Birney, Sickles, Whipple, Hooker, Richardson, Jameson, Ward, Egan, Pierce, Pulford, de Trobriand, West, Mattocks, Berdan, and hosts of other distinguished generals, was merged in the Second Corps under General Hancock, the entire corps consolidated into one division, known as the Third Division of the Second Corps, they were permitted to retain the old and honored "Kearney patch."

Christmas, 1862, and New Year's Day, 1863, were spent at this place, which was designated in orders from division head-

quarters dated December 16, 1862, as "Camp Pitcher, in honor of a gallant soldier, (Major Pitcher, of the Fourth Maine Regiment), who died as one of our division dies, with his breast to the foe, doing his whole duty."

Christmas was observed as a holiday, no military duty being exacted, yet it was a dull day in camp. Thoughts of the merry, festive season at home, in "God's country," ere yet war with its desolating hand had swept over our once happy and prosperous land, came unbidden on this day to every soldier's heart beneath that Southern sky.

On New Year's morning, the officers of the division, field and line, received the congratulations of General Berry in a polite note, and an invitation from General Ward to attend an entertainment at his headquarters in the afternoon. A ring had been made in an open field, around which seats were constructed for the accommodation of the invited guests, while the sports were conducted under the supervision of officers of General Ward's staff. Prizes to the amount of several hundred dollars were awarded to the successful contestants. The wheel of fortune was a cylinder of wood three feet in diameter, ten or twelve feet in length, revolving freely upon its axis at a height of twelve feet from the ground. Steps at one end of the wheel furnished access to the contestants, and a twenty dollar greenback on a pole at the other extremity awaited the man who succeeded in walking the entire length of the revolving cylinder. Another diversion was a greased pole, with a ten dollar greenback as a prize for the successful climber; there were hurdle races and foot races, "open to all but Pennsylvania Reserves;" a mule race, where the last mule in instead of the first, took the prize; horse races; sack races; burlesque "cock fights" between soldiers; several original eccentricities of the colored contrabands, "native here and to the manner born," feats of strength and agility, athletic sports and burlesque divertisements constituting one of the most amusing and pleasing entertainments imaginable. A fine band discoursed patriotic, operatic and popular airs. Nearly all the soldiers of the division were present, as were also the general,

field, staff and line officers of this division, as well as numbers of officers and soldiers of other commands encamped in this vicinity.

It was on January 25th that General A. E. Burnside was relieved and General Joseph Hooker placed in command. The boys were well pleased with the change, as we had great faith in the ability of "Fighting Joe Hooker," and fully believed that the war would now be pushed to a successful termination. Polk McCullough said, "Why in —— don't they give the command to Colonel Hays? I believe he is the only fit man to command this army; if he was at the head of it he would soon knock —— out of the rebel army and take us into Richmond." Polk's faith in Colonel Hays was unlimited.

Our division, which in addition to the Sixty-third, contained several Pennsylvania Regiments, was reviewed on the morning of March 26th, by Governor Curtin who, in an eloquent and patriotic address, tendered his thanks personally and in behalf of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to the soldiers of the grand old Kearney division.

On the following day, a horse race and steeple chase was held on a fine plateau adjacent to the camp, which was attended by a large number of army officers from the the different corps, and many distinguished statesmen, civilians and lady visitors from the North.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of April 1st, orders from corps headquarters were received to hold the command in readiness to move at a moment's notice, as "the enemy was reported to be across the river in strong force." The men were accordingly aroused from sweet dreams of peace, formed in line, and remained under arms "till daylight did appear." The order was faithfully observed and indeed, though subsequently found to be a practical April fool joke of some waggish staff officer at corps headquarters, it was based upon a literally correct statement of the situation at the time, as the enemy was actually "across" the river, but fortunately for us, not upon our side of the now historic Rappahannock River.

President Lincoln, with a number of distinguished states-

men, visited the army while at this point, and on April 8, 1863, a grand review of the Third and other corps, with more than seventy thousand men, was held for his benefit. The vast field in which the troops were paraded for inspection and review, was in plain sight of the church spires and signal stations of the Confederates in the city of Fredericksburg, from which the enemy could easily number the battalions and almost count the men in the ranks.

In addition to the President and visiting statesmen, the occasion was graced by the presence of Mrs. Lincoln and a large number of other ladies. On the 10th the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were reviewed by the President and General Hooker, who were enthusiastically cheered as they rode through our lines en route to the camps of the commands.

Our camp at this place was first designated in orders as Camp Curtin, but the name was subsequently changed to Camp Sickles in honor of our gallant Corps commander.

On the morning of April 14th orders were received from army headquarters to turn over immediately all superfluous baggage, tents and clothing; enlisted men to send their blankets to the rear for storage during the summer months, to provide themselves with eight days' rations, five to be carried in knapsacks and three in haversacks, and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

We lay in our winter quarters at Falmouth until April 28, 1863. Our principal duty was guard mounting and drill. This place was not as interesting as our former winter quarters at Camp Johnston, as we had no Alexandria to go to and have what the boys called fun. Our greatest trouble was in procuring wood for our fires; all the trees were cut down and soon chopped up into fire wood, and when this was done the stumps were attacked and dug out by root.

The regiment was now assigned to the First Brigade, General D. B. Birney's division, of General Daniel E. Sickles' Corps, consisting of six regiments, all Pennsylvanians, as follows: Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, One Hundred and Fifth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred

and Forty-first, the last two and the Sixty-eighth being new regiments, but composed of good men who could be depended upon in any emergency.

From orders received and indications of activity at the various headquarters on the morning of April 28th, it was plainly evident that a forward movement was anticipated. At noon the regiments were formed in line and remained under arms until 5 o'clock p. m., when the division moved to the left and bivouacked in the woods, about six miles from our former camp. It had been misty and cloudy during the day, and a heavy fog served to obscure our movements from the enemy. As no fires were permitted, we were all soon sound asleep in the open air, and on the following morning we moved a short distance to a picturesque valley where we remained during the day, the officers and first sergeants devoting their time to making out the muster and payrolls.

On the 30th an order was promulgated to the troops from General Hooker announcing that he had established his headquarters at Chancellorsville, and that "the operations of the last three days has determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." The movement of our corps to the left had been a feint, and at 4 o'clock p. m. we were again en route marching back via our old camps, Stoneman's Switch and Berea Church, to near United States Ford, where we bivouacked at 1 o'clock a. m. The weather during the day had been extremely warm, and the march very fatiguing as the troops were burdened with heavy knapsacks, sixty rounds of ammunition, and eight days' rations, in addition to their muskets and accoutrements which made a burden of not less than forty or fifty pounds per man.

Reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock on the following morning and after a hasty breakfast, we were soon again on the move. At 10 o'clock we reached United States Ford and crossed the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges. On the southern bank we encountered a long line of breastworks, rifle pits and

redoubts which had been hastily abandoned by the rebels to reinforce other points, not anticipating an attack at this place. The works were very formidable and if properly manned, would have rendered it practically impossible for us to effect a crossing. After a half hour halt for rest and coffee, we continued our march, passing through several deserted Confederate camps, in which the camp fires of the soldiers were still burning.

At high noon the division halted in a grove, but was soon ordered forward and formed in line of battle near the Chancellor House. A portion of the line was busily engaged and succeeded in driving the enemy a short distance, and at night the division bivouacked in two lines on the plank road, about a half mile to the right of Chancellorsville.

As we moved along the plank road in the afternoon, the infantry marched in the fields by its side which were higher than the road itself, in order to give free use of the main thoroughfare to the ambulances. General Sickles, surrounded by his staff, sat smoking his accustomed cigar, coolly surveying the passing of the troops and the situation in our front. The enemy, who had discovered the movement, opened upon us from numerous batteries and their shot ploughed the ground around us and shrieked over our heads and through our ranks. Observing this, the general, without changing his own position, remarked in that peculiar deliberate tone of voice, "Boys, I think the enemy see you,—you had better take to the road."

On the morning of Saturday, May 2nd, the division commanded by General Birney, preceded by Berdan's sharpshooters on the skirmish line, other regiments marching through the forests "by the right of companies to the front," drove the enemy for more than half a mile and captured "Catharpin Furnaces," distant about one mile from the scene of our bivouac on the previous night. Here we lost the gallant Captain William Smith, of Company A, as brave a man as ever wore the blue, who fell riddled with bullets. Up to this time the fighting had been done entirely by the infantry but when the enemy commenced to shell the woods, Randolph's Battery

took position near the furnaces and soon succeeded in silencing the guns of the Confederates. During the operations of the day, this division captured the Twenty-third Georgia Regiment entire, with their colors.

We continued our advance, driving the enemy steadily before us until sun-down, and had pushed him fully five miles when suddenly came orders from corps headquarters to halt, and shortly afterwards to fall back to the field from which we had started in the morning. Reaching this point, we were much surprised to find our artillery in position, aiming in the direction of the plank road which we had occupied and entrenched the previous night. Here we learned that our retrogade movement was occasioned by the breaking of the line of the Eleventh Corps, commanded by General O. O. Howard, which had been pierced by a flank movement of Stonewall Jackson's command, and that the entire Third Corps was cut off from all communication with the rest of the army.

Staff officers dashed furiously back and forth communicating their orders in an undertone: "The plank road must be retaken before daylight."

At about 9 o'clock p. m. the lines of attack were formed in double column; at 10 the signal to advance was given, and in that bright moonlight, this forlorn hope, every man, conscious of the desperate nature of the undertaking, determined to reach the plank road or die in the attempt, moved cautiously but steadily forward through the dense forest in our present front. Appreciating the utter impossibility of attempting to ride through the thick undergrowth, mounted officers sent their horses to the rear and accompanied their men on foot.

A hurried "farewell" was said as staff officers separated and each went to the position assigned him. With bayonets fixed, the line advanced, when suddenly a continuous sheet of flame from the muzzles of the enemy's cannon and muskets indicated the position of his lines which, in the darkness of the forest, had been hitherto unknown, and a perfect shower of bullets whistled through the forest trees.

We were ordered to reserve our fire, and with a cheer our

lines advanced through the deep gloom of the forest. From front and right and left the artillery opened fire and the flash of the heavy guns, the trail of the deadly shot and shell as seen through the overhanging branches, added to the fearful sheet of flame from the infantry in compact masses in our front was, indeed, a magnificent but a terrible sight. Almost to the enemy's line, we discovered that they had taken advantage of the breastworks erected by us the preceding day, in addition to which they had constructed an almost impenetrable abattis in their front.

Finding it absolutely impossible to penetrate the lines of the enemy, our division re-formed and slowly fell back to the edge of the woods where we lay down, nearly exhausted by our long and tedious day's experience. The plank road had not been retaken, and all knew that on the morrow there must be another desperate struggle.

There was an awful grandeur in this moonlight attack and as we who shared it, look back to that night of horror, from our present peaceful standpoints, we can even now imagine the determined faces of brave men advancing in solemn silence, with fixed bayonets and firm tread, through the gloom of a dense forest upon a hidden and wary foe,—the demoniac yell of the rebel forces—the flash of invisible guns marking the line of the enemy's defenses through the darkness—the gleaming of glittering bayonets in the pale moonlight,—the flash and roar of cannon answering cannon with their volleying thunders,—the crashing of shot and shell through overhanging branches, or shrieking over the very tree tops,—the regimental colors, tattered and torn but glorious and inspiring still, waving in the uncertain light,—the moans of the dying and the plaintive cries of the wounded in their agony. Never can the recollection of that midnight attack at Chancellorsville fade from the memory of those who participated in it. Our killed and wounded were left where they fighting fell, and there was no means of ascertaining definitely their names or numbers. Several prisoners from our division were lost during the engagement.

It was during the attack upon his lines, and in the immediate front of our division, that the famous Confederate General, Stonewall Jackson, was killed.

The "moonlight" charge of the Sixty-third recalls another charge in which Colonel Hays showed the stuff he was made of.

The army being on the move, a portion of the troops coming at right angles, obstructing our progress, Colonel Hays ordered the colonel in command of the offending troops to halt and let us pass, and upon his refusal to do so, Colonel Hays, in a very sharp and effective manner, ordered the Sixty-third to "fix bayonets, and charge," which was so promptly done that we had the right-of-way in double-quick time, bringing forth from the defeated colonel the inquiry: "Where did you get that regiment, colonel?" Colonel Hays promptly replied, "Ah, they are my boys from Pittsburgh."

At daybreak of Sunday, May 3rd, the division was quietly formed in line and by a detour moved to the right and formed line of battle in front of the Chancellor House, but not without severe losses. At this point General Berry, commanding the Second Division of the Third Corps, was instantly killed. The fighting for about four hours was seldom equalled during the war for the fierceness and stubbornness evinced in the charges and counter-charges, but it finally resulted in the complete rout of the enemy, who sullenly retired, and we still held the lines occupied by us in the morning, protected and strengthened by traverses and a formidable abbatis. Here we did some terrible fighting. General Hooker had been wounded by a shell, Colonel Kirkwood was wounded, and Major Ryan assumed command. Color Sergeant Fitzgerald was severely wounded and Corporal George House, of Company B, carried off the colors.

The morning of Monday, May 4th, found us still lying behind the entrenchments over which shot, shell and bullets flew almost unceasingly. During the night there had been several skirmishes between the pickets of the opposing forces occasioned by attempts of the enemy to advance his lines, and

desultory firing continued all night. The morning of Tuesday, May 5th, was misty and lowering. At an early hour the enemy opened a heavy fire upon a working detail sent out for the purpose of entrenching. The enemy's fire was, however, silenced by our batteries and the working party was permitted to continue its pursuits. Heavy rain fell during the afternoon, and at dusk the clouds and rain serving to obscure our movements from the enemy, the batteries commenced to move quietly to the rear. At 9 o'clock the infantry was ordered to "fall in" and be prepared for an instant move. After standing in heavy marching order for some three or four hours, we were ordered to pitch tents and make ourselves comfortable! At 3 o'clock a. m. marching orders were again received and one hour later we were noiselessly moving to the rear. At daybreak we recrossed the Rappahannock and returned to the camps we had occupied previous to the disastrous campaign.

Our loss in this battle was very heavy. Colonel Kirkwood died from his wounds soon after, Captain William Smith of Company A, Captain William Thompson of Company D, Lieutenants Milo M. Boyle of Company C, William McGranahan of Company B, and William Weeks of Company H, were killed.

In an address delivered at a banquet of the Third Corps Union, Major General J. Watts de Peyster, referring to the heroic fighting of the Third Corps in this engagement, said:

"Pretty much all the real hard fighting at Chancellorsville proper, i. e., on the great battle-Sunday, was accomplished by the "diamond patches." Had Graham, constituting the lance head of the corps, been properly supported, he would have transfixed Stuart, successor to Jackson; and, to use the soldier's term, he would have 'bust up' Lee."

CHAPTER VIII.

(From May 7, 1863, to July 1, 1863.)

CAMP SICKLES—ANNIE ETHERIDGE—THE KEARNEY CROSS—THE MARCH TO GETTYSBURG.

"O! Star Spangled Banner! the flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defiled,
Fling out to the glad winds, your red, white and blue,
For the heart of the Northland is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will,
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here's welcome to wounding, and combat and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

O! God of our fathers! this banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown—
We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!
O! lead us, till wide from the gulf to the sea,
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love for oppression; with blessings for scars—
One Country—One Banner—the Stripes and the Stars."

—Edna Dean Proctor.

AFTER our return to Camp Sickles, the old routine of military life was resumed. The camps of the Kearney division wore a gala day appearance, division, brigade and regimental headquarters were elaborately decorated with arches, arbors and appropriate devices in evergreen, some of which were of colossal proportions, exhibiting no small degree of artistic taste and architectural skill. Nearly every company street was ornamented according to the tastes of the temporary tenants, and the "houses" were models of proficiency in woodcraft. Boardwalks were constructed of puncheons, and every habitation was floored and contained convenient tables and comfortable bunks. Some of the officers' quarters were furnished with walnut bedsteads, sideboards, and marble-topped tables "hypothecated" by the soldiers from the neighboring

residences without the written or verbal permission or consent of the original owners.

Division hospital was established near the Potomac Creek bridge and the wounded, who had been brought back in ambulances from the battlefield, and those who were subsequently brought in under the truce which was arranged for that purpose, were comfortably situated and well cared for. On the 11th day of May the Third Corps was reviewed by Major General Sickles. It was indeed sad to notice the decimated ranks of the gallant regiments composing it, as compared with the numbers present on review previous to the sanguinary battles of the Cedars and Chancellorsville.

Among the incidents of the Battle of Chancellorsville worthy of special mention, was the heroic conduct of Annie Etheridge, who was known and respected by every soldier of the Kearney Division, and as brave and worthy a heroine as ever received the plaudits of mankind, or the praises of the historian's or poet's pen.

At the commencement of the war, many regiments recruited and mustered laundresses as provided for at that time by army regulations. Annie Etheridge, a young and remarkable attractive girl from humble life, was among the laundresses of the Third Michigan Volunteers. When the regiment was ordered to the front, the other women returned to their homes, but Annie determined to "follow the flag." She accompanied the regiment, marching with the men, camping and bivouacking with them through all their campaigns and engagements. In camp, quiet, modest and industrious; in time of action, fearless and regardless of danger, attending to the wants of the wounded under the severest fire, she soon became a favorite of all, and woe to the soldier of any other command who uttered a disrespectful word in her presence.

At the Battle of Williamsburg, while dressing wounds under fire, she attracted the attention of General Kearney, who presented her with sergeant's chevrons, ordered the quartermaster to provide her with a horse and saddle, and announced that he would, at the first opportunity, recommend her for a

sergeant's pay and warrant. After this, she was attached to brigade headquarters for more than a year, serving at the same time as cook for the officers' mess.

Sharing all the privations of soldiers, always at the front in time of action, with a kind word for the weary and a helping hand for the sick or wounded, she became a universal favorite with officers and men. During the most severe shelling on Sunday morning at Chancellorsville, she rode up where the brigade commander and his staff were watching the progress of the fight, and insisted upon their eating some breakfast and drinking hot coffee which she had thoughtfully prepared. Ordered repeatedly to seek a place of safety in the rear, she insistently refused until each one of the group had taken a drink of coffee from her canteen, "and a hard tack or two, if nothing more." While serving the "meal," three horses were shot and either killed or disabled under their riders by her side, but she never flinched or betrayed the slightest emotion of fear. Upon this eventful Sunday, later in the day, the enemy's fire had killed nearly every horse of one of our batteries on the firing line, several of the caissons had been exploded and more than half of the men shot at their posts. Disheartened, the remainder were about to abandon the guns when Annie, on her little roan mare, rode calmly up to the battery, so thinned and decimated and smiling, said: "That's right, boys; now you've got good range, keep it up and you'll soon silence the guns!" The men took courage, remained at their posts, kept up their fire and not only silenced the enemy's batteries, but saved their own pieces which they were about to abandon. One of the artillery men relating the incident, remarked: "All the officers in the Army of the Potomac could not have had as much influence over the men as did that brave little sergeant in petticoats." At another time during the day, she narrowly escaped capture. Riding along the extreme front on her errand of mercy in search of the wounded, she approached within a rod of the enemy's line and was challenged. Grasping the pistol which she always wore in her belt, and wheeling her pony to the rear, amid a shower of

bullets, she reached a place of safety with several bullet holes in her skirt. She said that she determined to do a little fighting on her own hook rather than submit to capture.

On the 27th of May, the division was paraded to witness the presentation of the Kearney medals. These badges of honor were of bronze in the form of a Maltese cross, suspended from a bar, and were presented by a number of patriotic Philadelphians at the suggestion of General Birney, to such enlisted men as had particularly distinguished themselves in action by gallant conduct and conspicuous bravery. The recipients of the medals were non-commissioned officers and privates recommended by their superior officers for this distinction. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by General Birney and the brigade and regimental commanders of his division. Among the recipients of the medals was Annie Etheridge, and as she modestly accepted the badge of bravery from the hands of General Birney, there was not a soldier in the division who did not feel that it was a just and fitting tribute to a brave woman.

Among the members of the Sixty-third there was a diversity of sentiment as to the value of the decoration; some who had been promoted from the ranks and whose commissions were awaiting their acceptance, begged the commanding officer to withhold their promotion and permit them to accept the medal for which they had been recommended, preferring it to a lieutenant's shoulder straps. Others regarded it as a meaningless bauble and signified their willingness to "trade it off" for a square drink of whiskey. This medal of honor, as far as known, was the only badge of bravery presented during the war to the soldiers for gallant and meritorious conduct, and is today cherished by those to whom it was awarded, as any iron cross or star of the legion of honor bestowed by foreign potentates of European governments.

Prior to the presentation proper, the division was paraded in solid order, and the following order was read:

Headquarters First Division, Third Corps,
May 16, 1863.

General Order No. 48:

The General commanding division, congratulates it on its achievements of the 2nd and 3rd of May. The division pierced the center of the enemy's column, captured over seven hundred prisoners, then returning, breaking through the enemy, who had closed on its rear, executed successfully the order of the Major General commanding the army, to attack at midnight; then receiving the enemy's attack at daylight, held his hordes in check and at bay until ordered to withdraw and hold a position of honor given it in front of the new line.

The division has added to the reputation gained at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Chantilly and Fredericksburg, and can now add to those names, the Cedars and Chancellorsville.

The Brigadier General commanding the division, announces the following names of meritorious and distinguished non-commissioned officers and privates selected for their gallantry as recipients of the "Kearney Cross," the division decoration, as follows:

Corporal George Gibson, Company A, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal Isaac McKeag, Company A, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant David Strachan, Company B, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal George F. House, Company B, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant Henry Kelly, Company C, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal David Lesseig, Company C, Sixty-third P. V.
Private Samuel Hart, Company C, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant Thos. Cahoon, Company D, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant John C. Gray, Company D, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant Robert Henry, Company E, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal John Heist, Company E, Sixty-third P. V.
Private John Seifert, Company F, Sixty-third P. V.
Private Stewart W. Fulton, Company F, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant W. R. Nicholson, Company G, Sixty-third P. V.
Private A. T. Moore, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal Frank H. Johnston, Company G, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant Pater Weaver, Company H, Sixty-third P. V.
Sergeant Hugh Kenney, Company H, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal Henry Campbell, Company H, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal Phillip Allebrand, Company I, Sixty-third P. V.
Private John Allebrand, Company I, Sixty-third P. V.

Private James Gallatin, Company I, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal John H. Smith, Company K, Sixty-third P. V.
Corporal Frank Rafter, Company K, Sixty-third P. V.

The Cross is in honor of our leader, and the wearers of it will always remember his high standard of a true and brave soldier, and will never disgrace it.

D. B. BIRNEY,
Brigadier General Commanding.

On the 6th of June, indications pointed to another forward movement of the Army of the Potomac. A portion of the Sixth Corps again crossed the river below Fredericksburg and occupied the meadow, throwing up lines of breastworks and entrenchments and diverting the attention of the enemy by occasional demonstrations.

On June 11th we broke camp and entered upon the Gettysburg campaign. The weather was extremely warm when we began the long march northward, and there was considerable straggling, but the boys all came up in the evening. On the 13th we marched to within a short distance of Rappahannock Station, and on the 14th moved to Manassas Junction. This was one of the warmest days of that hot summer, and several of our men were prostrated by the heat. On the 16th we moved to Bull Run, and camped at Mitchell's Ford.

General Alex Hays was in command hereabout, and with his staff, A. A. General Captain Corts, and A. D. C. Lieutenant Shields, all old members of the Sixty-third, received us very pleasantly; the ale they gave us surely washed our throats quite clear of the dust.

On the 17th we marched to Centerville. On the afternoon of that day, after we had started on the march from Gum Springs, a severe storm of rain, thunder and lightning set in, and we were drenched. We reached Gum Springs during the night of the 20th and remained there until the 25th of June. The entire country in this vicinity was infested by guerrillas and promiscuous straggling, and foraging was peremptorily forbidden. Gum Springs was a most forlorn and desolate looking hamlet in a state of complete decay.

It was here we learned that Lee's Army was on the march to Pennsylvania. We at once broke camp and crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and moved up the river to the mouth of the Monoccacy, and on the 26th, moved to Point of Rocks on the Potomac. On the 27th we started about 8 o'clock in the morning, passing through Jefferson, and halted for the night near Middletown, Md., about a mile from the latter place.

The corps marched through both these places in column by company, with colors unfurled and brass bands and drum corps playing patriotic airs. Here we witnessed the first expression of Union sentiment that had gladdened our eyes and hearts for many months. "Old Glory" was displayed from most of the houses and fair ladies greeted the soldiers with approving smiles and words of welcome. A thousand handkerchiefs waved from windows and house tops, and on every side from loyal citizens, old and young, we received assurances of sympathy, welcome, and good will. Such enthusiasm and demonstrations of patriotism were indeed gratifying to men who had been so long in an unfriendly country and surrounded by the bitterest foes. The soldiers cheered the old flag and the ladies vociferously, and enjoyed the occasion to the fullest extent. The rebel army had passed through these places but a few days before and the citizens hailed our coming with unmistakable pleasure. Continuing our march we passed through Fairview, and arrived at Frederick City shortly after noon. We marched for nearly a mile through the beautiful city and our progress was again one continued ovation. The day, the occasion, and the reception we received here will forever be cherished in the memory of the soldiers of the old Third Army Corps.

Frederick City will be remembered as the home of "Barbara Frietchie," whose determined devotion to our glorious banner during the march of the rebel army through the streets won the admiration of Stonewall Jackson, when

> "She leaned far out the window still
> And shook it forth with a royal will."

After a short halt for rest in the outskirts of the city, we continued our march, bivouacking for the night near Walkersville. Our course lay through a most magnificent section of the State. Large fields of waving wheat, ripe for the harvest, splendid farm houses, spacious granaries, barns and storehouses, bespeaking the fruitfulness and fertility of the soil and the thrift and industry of its people abounded along our route, and we had the happy consciousness of knowing and feeling that we were once more among friends. At this place we received the intelligence that General Hooker had been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and General George G. Meade of Pennsylvania had been appointed his successor. Hooker's farewell and Meade's order in assuming the command were here promulgated to the troops.

On the 29th our march was continued through Walkersville, Woodbury, Middlebury and Taneytown, and our reception in the various places as extremely enthusiastic. Ladies and young girls distributed beautiful bouquets to the officers and soldiers; groups of fair damsels bewitchingly posted in conspicuous places sang patriotic airs as the "boys in blue" passed by and the passage of troops being a novelty here, the citizens turned out en masse. Long after tattoo, groups of ladies and gentlemen promenaded through our camps, actuated by a curiosity to see how soldiers really lived in the tented field.

On the 30th the various regiments of the army were "mustered for pay" and in the afternoon we were again en route, marching through Taneytown and Bridgeport, to near Emmettsburg.

The morning of Wednesday, July 1st, was cloudy with signs of rain. At 9 o'clock tents were struck and the battalions in line pursuant to orders. De Trobriand's Brigade, with one from the Second Corps and a light battery, were left near Emmettsburg to guard one of the mountain passes, and the

remainder of the corps pushed on to Gettysburg. Rumors reached us here of a severe engagement at that place in which the First and Eleventh Corps participated, and of the death of the gallant Major General Reynolds, commanding the First Corps.

Sixty-third Regiment Monument, Gettysburg Battlefield.

CHAPTER IX.

(From July 1, 1863, to July 7, 1863.)

THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG, "DEVIL'S DEN" AND LITTLE ROUND TOP, AND "LONGSTREET'S ASSAULT"—CAPTURED BATTLE FLAGS—THE "FOURTH" ON THE FIELD.

It was the languid hour of noon,
When all the birds were out of tune,
And nature in a sultry swoon,
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

When—sudden o'er the slumbering plain,
Red flashed the battle's fiery rain—
The volleying cannon shook again
The hills of Pennsylvania!

Beneath that curse of iron hail,
That threshed the plain with flashing flail,
Well might the stoutest soldier quail,
In echoing Pennsylvania!

Then, like a sudden summer rain,
Storm driven o'er the darkened plain,—
They burst upon our ranks and main,
In startled Pennsylvania!

We felt the old ancestral thrill,
From sire to son, transmitted still
And fought for freedom with a will,
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

The breathless shock—the maddened toil—
The sudden clinch—the sharp recoil—
And we were masters of the soil,
In bloody Pennsylvania!

To Westward fell the beaten foe,—
The growl of battle, hoarse and low
Was heard anon—but dying slow,
In ransomed Pennsylvania!

Sou'westward, with the sinking sun,
The cloud of battle, dense and dun,
Flashed into fire—and all was won
In joyful Pennsylvania!

But ah!—the heaps of loyal slain!
The bloody toil!—the bitter pain!
For those who shall not stand again
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

Back through the verdant valley lands,
Fast fled the foe, in frightened bands,
With broken swords and empty hands,
Out of Pennsylvania!

ON THE morning of July 2nd the Sixty-third was on picket duty and some brisk skirmishing with the enemy occupying the "peach orchard" and the grounds around the Sherfy house ensued.

From the peach orchard the line of Birney's division curved around to the "Devil's Den," at the foot of little Round Top, where Ward's and de Trobriand's brigades were stationed. Hood's division of the Confederates was opposite our right and Barkdale's brigade was in our immediate front.

Captain Robert A. Nesbitt, of Company A, thus describes the part taken by the Sixty-third on the second day's fight at Gettysburg:

On the evening of July 1st, the Sixty-third Regiment moved up the Emmettsburg and Gettysburg road, taking a position that afterwards proved to be the spot chosen by Sickles to fight Longstreet, on the afternoon of July 3rd. On the same evening the regiment moved out along the Emmettsburg and Gettysburg road, with left opposite what it now known as the "Peach Orchard," and facing "Confederate Avenue," where the enemy was posted in the woods. The extreme left, where Company B was stationed, and just on the left of the orchard the members of the Sixty-third Regiment tore down the rail fences and built a rifle pit, facing the enemy across an oats field. Here we remained all night, pickets in the road, and at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 2nd, the enemy was discovered approaching with a long line of skirmishers, their right extending a half mile or more beyond the Sixty-third's extreme left. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the commanding officers of the rebel line was now almost in front when the officer in command of the Union line gave orders to fire and kill the commanding officer of Longstreet's skirmish line. All fired and he fell dead in his tracks. We held the line in our immediate front, firing at every head that showed above the oats. The rebels' skirmish line on the right, not being opposed by any troops, tried to form a loop round the left of the Union skirmish line and

while the left of the Sixty-third was fighting thus a rebel battery was posted on the extreme right of the Confederate line. The left of the Union line fell back, forming a triangle towards Emmettsburg and facing what is now known as Confederate Avenue. A battery of light artillery was posted immediately in the rear of a little log house in the orchard. Here an artillery duel was fought over the left of the Union skirmish line. They remained in this position until the One Hundred and Fortieth New York made connection with their regiment on the left of Company B, and moved across toward the Devil's Den, facing the enemy as it moved toward Round Top. When Sickles had his corps, as he thought, properly formed, we were ordered away from the position which we were holding and were moved back to the Heights where the regiment was reformed.

For about two hours our brigade was exposed to a terrific artillery fire, the battalions of the enemy pouring in a fierce hail of shells. After this the rebel infantry came rushing at us through the fields west of the Sherfy house, and we discovered that they had broken through the peach orchard and were swarming up the road in our rear. We were compelled to fall back, the battle raging until dark.

The fighting in front of our lines during this memorable 2nd of July, was fierce and furious. Houghton, the historian of the Seventeenth Maine, which was in the division, says:

"At times the fighting was hand to hand. At one point a rebel color was planted upon the very wall behind which we lay; it remained, however, but an instant; the color bearer was shot down, and as he fell, the flag was seized by a comrade and borne to the rear. Here and there, individual rebels had gained the other side of the wall, and fought till they fell, separated from us only by the thickness of the wall. Hundreds were killed within three feet of the wall and many were pierced by Union bayonets as they attempted to scale it."

On the morning of July 3rd, our brigade was posted in a grove about three-quarters of a mile to the rear of the Sherfy house. Here we remained until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the terrible cannonading which preceded Longstreet's assault, or Pickett's desperate charge, began. The roar of that cannonading will never be forgotten while life lasts, by any of the soldiers who were at Gettysburg. We

were ordered into line, and facing to the right advanced at double-quick, and formed a line in the rear of the artillery. Soon loud cheering began on the right, and we knew that the last effort of the rebels had failed. The "high water mark" of the Confederacy had been reached, and for the first time the rebel army, beaten and demoralized, was falling back in defeat.

The rolls of the Sixty-third show that there were twenty officers and two hundred and seventy-five men reported for duty. The number actually carried into action at the Battle of Gettysburg is not recorded. The losses reported in this battle were:

Killed, 1 private; wounded, officers, 3; privates, 26; captured or missing, 4 privates; a total of 34 casualties.

While the Sixty-third was holding its perilous position with Birney's Division of the Third Corps on the left of the line, in front of the Round Tops, General Hays, with two officers of the regiment, members of his staff, George P. Corts, captain and assistant adjutant general, and David Shields, lieutenant and aide de camp, on another portion of the field were conspicuous in bearing the brunt of the battle in front of the point made famous in history as the scene of "Longstreet's Assault," erroneously designated by some historians as "Pickett's Charge."

General Hays was assigned by orders from army headquarters, after General Meade had assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, to the command of the Third Division of the Second Corps, General Hancock's, receiving his assignment during the march of the army at Gum Springs on June 26, 1863.

But two persons in the centre division, the officers above named, had ever been with him in an engagement, or personally witnessed his conduct and bravery under fire. Arriving upon the battlefield with his new command, and realizing the situation and magnitude of the pending conflict, the general was naturally somewhat concerned and anxious to gain the confidence of the officers and men of the division. The

opportunity came when a lieutenant from the skirmish line excitedly announced to him that Colonel Sherrill, division officer of the day, reported that his command was suffering severely and that he was afraid they would be forced to retire. The lieutenant was very persistent, and the general replied: "There are as many men out there as are necessary, and they are as good men as there are in this division; they must hold the ground." "But," the lieutenant replied, "Colonel Sherrill says that he will not be responsible for them remaining there." General Hays answered: "Well, I will go out and stiffen 'em up." Accordingly, with members of the staff, a number of orderlies and the division flag, (white field with blue trefoil), flying in the breeze, he rode to the front and along the entire skirmish line covering his command. The enemy, astonished at the appearance of this imposing cavalcade on the skirmish line, ceased firing at the skirmishers and directed their attention exclusively to the mounted officers and men. The general, for whom these compliments (?) were especially intended, wonderful to relate, was not once hit nor was his clothing pierced by the leaden shower. His horse received several wounds but was not disabled, and the division flag showed eighteen bullet holes received during this daring adventure. Such an exhibition of manly courage and unflinching bravery upon so unusual an occasion, won for him the admiration of the enemy and the confidence of his entire command; there was no further talk of "running in" from the skirmish line.

On the occasion of Longstreet's famous assault on the 3rd of July, which was directed upon the front of this division, General Hays had in his command, to oppose them, only about three thousand men. The artillery fire, though terrific in its volume, was not very effective at this point as our infantry was lying down and in front of the artillery, which it seemed the enemy was determined to destroy.

When our artillery fire had about ceased, the infantry of the enemy came into the open from the woods, over half a mile distant, where they had formed for the charge, in three lines preceded by a strong skirmish line, marching well and bravely

in the direction of Hays' position. When they had fully developed their column into the open ground, there appeared a separate and detached command on their left, much farther advanced, but not directed on Hays' immediate front. Had they been able to continue their movement, they would have passed to our right, but they received such a murderous fire from our sharpshooters, skirmishers, and artillery that they were thrown into utter confusion and went back. This, it was ascertained, was Brockenbrough's brigade, and did what was expected of it, covered the left flank of the main column. Had the right covering brigade moved as timely, Pickett's division would have been enabled to reach their farthest advance in better order than they did. As the right flank of the main column received so severe a fire from our artillery, they gave way to the left, so when some 400 yards away they evidently attempted to regain their correct alignment and measurably succeeded, thereby relieving the pressure to the left and came directly towards us in front. It could not be long enough continued to regain their lost direction or guide, as they then came under our infantry fire, which was so destructive that they were thrown into inextricable confusion; those in front (the nearest twenty (20) yards) lay down, threw up their hands, crying to us to cease firing. Hays' division then directed its fire upon those in the rear, who were wavering, some trying to go forward, others hesitating, and many going to the rear. Those in front came into our lines, some crawling on their bellies, and others in a stooping position to avoid our fire. They were permitted to go to the rear, unguarded and uncounted, it is reckoned they were more in numbers than there were in Hays' division. The regiment on the extreme right of this command, the Eighth Ohio, captured the colors of a rebel regiment of Armistead's brigade, which was on the extreme right of their main column, showing the great confusion they were in.

It was a glorious victory and gloriously did General Hays, the members of his staff, and entire command enjoy it. Under the inspiration of this feeling General Hays seized one of the

captured flags, handing one each to Captain Corts and Lieutenant Shields, his aids, directing them to follow him. The three, trailing the flags in the dust at the heels of their horses, rode in triumph along the front of the division line over the dead and wounded of the enemy, possessed wholly by the spirit and exhiliration of victory.

The flags were then returned to their captors and the general, accompanied by Lieutenant Shields, proceeded to the left of the line to ascertain how affairs had gone there.

While looking at a number of the Union dead, dressed in dark blue zouave uniforms, among our artillery, and wondering how they could have been so faultily left there instead of being moved forward in line with the others, General A. S. Webb, in command there, rode up to General Hays, with his hat off, very much excited, and said: "Hays, they got through my line." "I'll be damned if they got through mine," Hays replied. Webb wheeled his horse around and rode away. This was the Philadelphia brigade of the Second Corps stationed on our immediate left.

During the afternoon of this day Major General Daniel E. Sickles, the gallant commander of the Third Corps who was throughout the entire engagement, in the very front, received a severe wound in the leg which rendered amputation necessary. While being borne from the field upon a stretcher, he coolly lighted a cigar and puffed away with as much nonchalance as though enjoying an after dinner siesta at his own headquarters. Referring to this day's engagement, Abbott's History of the Civil War, says:

"The brave Third Corps, under the imperturable Sickles, stood like granite blocks. They were tried troops; the enemy, thirty to forty thousand strong in numbers, beat vainly on their lines, again and again."

DePeyster, the ever zealous historian of the Third Corps, in an address to the Third Corps Union, says:

"The crimson sunrise of the Third Corps at Williamsburg was followed by a brilliant and cloudless noon on the Peninsula and in North Eastern Virginia, and just as the sun is hotter and more overpowering in the afternoon, even so the splendors of the old

Third glorified its sinking and setting at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg—

At Gettysburg, if not the first upon the field, it was the first in its efforts to pursue the key-points on our left. Its unparalleled devotion and fearful suffering in the lowlands to their front, saved the Round Tops.

On the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg—the real day of the Battle of Gettysburg—the glory belongs to the Third Corps, even as it did on the second, the day of the Battle of Chancellorsville. There it lost its beloved chief, Sickles; and there, in the front rank fell, almost shot to pieces, his successor in command of the 'Excelsiors,' Graham, lately the honored head of this association—

This was the last grand fight of the "Third Corps, as we understand it;" but not the last grand fight of the heroes who constituted its brains and muscles, its fire and its backbone.

The work of the old Third has been revealed under fire, through fire, by fire. Let us ever bear in mind that the Red Diamond Lozenge or patch of Kearney, was the original designation of the leading division of the Third Army Corps Union—

But even as the diamond, the ruby and the sapphire exceeded in value and brilliancy the carbuncle or any other jewel, even so the lustre of our symbolic gems will outshine all other emblems."

The troops were nearly exhausted by their long marches and severe fighting after the repulse of Pickett's charge, and remained upon the field engaged in caring for the wounded and burying the dead of both armies, who lay thickly strewn.

> " on the embattled field,
> Slain or half dead, in one huge ghastly heap
> Promiscuously amassed. With dismal groans
> And ejaculations in the pangs of death,
> Some called for aid neglected; some o'erturned
> In the fierce shock lay gasping, and expired,
> Trampled by fiery coursers! Horror, thus,
> And wild uproar and desolation reigned
> Unrespited."

The ground for miles around was covered with abandoned arms and accountrements of the disabled Union and Confederate soldiers.

The morning of July Fourth—"The Birthday of Our Nation"—dawned in unusual splendor upon the ensanguined field. But few shots were exchanged during the day, and working parties and hospital attendants were unmolested in

their tasks and works of mercy. Many of the bodies of the slain, which had lain in the hot sunshine for two or three days, were hideously swollen and distorted, and it was found impossible even for intimate friends or relatives to recognize them by their features.

Realizing that victory had perched for almost the first time upon the banners of the Union Army, the bands and drum corps of the various regiments, brigades and divisions which had been assigned to duty with the hospital and ambulance corps during the engagement, were ordered to the front and all day long discoursed patriotic airs.

It was apparent on the morning of the 5th, that the defeated and discomfited enemy was in full retreat, shamefully abandoning thousands of their wounded on the battlefield, and in the hastily improvised field hospitals, leaving them to the tender mercies of the much-despised "Yankee hirelings" and "mudsills,' who treated them, however, with the same careful solicitude given to their own soldiers.

Several corps moved during the afternoon and evening, following up the retreating hosts of Lee and harassing his rear.

On the 6th, while still upon the field of our glorious victory, intelligence was received of the fall of Vicksburg, and the troops became very enthusiastic over the "glad tidings of great joy." General Meade's modest congratulatory order was promulgated during the day.

On the morning of July 7th, the Sixty-third was promptly in line, with the balance of the Third Corps, and flushed with victory, commenced its return trip to the "sacred soil" of the old Dominion.

Out of a total of thirty-three flags taken by the entire Union Army from the enemy at Gettysburg, General Hays' command captured twenty-two, receipts for which are in possession of General Hays' family, and invoices for fifteen are shown. Seven of these flags were secreted by the men capturing them, distributed as souvenirs and never turned in:

INVOICE OF FLAGS CAPTURED AT GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 3d, 1863.

By Third Division, Second Army Corps, Commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

No. 1.

BRIGADE	REGIMENT	CAPTURED BY	TAKEN FROM	No.	INSCRIBED
1st Brigade,	8th Ohio,	Company G,	34th North Carolina,	1	Cedar Run, Manassas, Ox Hill, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville.
1st Brigade,	8th Ohio,	Company G,	38th Virginia,	1	Thirty-eighth Virginia.
2nd Brigade,	1st Delaware,	John Mayberry, Co. F.	7th North Carolina,	1	Newbern, Hanover, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Manassas Junction, Manassas Plain, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Chancellorsville.
2nd Brigade,	1st Delaware,	Company C,	13th Alabama	1	Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville.
2nd Brigade,	12th New Jersey,	12th New Jersey,	Not known,	2	No inscription. Battle Flags.
3rd Brigade,	39th New York,	1st Sgt. Maggie,	Not known,	1	Manassas, Seven Pines, Gaines Farm, Malvern Hill.
3rd Brigade,	39th New York,	Corp. Navordie,	Not known,	1	No inscription. Battle Flag.
3rd Brigade,	126th New York,	Pvt. G. H. Dore,	Not known,	1	No inscription. Battle Flag.
3rd Brigade,	126th New York,	Cap. M. Brown,	Not known,	1	Manassas, Cedar Run, Frazier's Farm, Cold Harbor, Mechanicsville, Hanover, Ox Hill, Harpers Ferry.
			Total,	10	

Received this 5th day of July, 1863, of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, commanding Third Division, Second Army Corps, Ten (10) Flags, (Rebel) captured by the Third Division at the Battle of Gettysburg, inscribed as above.

EDWIN P. BROWNSON,
Capt., A. D. C., & A. A. A. G.

INVOICE OF FLAGS CAPTURED AT GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 3d, 1863.

By Third Division, Second Army Corps, Commanded by Brigadier General Alexander Hays.

No. 2.

BRIGADE	REGIMENT	CAPTURED BY	TAKEN FROM	No.	INSCRIBED
1st Brigade,	14th Indiana,	Pvt. John Rood, Co. F.	21st North Carolina,	1	No inscription. Battle Flag and staff.
2nd Brigade,	11th Connecticut	14th Connecticut	1st Tennessee,	1	Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville.
2nd Brigade,	14th Connecticut	14th Connecticut	52d North Carolina,	1	Fifty-second North Carolina. Battle Flag.
2nd Brigade,	14th Connecticut	14th Connecticut	16th North Carolina,	1	Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville.
2nd Brigade,	14th Connecticut	14th Connecticut	14th Tennessee,	1	Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville.
			Total,	5	

Received this 8th day of July, 1863, of Brigadier General Alexander Hays, commanding Third Division, Second Army Corps. Five (5) Flags, (Rebel), captured by the Third Division at the Battle of Gettysburg, inscribed as above.

EDWIN P. BROWNSON,

CHAPTER X.

(From July 7, 1863, to September 12, 1863.)

THE RETURN FROM GETTYSBURG—BATTLE OF WAPPING HEIGHTS—SULPHUR SPRINGS.

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all they hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner waving o'er us!

* * *

And when the cannon-mountings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight pall,
Then shall they meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death."

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE Battle of Gettysburg, the first great battle for the Union fought on Freedom's soil, had been won, and a demoralized foe was fleeing from the scene of the first decisive defeat, with a victorious army in pursuit. Traces of the discomfiture were everywhere visible as we passed through Emmettsburg, Middletown, Mechanicsville and Frederick City, arriving on July 9th at a point near South Mountain.

On the 10th the march was resumed, and passing through Keedysville we crossed Antietam Creek, and encamped near the stone bridge made famous by Burnside's gallant charge on the Antietam battlefield.

The Third Corps at South Mountain had been augumented by General French's Division, which, during the Battle of Gettysburg, had been stationed at Harper's Ferry and vicin-

ity. This division contained six regiments, numbering nearly seven thousand available men, while the two old divisions of the "Fighting Third Corps," Hooker's and Kearney's, with forty regiments, could scarcely muster for duty five thousand soldiers. By virtue of seniority of rank, at this point, General French assumed command of the corps.

About noon on July 14th, word was received that General Lee, with his army, had succeeded in recrossing the Potomac, which had been greatly swollen by recent rains, and we continued our march in the direction of Williamsport, passing through the strong lines of entrenchments recently held by the retreating army. On the following day we passed through Fairplay and Sharpsburg, marching in the direction of Harper's Ferry, continuing on the 16th through Pleasant Valley, bivouacking for the night near Sandy Hook. On our route we passed the former home of old John Brown, whose soul, according to song and tradition, is still valiantly "marching on." At 4 o'clock p. m. on July 16th, we crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, to the tune of

"Carry me back to old Virginia
To old Virginia's shore."

Our column, in the dim, uncertain light of a cloudy, misty evening, dragged its slow length along the base of the mountain into the beautiful Loudon Valley, bivouacking for the night at 10 o'clock, only to be aroused by reveille at 3 o'clock the next morning, to resume our pilgrimage in the direction of Leesburg, going into camp at noon for the remainder of the day, where we enjoyed a much-needed rest. On the morning of July 19th we again marched at daylight, halting at 11 o'clock a. m., near Woodville. On the 20th we marched continuously from 4 o'clock a. m. till 3 p. m., when we bivouacked near Upperville, after covering about fifteen miles. The day was hot and sultry and the march a most fatiguing one. We remained here during the 21st, and on the following day resumed our march, passing through the villages of Piedmont, Markham and Thayersville, to Manassas Gap. The First and

Second Divisions were temporarily detached from the corps and army for the purpose of holding Manassas Gap.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of July 23rd, our division was once more on the move and formed in line of battle on an eminence overlooking the village of Linden, where we remained for a short time while our cavalry scouts and infantry skirmishers proceeded to "stir up" the enemy who, we discovered, had quite a formidable line in our immediate front.

As a support to the skirmishers, our division advanced in line of battle over hills and through valleys, until we had succeeded in driving the enemy two or three miles from ground of his own selection. The fields over which we advanced were not available for artillery, and although the Keystone and Captain Robinson's Fourth Maine Batteries were with us, they did not open fire during the day. General French, who accompanied the division as commander, imagined that the enemy was in strong force in our front, and by his representations induced General Meade to advance the whole army of the Potomac to within supporting distance. In the afternoon we were subjected to severe shelling from the enemy's batteries, but by forming our lines of battle under the brow of a hill and taking advantage of natural protection, our loss during the day was comparatively light. The Second Division bore the brunt of the fight, which was known in official reports as the "Battle of Wapping Heights."

Colonel Kirkwood, having died from wounds received in action, Major John A. Danks was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and Captain James F. Ryan to Major of the Sixty-third.

On the morning of the 25th, we again took up the line of march, passing through Salem, and bivouacking for the night in a blackberry patch near the village. On the following day we passed through Warrenton and went into camp at Sulphur Springs, where communication with Washington was opened for the first time since leaving the Gettysburg battlefield.

Sulphur Springs was, in ante-bellum days, a famous resort

of the chivalry of the South. Though the splendid buildings of the once magnificent watering place were in ruins, the "Season" of 1863, as inaugurated by the grand triumphal march of the old Phil Kearney division, was fully equal in the number and prestige of its male guests to the palmiest days of Sulphur Springs, when Davis, Clay, Calhoun and the famous fire-eaters and statesmen of the South honored the place with their presence and languid valitudinarians, stately matrons, and youthful belles and beaux held high carnival at Virginia's famous resort.

Within a short distance from Hedgeman's River (the north fork of the historic Rappahannock) and six miles from the beautiful little city of Warrenton, our summer encampment was most delightfully located on the old "Tournament Grounds," where in former times the self-styled chivalry of the South were wont to display the feats of athletic skill and horsemanship, in mimic warfare, joust and tilt, to admiring belles, imitating the exploits of famous knights in ancient days, when chivalry was more than an empty name.

On these famous grounds, the white tents of "Northern mudsills" were pitched and their daily drills, reviews and dress parades presented a far more beautiful and inspiring spectacle than even the best days of Sulphur Springs could boast. The large hotel, once capable of accommodating fifteen hundred guests, had been demolished by shot and shell; a portion of the walls and the colossal pillars that once supported its portico were still standing, and the effect of the stately ruins, especially by moonlight, was fine.

"Rowdy Hall," totally dismantled, but with walls and rooms intact, a four-story brick edifice, was utilized as a division hospital. The building, as its name implies, was formerly a "holy terror" to staid old matrons and demure young misses, when it was the favorite resort of the fast blades and wild scions of Southern aristocracy, who were wont to reign supreme within its walls, making night hideous and waking the echoes with their bacchanalian revels and batchelor

pranks, after the more sedate denizens of the hotel proper had retired to their quiet quarters.

The grounds adjoining the hotel ruins were tastefully laid out and abounded in stately, magnificent shade trees, beneath whose branches groups of soldiers wearing the red patch, reclined with all the abandon of Southern planters, and enjoyed their "otium cum dignitate," when not on duty. In the centre of the grounds were the ruins of a once beautiful fountain; but the walls of its cistern were cracked and crumbling; grass and rank weeds grew in its basin, and its jets no longer sparkled in the summer sun.

An octagonal building, fashioned after a Greek temple, with its white pillars and crumbling roof, at the foot of the main walk covered the springs proper, and thither, during our season, officers and enlisted men in great numbers resorted to drink its famed medicinal and health-giving waters. Here, reclining upon the seats arranged around the temple, were wont to assemble in summer days gone by, stout old ladies, confirmed invalids, the fat, the gouty, the consumptive, bright-eyed belles and gallant beaux, senators and statesmen, politicians and planters, governors and gossips, bishops and laymen, to discuss the weighty affairs of church and state, politics, fashion, literature, love and scandal; and here perhaps to a greater extent than in any other portion of the South, not even excepting Charleston, South Carolina, were conceived, concocted and perfected the infamous schemes of traitors to dissolve the Union, during the seasons of 1860 and 1861. The seats were now in ruins, the walls were covered with mould, the beautiful statue thrown from its pedestal and so defaced that even its sculptor would fail to recognize his handiwork.

Under the stately trees surrounding the ruins the headquarter tents of Major General Birney and staff were picturesquely pitched.

During our stay here, a theater was improvished, and "refined vaudeville" entertainments given by Third Corps talent, that would reflect credit upon many of the stock companies and star combinations of the great metropolis. The

front of one of the cottages in the hotel yard, with its pretty portico an vine-covered trellises, formed an appropriate background; foot lights were extemporized from fruit and vegetable cans illuminated by government candles, and the entire stage and scenic accessories reflected great credit upon the ingenuity and artistic attainments of the men among whom were also discovered a number possessing histrionic and musical talent of a high order.

The division remained in its pleasant camp at Sulphur Springs until September 15th, performing the ordinary duties of soldiers in the field, and enjoyed the pleasant summer season of 1863, bathing in the pellucid water of Hedgeman's River, drinking the highly impregnated medicinal waters of the Springs, and resting after the lazy manner of soldiers in camp.

The waters of the Springs were at first very unpalatable, but after the men became accustomed to the taste, they relished them much better than the insipid waters procured for drinking purposes from the river and hastily dug wells in camp.

Old Henry Gardner, of Company A, took a mouthful, spat it out and said, "Mine Gott, boys! Don't he schmell pad?" Polk McCullough, after trying to drink it, said: "It was too d—— botanical for him, and anyone who would drink such stuff was sure to die of the black tongue." It was said to be very healthful, and it certainly should have had that virtue at least.

On the 14th of August, every commissioned officer and enlisted man of the Old Third Corps—"The Third Corps, as we understand it," comprising the divisions formerly commanded by Kearney and Hooker, contributed one day's pay to the purchase of a carriage for the gallant Sickles, who lost a leg at Gettysburg. This was a touching testimonial from the men who had witnessed his gallantry on the blood-stained fields of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and was to him a most pleasant assurance of the respect and esteem with which

the war-worn heroes of the decimated division regarded their old commander.

On the 23rd of August, the division was reviewed by General Birney, and on the 7th of September, the entire corps passed in review before Major General Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, and a large number of distinguished guests.

While at this camp we received quite a number of recruits, conscripts and substitutes. Many thought that the government made a mistake in placing the new men among the old veterans, instead of in regiments by themselves, as the original volunteers looked on the drafted men as those who would not enlist to fight for their country, but waited to be dragged out. Of the substitutes who entered the service for the purpose of securing big bounties, there was much distrust as in the North at this time, the practice of "bounty jumping" had almost reached the dignity of a profession among the criminal classes.

A sharp little Dutchman named Billy Bitner, of our regiment, got up a financial scheme by making a kind of walking speakeasy of himself. Many of the conscripts dearly loved their whiskey, but the commissary would not sell any to the private soldiers, and the conscripts, not understanding the art of securing it, sought Billy as their friend. He told them that it was very hard to get and very dear, and a canteenful would cost them two dollars. Those that had money and a severe thirst, gave him the cash at once. Billy would write an order on the commissary, signing an officer's name, and take it to the commissary where he would get his canteen filled for fifty cents, making a good profit.

On the 12th of September, while the troops were on brigade drill, marching orders were received and we returned to camp, packed up, and were shortly in line and en route.

Rumors had been rife for several days that Lee was contemplating another Northern campaign, with a view to bolstering up the fortunes of the Confederacy, capture Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, retrieve the

disasters of two former attempts, and it was even thought that he, with his army of Northern Virginia, was already on the move.

Our stay at this place had been long and pleasant, yet with some regrets at leaving the picturesque camp and routine of light duty, the prospect of another campaign was hailed with joy by many of the soldiers, already tired with "stiff parades, blank and empty forms, and stately courtesy."

After a march of a few miles we bivouacked for the night at 10 o'clock p. m. near Fox's Mill.

CHAPTER XI.

(From September 16, 1863, to December 3, 1863.)

March to Culpepper—The Third Corps Union—Centerville and Brandy Station—Battles of Auburn, Kelly's Ford, Locust Grove and Mine Run.

"Oh, there's not a trade that's going,
Worth showing,
Or knowing,
Like that from glory growing,
For a bold sojer boy:

Where right or left we go,
Sure you know,
Friend or foe,
Will have the hand or toe
From a bold sojer boy.

* * *

There's not a town we march through
But the ladies looking arch through
The window panes will search through
The ranks to find their joy."

WHILE the old soldiers were rejoiced to be again on the march, with prospects of novelty and adventure before them, many regretted to bid adieu to the pleasant camps, the lovely groves and classic environments of Sulphur Springs.

Once more our ranks were comparatively well filled by conscripts and substitutes; the men, as a rule, were in the enjoyment of excellent health and ready for a vigorous campaign.

It was amusing to observe the new men loading themselves with baggage when they started. We had done the same thing at first, but experience had taught us better. Some had their knapsacks filled to overflowing with stuff and a lot piled on top, but a few hours tramping in the hot sun began to tell on them, and they would unload piecemeal, throwing away

one article after another until they were like the older men, in light marching order.

We forded the Rappahannock on the 16th, and started for Culpepper, where we crossed a small stream at some mills about dark, and halted a short distance from the town of Culpepper.

Early next morning word was brought that the enemy was advancing in force and we were hurried out along a turnpike road, where the brigade was formed in line of battle. The boys were very cheerful and appeared anxious for a brush with their old friends, the enemy, but after waiting for a long time we learned that it was a false alarm and that no enemy was in the neighborhood. The division then went into camp near the Sperryville Turnpike, and remained there for a couple of weeks, engaged in picket duty.

Culpepper is an old place, the Shire town of the county of the same name, and although a small place, was a hot bed of secession. The citizens generally hated the Union soldier. The boys seldom went into the town, as the officers had given strict orders against it, and as we now were in Mosby's territory, where he raised most of his guerilla troops, it was not safe to venture far from camp.

On October 11th it was reported that General Lee was trying to turn our right flank, and get in our rear, as he had done the year before. This made a retrograde movement necessary and on the afternoon of that day we moved to the rear and recrossed the river, camping about dark near Sulphur Springs. We continued our move to the rear, and about 4 o'clock on the 13th, encountered the rebel cavalry at Auburn Creek, having a lively fight, but the enemy soon fell back and we moved on, halting at night at the village of Greenwich, continuing on to Centerville, "center of uncertainty," on the 14th.

At about dusk on the 15th of October, we learned that General Sickles, who was on a visit to the army, was to pass our encampment. The old soldiers of his historic corps, who had witnessed his bravery and gallant conduct on many a hard

fought field gathered on either side of the road, to welcome the Hero of Gettysburg. Cheer upon cheer rent the air as his carriage passed, showing the estimation in which the Kearney veterans regarded their beloved commander.

The officers of the old Third Corps, "The Third Corps as we understand it," had a short time previously organized an association known as the "Third Corps Union," for the purpose of more firmly cementing the bonds of brotherhood and ties of friendship between the veterans of this old fighting Corps, and establishing a fund for the benefit of deserving officers wounded or disabled in the service, and also for the benefit of widows and families of deceased members. The "Third Corps Union" also embalmed and sent home the bodies of its members killed in action. A beautiful gold badge, designed by Colonel, afterwards General de Trobriand, and manufactured by Tiffany, the New York jeweler, was adopted. The design was a Maltese cross, in the center of which a lozenge or diamond, enameled in either red, white, or blue, to designate the division of its wearer, was encircled by a laurel wreath over which were two crossed swords. The motto of the Third Corps Union emblazoned on the badge was "Dulce Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori."

General French, now commanding the corps, and his division, never having participated in any battle or engagement with the corps were excluded from membership, which greatly irritated "Old Blinky," and called forth from him a general order, lauding his pets in language uncalled for and ungrammatical, claiming for them a right to be admitted to membership in the following language:

"The General now commanding the Corps of Hooker, Sickles, Berry and as his near friend, dares to raise the shroud of the chivalric Kearney, needs nothing further to convince the brave and intelligent soldiers of this Corps that the efforts for preference over the reputation of brother soldiers, no matter what State or what Army may claim them, when they have proved true and faithful to our Union and to our glorious flag, ought and must be admitted to the position to which by their bravery they are entitled (!!!)"

In this respect, as in many others, did the "Old Third

Corps" evince the esprit de corps, which has ever characterized its members in camp, field, and in the walks of civil life. This was the first association formed by soldiers of the civil war for mutual benefit and self protection, antedating by many years the Army and Navy Union, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Union Veteran Legion, and all similar organizations of veteran soldiers.

On the 15th of October we moved to Fairfax Station, where we remained until the 19th, when we moved to Bristoe Station and encamped. We again marched through Greenwich on the 20th, and encamped a couple of miles beyond the town. On the 21st we passed over the ground where General Hays' Division (our old Colonel), had a hot fight with the enemy a short time before.

From now until November 7th we were moved along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which had been destroyed by the enemy, and we did our share in rebuilding it. The same day we moved to Kelly's Ford, where we had a brisk fight with the rebs, who tried to prevent us from crossing. It was in this fight that we lost Captain Timothy M. Maynard. He had gone out as first lieutenant of Company B, afterwards being promoted to captain, and later made brigade inspector. During this fight he stooped to give a drink to a wounded rebel officer, and while holding his canteen to the lips of the dying man, was shot through the bowels, dying from the effects of his wound next day.

We moved to Brandy Station on the 8th, and encamped on the farm of John Miner Botts, where we remained for several weeks. November 26th we crossed the Rapidan at Jacob's Ford, and the following day hurried to relieve the Third Division that was fighting with a part of Ewell's Corps. At Locust Grove we had quite a lively fight with the Johnnies and lost several men.

The Battle of Locust Grove, as it was officially known, and in which hundreds of gallant soldiers were killed and wounded, was another one of the stupendous blunders of the war. It

was an engagement that should never have occurred. It was neither planned nor anticipated by the Commander-in-Chief. The new commander of the Third Corps became, from some cause or other, never officially investigated, somewhat "obfusticated" during the day and marched his men on an unfrequented wood road, where, in a dense growth of locust and other forest trees and underbrush, the column unexpectedly encountered the enemy in force and a fierce fight ensued, to the astonishment and bewilderment of both sides, neither Meade nor Lee expecting an engagement at this point, most unsuitable in every respect for a battle ground. It was apparent to even the soldiers in the ranks that "some one had blundered," and not much difficulty was experienced among the veterans in fixing the responsibility. During the night the enemy skedaddled, evidently as much surprised as were our officers and men, at the interruption of their march.

On the 28th we marched all day in a chilling rain and came up with the enemy, who held a strong position on Mine Run. The next day we laid in a field not far from the enemy; the weather had grown cold and stormy and we were not allowed to kindle any fires.

The enemy was strongly entrenched in our front and orders were issued to the skirmish line not to attempt any move which would inaugurate a general engagement. The rebels, contrary to their usual custom, swarmed upon the ramparts of their seemingly impregnable works, which presented a formidable array of artillery and glistening bayonets, and thronged the field between their rifle pits and skirmish line, performing all sorts of derisive antics, and challenging our men to "come over and take them." The night was intensely cold and the clothing of the men had become thoroughly saturated by recent rains and the fording of numerous creeks and runs during the march.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, after making coffee and partaking of a hastily improvised breakfast, we were moved a short distance to the front, forming in line of battle in full view of the enemy, who had been busily engaged dur-

ing the preceding day and night in strengthening his works and planting new batteries. Camp fires were now permitted, the smoke from which became almost intolerable. Again, on the morning of the 30th, we were aroused at 3 o'clock and preparations were made for an assault upon the enemy's strongly fortified position, which had been expected for the past two days.

As it became evident that no general engagement would occur, the following humorous notice was circulated throughout the division:

"NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY!

The mammoth sensational show advertised for this day and date has been unavoidably and indefinitely postponed by reason of miscalculation on the part of the managers.

It is hoped that our kind and indulgent patrons at the North, who evince such a deep and patriotic interest in our welfare by wondering 'why the army does not move and end this unholy rebellion,' will kindly overlook the present disappointment and rest assured that the management will endeavor to prevent any similar occurrence in the future.

Due notice will be given of the next performance through the medium of the great newspapers of the North, in order that all may avail themselves of the opportunity to be present and participate in the grand finale.

G. G. MEADE,
R. E. LEE,

Stage Managers and Ring Masters of the Great American Show."

During the day, artillery and musketry duels were intermitent, and no attempt was made by either army to advance or bring on an engagement.

The weather continued extremely cold and many of the soldiers on picket the previous night were so badly frozen as to lose limbs, and many instances were reported where our soldiers perished from cold at their posts.

One historian of the war, who was a member of the Kearney division, thus describes the events of this memorable engagement:

"An assault had been ordered by General Meade and the necessary dispositions were carefully made. General Warren on the extreme

left with twenty-eight thousand men under his command, was to give the signal for the charge. He was to assault, with his troops, the enemy's right, and the attack was to be made general from left to right on the Union lines, taking cue from him.

How anxiously the Army of the Potomac watched and waited for that signal from Warren! The position of the foe was carefully chosen and strongly entrenched, and every soldier knew and realized that it was a fearful task to charge across that wide plain over Mine Run and upon the fierce array of bristling bayonets that gleamed and glittered behind the strong earthworks of the wary foe, yet every man was determined to do his duty and face the fiery ordeal.

General Warren, with a bravery that won for him the love of his old soldiers, and every man in the Union Army, declared that he would prefer being cashiered by court martial for disobedience of orders, to sacrificing so many lives. He dared, on this occasion, to disobey the commands of his superior officer preferring, if necessary, to incur the penalties of insubordination to the self-consciousness of being a wholesale murderer. All honor to him! General Meade, seeing the impracticability of a general assault, wisely abandoned the project which would have cost so many lives."

The artillery firing gradually ceased as if by mutual consent, but the sharpshooters and skirmishers kept up an incessant fire during the day.

On the morning of December 1st, the division was moved a short distance to the rear and bivouacked in the woods. Artillery was all day passing to the rear and long before the orders came for a forced march during the night, it became evident that once again the grand old Army of the Potomac was to retreat. Reminiscences of the Peninsula, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville came unbidden to the boys in blue, but everyone seemed disposed to make the best of an unavoidable "bad fix."

Early in the evening, leaving our camp and bivouac fires burning brightly, we moved stealthily and cautiously to the rear. Several houses and outbuildings along the line of march were burned to furnish amusement for the "boys." The roads over which we passed, had been badly cut up by artillery and wagon trains, but providentially they had become frozen, which rendered our retreat, at any rate, less disagreeable than it might have been wading knee deep through Virginia mud.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of December, we recrossed the Rapidan, having marched continuously for twelve hours and a distance of more than twenty miles without a halt. Never was a more appropriate selection made by the brigade band as we filed into a temporary camp than when it struck up the familiar air:

"Ain't We Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness."

We marched about eight miles on the 2nd, and at 6 p. m. halted for rest and coffee, resuming our march at midnight, and on the morning of the 3rd reached our old camps, which we immediately re-occupied. Weary, footsore, almost worn out and disheartened, we hailed with joy the prospect of a brief rest in comfortable quarters.

Among all the reports, official and unofficial, letters from correspondents, special dispatches, and personal communications concerning the memorable and disastrous Mine Run campaign, the following extract from Dunn Brown's letter seems to "cover the ground" admirably:

"December 3, 1863.

"We have just returned from our little excursion over the Rapidan; and as one might expect from such a miserable, barren, wasted, desolate and God-forsaken country as we have visited, we have returned no whit richer than when we went away. Why, we find that not even laurels grow there at this season, and so didn't pluck one as far as I can learn. We just dropped over unceremoniously to call upon Lee, and found him making so much fuss to receive us, overdoing the thing in fact, that we wouldn't stop, but retired in disgust. We don't want too much parade made on our account. When we found that he was cutting down all the trees in his front yard to make an uncommonly high fence and even digging up a portion of his farm into mounds and ditches and such like ornamental works, over our arrival, we wouldn't countenance the thing and came away before putting him to still more trouble."

CHAPTER XII.

(From December 3, 1863, to April 26, 1864.)

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION—THIRD CORPS BALL—GRANT IN COMMAND—REORGANIZATION OF ARMY—DISBANDMENT OF THIRD CORPS—RETURN OF GENERAL HAYS—LETTER OF GENERAL HAYS TO GOVERNOR CURTIN.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Brandy Station had assembled then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lights shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

EXHAUSTED by the marches and exposures incidental to the brief, tedious and inglorious Mine Run campaign, the troops retired early on the night of December 3rd, and were just comfortably nestled in the arms of Morpheus when the bugle sounding the "general" from brigade headquarters, startled us as though a shell had suddenly burst in our midst. We speedily "turned out," packed up, struck tents, loaded the wagons, and fell into line. The cause of the sudden call to arms was unknown and it was rumored that the enemy had followed up our retreating columns and was about to attack us on our own ground. At midnight, marching orders were countermanded and the weary soldiers returned to "roost" and slept soundly until daylight. At noon the following day another general alarm was sounded and the lines again formed, but at dusk, orders were received to make ourselves "comfortable for the night."

Appearances now indicated that the army would remain for a time at this place and the soldiers proceeded to stockade their tents, construct chimneys, and make preparations for

"winter quarters." Routine camp duties were resumed and details furnished for picket and fatigue purposes, building corduroy roads and repairing fences for John Minor Botts, upon whose plantation we were encamped. It was currently reported and generally believed that Botts, a former United States Senator from Virginia, was "carrying water on both shoulders," levying tribute from both armies, professing loyalty indiscriminately to the Union and Confederate governments, as the armies of each occupied alternately, his grounds, receiving payment from both governments for all damages to his buildings, fences and wood lots irrespective of which side was responsible for the damage. He made frequent complaints to brigade, division and corps commanders of the alleged depredations of the soldiers. The well-seasoned split rails of the old-fashioned "stake-and-rider snake fences," which in ante-bellum days were so common in the Old Dominion, made excellent material for camp fires, and miles of these fences would disappear in the twinkling of an eye, whenever troops of either army were encamped in the neighborhood. The ire of Botts was temporarily appeased upon one occasion by the promise of one of our generals to issue an order permitting his men to take only "the top rail." It was not until all his fences had disappeared, that the indignant planter realized that under a strict interpretation of this order each rail in turn became a "top" one. Being forbidden to cut down the trees on Botts' property, wood for fuel and building purposes became very scarce and many of the men were obliged to "tote" it on their shoulders for more than a mile. Accordingly, in January, 1864, division camp was moved upon property belonging to some other owner, and model camps were soon constructed.

On the 12th of January, orders were received allowing a limited number of leaves of absence to officers and furloughs to enlisted men. Many ingenious excuses were formulated to secure these privileges as everybody was anxious to visit home and "God's country" once more, if only for a brief period.

On January 13th, a reunion of the commissioned officers was held at General Birney's headquarters, after which occasion Mr. Bullock, of Philadelphia, presented to the general for the soldiers of his division, seven thousand pairs of warm, woolen mittens. Colonel White, of Philadelphia, made the presentation speech in behalf of Mr. Bullock, and General Birney replied in behalf of the officers and men of the "Red Patch" division in an eloquent speech in which, after thanking the generous donor, he claimed the privilege, when occasion required, of "handling the enemy without either gloves or mittens." In honor of the patriotic Philadelphian, the division camp at this place was designated in general orders as "Camp Bullock."

Songs and speeches followed the presentation and the evening terminated in a dance. General Birney designated Wednesday evening of each week as his "reception evening" and a general invitation was extended to the field, staff and line officers of the division to attend.

A number of ladies from the North visited the army while at this pleasant camp. On the evening of January 25th the officers of the Third Corps held a grand ball at the headquarters of General Carr, commanding the Third Division of the corps. An elegant mansion, formerly occupied by one of the F. F. Vs., was utilized for reception and dressing rooms and an annex for ball-room, 36x96 feet in dimensions, had been constructed from logs and roofed with wagon covers, tent flies and tarpaulins. The interior was tastefully and artistically decorated with evergreens, flags, bunting, pennants and streamers of the national colors, brilliantly illuminated with locomotive headlights, lanterns and commissary candles in sconces of appropriate designs. Stacks of arms were among the decorations not usually found in ball rooms, and the tout ensemble was fine as the gay couples moved in the merry mazes of the dance. White-gloved sentinels in full uniform, with fixed bayonets, were stationed at the doors and approaches to the mansion and ball room.

On Wednesday, February 24th, the division was reviewed

by Generals French and Birney. Several ladies graced the occasion; the weather was fine, and the troops in excellent condition. After the review a reception was held at division headquarters, attended by nearly all the field, staff and line officers.

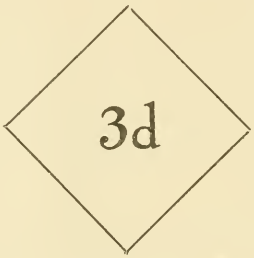
During our stay at Camp Bullock, a theatre was erected from logs and confiscated lumber, near division headquarters, with a seating capacity for eight hundred persons. It was roofed with wagon covers and tarpaulins and boasted a stage of good proportions. Some amateur talent was found among the soldiers, and a number of well-known professionals were secured from Washington, New York and Philadelphia. Entertainments were given every evening.

Over a foot of snow fell on the 22nd of March, and the soldiers engaged in mimic warfare, entering into the sport of snow-balling with the zest and enthusiasm of children. Sleighs and "jumpers" were improvised by the men and coasting was indulged in wherever there was even a slight declivity. Lieutenant General Grant, who had been appointed by President Lincoln commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, arrived at Culpepper on March 24th, and established headquarters at that place.

A reorganization of the Army of the Potomac was effected and long expected and long dreaded, (though for months we had hoped against hope) the order was received disbanding the grand old Third Army Corps. The divisions formerly commanded by Kearney and Hooker were permitted to retain their badges, the red and white diamond, while constituting the Third Division of the Second Corps, the badge of which was a trefoil. This was a wise concession on the part of the officer ordering the consolidation as when the rumor that the Third Corps was to lose its identity as such was circulated, the men of this division vehemently asserted that under no consideration would they wear any other designating badge than the red diamond, under which they had marched to victory and to defeat, and fought on many an ensanguined field. The disappointment at the dissolution of this, the oldest

corps in the army, showing the most famous record for gallantry in the field, was shared alike by commissioned officers and enlisted men. To emphasize their strong feeling on this subject, some of the soldiers of one regiment in the division secured some pickets from a "secesh" fence, which they placed around an enclosure which they called a cemetery, in which they erected a board "head stone" upon which was inscribed:

SACRED
to the
MEMORY OF THE OLD



CORPS
Killed by General Order No. 9
March, 1864.

Actuated by
Personal Malice, Spite and Jealousy

"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE."

The reorganization of the army was effected on March 25th, 1864, and the First Division of the old Third Corps became the Third Division of the Second Corps. General Birney retained command of the division, and the following regiments constituted the Second Brigade under the command of Brigadier General Alexander Hays:

Fourth Maine—Colonel Walker.
Seventeenth Maine—Colonel West.
Third Michigan—Colonel Pierce.

Fifth Michigan—Lieutenant Colonel Pulford.
Sixty-third Pennsylvania—Lieutenant Colonel Danks.
Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania—Lieutenant Colonel Winslow.
Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania—Colonel Sides.
One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania—Colonel Craig.
First United States Sharpshooters—Major Mattocks, of the Seventeenth Maine, commanding by assignment.

The return of General Hays to this division was hailed with joy, not only by the members of his old regiment, but by the soldiers of every regiment in the division, who had watched with pride and interest the glories of his achievements in another command since his promotion from colonel of the Sixty-third.

On the morning of March 21st, the camps of the division were changed to conform to the new arrangements, the regiments moving into quarters vacated by the Third Division of the Third Corps which had been transferred entire to the Sixth Corps. The camp was situated upon low, marshy ground and was in an outrageously filthy and unsanitary condition. Our first orders from General Hays were to police the camps and grounds as thoroughly as possible. The number of soldiers' graves in the vicinity of our new camp was a sad commentary on the sanitary condition of the troops who had lived (and died) there before us.

The men immediately proceeded to police and drain the grounds as best they might, and repair the "shebangs" as neatly and comfortably as possible; and we thanked our lucky stars that the season was rapidly approaching when we could exchange the filthy and miserable log shanties for a life in the open air.

On the 9th of April orders were received to send all surplus and extra baggage to the rear and for all women, citizens and sutlers, to leave the army prior to the 16th instant.

Wednesday, the 13th, the division was reviewed on the grounds in front of the residence of John Minor Botts, near Brandy Station. Major Generals Meade, Hancock, Humphreys and Birney, Brigadier Generals Gibbon, Mott, Carr, Hays and Ward, with several foreign officers of distinction, were the

reviewing officers. The troops had long been preparing for the inspection and review at which it was expected that the new Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant General Grant, would be present.

Probably a finer spectacle was never witnessed on any field. Nearly every soldier in the command wore white gloves; the condition of uniforms, arms and accoutrements was faultless, and each man seemed to vie with his comrade in personal appearance, military bearing and soldierly deportment.

The foreign officers expressed much astonishment at such conditions in an army in the field in time of actual war.

On Friday, April 22nd, the entire Second Corps passed in review before Lieutenant General Grant. The starry shoulder straps were out in goodly numbers from all parts of the army, but Grant was the "observed of all observers," this being the first opportunity that the veterans of the Army of the Potomac had of seeing their new commander.

On the 26th of April, the division moved out of winter quarters and encamped in an open field near Stevensburg, in shelter tents, without fire-places or chimneys,—a precautionary sanitary measure to acclimate the men and prepare them for active campaigning in the immediate future.

Indications of an approaching move were everywhere apparent; but no one could guess in what direction it was to be made. Previously it had been customary on the eve of a campaign for even the rank and file of the army, either officially or unofficially, to know the nature and object of military movements in advance, but not an intimation was now given of the probable destination of the Army of the Potomac. Orders were received that during the coming campaign no bugle calls were to be sounded or music by bands or drum corps allowed, without special permission from headquarters.

Upon returning to his old division to assume command of this brigade, General Hays addressed a letter to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, which may be appropriately incorporated in this place as a portion of the story of the gallant

Sixty-third, and a deserved tribute to one of its most popular officers:

Camp Birney, April 15, 1864.

His Excellency, Hon. A. G. Curtin, Governor:

It is long since I have obtruded upon you anything relating to my "Old Pet," the Sixty-third Regiment.

Nearly eighteen months ago, I was forced to leave the boys upon the bloody and disastrous field of Bull Run, but not until the regiment with its comrade, the One Hundred and Fifth, had laid nearly one-half of their combined numbers upon the field, exponents of the principles which they have always expressed from the commencement of the war.

Engaged since then in the exigencies of the service, I have gained some credit with the troops of other states. I have led New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Delaware, Connecticut and West Virginia regiments five times into action with most complete success and, thank the God of War, once upon my native soil. Your National Mausoleum covers the battlefield of the 3rd of July.

The stern tyrant "Military Necessity," on the 26th of March, disbanded the division of which I had command for nearly a year. I was then assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps, commanded by General Birney. This brought me, like the culprit sentenced to be hung, "To the place from whence I came." I have therefore a brigade of nine regiments in my command, four of which are Pennsylvanians,—the Sixty-third, One Hundred and Fifth, Fifty-seventh and Sixty-eighth. The others are from Maine and Michigan, with the First Regiment United States Sharpshooters (Colonel Berdan), but all are from Kearney's old command on the Peninsula. My greetings on return were most satisfactory, and I never have felt so proud of a command. It is acknowledged, with its five thousand (nearly), to be unequaled in the army, and is expected to "crack brush," between this and Richmond.

When I received my promotion, I selected as aid-de-camp, Second Lieutenant David Shields, of Company F, Sixty-third Pennsylvania. During his absence from the regiment, in violation of every sense of justice, and the rule which you know I established in the Sixty-third, to give promotion by seniority to commissioned officers, unless forfeited by demerit, and which was frequently approved by yourself, the rule was violated, perhaps on the principle of "out of sight, out of mind," and when a vacancy of first lieutenant occurred, Lieutenant Shields was overlooked and another substituted in his place, I am certain by fraudulent representations to you. There is now a vacancy for captaincy or majority in the regiment, and Lieutenant Shields asks promotion, as is his right. He has never forfeited but, on the contrary, has fortified his claims.

Lieutenant Shields has been with the regiment as a private, corporal, sergeant, second lieutenant in all its battles except Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and since with me at Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe, Mine Run and Morton's Ford, always wearing the ensign of the Sixty-third.

I enclose a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Danks,, now commanding the regiment, which is an acknowledgment of the injustice done Lieutenant Shields.

You know that all communications from me regarding the regiment have been frank and sincere, and I believe you will now receive this in the same spirit, upon my assurance. Lieutenant Shields is now at home in consequence of a very dangerous wound through his left breast and back, received in our engagement with the rebels at Morton's Ford. He was also severely wounded in the foot.

Although he is quite a young man, I know no equal to him for cool courage (except Charlie Campbell, and he does not know the difference between minnie balls and Brandreth's pills). In addition, Shields has exhibited remarkable determination and judgment exceeding his years.

If you will, as I know you are disposed to, do justice to one of the bravest, best and most devoted of young Pennsylvanians. I think you will not only commission him as captain, but as I would, if I was governor of the State, make him major in the present vacancy. By so doing you will not only serve God and the country, but gratify the numerous friends who are yours most devotedly. He is the son of Thomas Shields, of Sewickley, near Pittsburgh; the grandson of David Shields, and the great-grandson of Major Daniel Leet, one of the first pioneers of the west. Please refer to the Allegheny delegation for further particulars.

I have no private claims to prefer, but it would give me some satisfaction to have your endorsement for major general (before I get killed), but there is no use asking that.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) ALEX HAYS,
Brig. Gen. Vols.

P. S.—I will add that our army never was so well prepared, or rather will be when we move to meet the rebels. We have faith in Sam Grant, and unwavering devotion to the Government, through Abraham Lincoln, its prophet. A. H.

NOTE—General Hays was killed within three weeks after writing the above.

CHAPTER XIII.

(From May 8, 1864, to May 11, 1864.)

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—DEATH OF GENERAL HAYS—BATTLES OF TODD'S TAVERN AND PO RIVER.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."
(Motto of the Third Corps Union)

"The prayers of fair women, like legions of angels
Watch over our soldiers by day and by night,
And the King of all Glory, the Chief of all Armies,
Shall love them and lead them, who dare to do right.
As each column sweeps by
Hear their heart's battle cry,—
It was Warren's—" 'Tis sweet for one's country to die!"

AT THE time of his return from the division of the Second Corps which he had previously commanded, and assuming a command in his old and loved division, General Hays and staff took possession of the commodious headquarters which had been erected for and occupied by one of the Sixth Corps brigade commanders. These consisted of five large log cabins with canvas roofs, built in a semi-circle, occupied as living quarters by the general and members of his staff, with a number of stockaded wall tents utilized for offices in the rear. Over the general's tent floated a large penant upon which was inscribed the words,

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

The officers of his personal staff at this time were:

George P. Corts, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General.
David Shields, Lieutenant Aid de Camp.
John S. Sullivan, Lieutenant and Acting Aid de Camp.
—— Wythe, Lieutenant and Acting Aid de Camp.
Homer L. Thayer, Lieutenant and Acting Aid de Camp.
Seth C. Hunkins, Major, Surgeon-in-Chief.
Edwin B. Houghton, Captain, Acting Assistant Inspector General.
—— Tomlinson, Captain, Commissary of Subsistence.
—— Stevenson, Lieutenant, Ambulance Officer.

Under the reorganization of the army, the offices of "inspector generals" of division and brigade were changed in name only, to division and brigade "inspectors," and a general shuffle and new deal was made in this corps. For what reason such changes were made on the eve of an approaching campaign was not apparent, and General Hays was very indignant. Captain Houghton, who had long filled the position of A. A. I. G., was assigned to the First Brigade of the division commanded by General J. H. Hobart Ward, and Captain Darling, of the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania, was detailed in his place. With this one change in its personelle, the general's staff at the Battle of the Wilderness and at the time of his death, were those enumerated above.

Just before midnight on Tuesday, May 3, 1864, the Army of the Potomac noiselessly broke camp, and the troops composing its different corps, commenced their march on what has become known in history as the Wilderness campaign.

At sunset on that memorable day, the officers of the Signal Corps of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, beheld from their station on Clark's Mountain, the tents and quarters of the Union Army of the Potomac, with wagon parks and batteries undisturbed and tranquil as though no movement was anticipated. On Wednesday, May 4th,

> " the sun,
> Of morn looked down and saw not one."

During the quiet hours of a night as dark as Erebus, the Yankee Army had "folded its tents like the Arabs, and as silently stole away." No unusual camp fires were kindled, no sound of bugle, fife or drum was heard, yet in an almost incredibly short period, the entire army with its immense trains of ambulances, ammunition, supply and baggage wagons and artillery was on the move.

So suddenly and unexpectedly to us came the orders, that there was no possibility of the enemy receiving intelligence of the contemplated movement, before from his picket lines and signal stations in the morning he beheld the deserted camps of the Union forces around Stevensburg, Brandy Station and

Culpepper Court House. Every corps, division, brigade and regiment had its appointed position and moved punctually and quickly at the designated hour.

Shortly after daybreak on May 4th, the division, now a portion of the Second Corps, crossed the Rapidan upon a pontoon bridge at Ely's Ford, without meeting any resistance from the enemy. Halting a half hour for breakfast and coffee, the march was resumed along the plank road, and early in the afternoon a halt was made on the Chancellorsville battlefield, on the very ground occupied by our division during the eventful engagement of Sunday, May 3rd, just one year before. The battlefield still showed signs of the memorable conflict. Skeletons and skulls of men and horses, fragments of shell and cannon balls with all the incidental debris of a fiercely contested battle, were thickly strewn upon the ground. Many of the bodies of brave Union and Confederate soldiers lay where they fighting fell, with knapsacks, clothing and accoutrements clinging to their skeleton forms. Some were recognized and identified by their former comrades, others afforded no clue to their identity. Every foot of that historic battlefield seemed to possess peculiar interest to those who had participated in the sanguinary contest of one year before and suggested many a sad incident of the disastrous contest, as groups of soldiers gathered about some familiar landmark to discuss the battle and relate pathetic experiences of that terrible day. Here a soldier tells his comrade how and where he received a wound; here fell a tent-mate; there we made a charge; others re-visit the narrow road through which we made the midnight assault which resulted in the death of the famous rebel general, Stonewall Jackson. Not far from our bivouac fell, mortally wounded, Maine's noble son and hero, General Hiram G. Berry.

On the morning of the 5th we marched at 5 o'clock, passing the "Furnaces," memorable as the scene of our engagement one year before, when the Third Corps was cut off from the army by the breaking of the Eleventh Corps.

On arriving at Todd's Tavern on the Plank Road, lines of

battle were formed, skirmishers sent forward, and such information received on developing the enemy's line, as decided the commanding general to change the direction of our march, and with the brigade we marched by the left flank to near the junction of the Plank and Brock Roads, where the next line of battle was formed.

General Hays was directed with the brigade, to take a position on the extreme right of the Second Corps, connecting with the Sixth Corps on its left.

After repeated attempts to locate the line with which connection was to be made, had proved futile, the brigade was advanced to meet the enemy through the deep woods and undergrowth of the appropriately named "Wilderness." Our line was very close to that of the enemy, although the underbrush between made it almost impossible to see them, so that taking deliberate aim was out of the question. A fierce fusilade was maintained by both armies during the afternoon, and a number of prisoners were taken by the division. The enemy sullenly fell back before our persistent fire as we advanced, leaving their dead and wounded in our lines.

Night coming on and the supply of ammunition failing, no further advance was made, but the position was held till fresh troops came to our relief, and the brigade fell back to the line originally established on the Brock Road.

It was early in the engagement that our beloved brigade commander and first colonel, Brigadier General Alexander Hays, the pride of the Sixty-third, and in fact of the whole army, was killed in front of his command, and strangely enough, among the soldiers of his original regiment. He, accompanied by his staff, rode down along the line of battle and when he came to the Sixty-third, stopped, as he always did, to speak a few words of cheer and encouragement to his old boys, when a bullet struck him in the head and he fell from his horse, dying in about three hours. General Hays was killed just where he had said he wanted to die should he be killed during the war, "at the head of the Sixty-third Regiment." He was a man greatly beloved by all members of

his old regiment, both for his bravery and his marked kindness to his men. Stern and impetuous, he diffused his energy to his men, and it was a loss that was greatly deplored by his soldiers and a great loss to the army.

"Well, let him sleep, the lion-hearted;
Sleep in a nation's honored grave,
His name was traced ere he departed
Amid the records of the brave;
And if we grieve to tell the story,
'Tis for ourselves we breathe the sigh,
Not for the soldier, crowned with glory,
Who died as heroes love to die."

Abbott's "History of the Civil War" thus refers to the events preceding the lamented death of our gallant chief:

"General Alexander Hays, who with General Birney was bearing the brunt of this tremendous onset, sent back an imploring cry for reinforcements. Hancock replied: 'I will send him a brigade in twenty minutes. Tell him to hold his ground. He can do it; I know him to be a powerful man.' And he did hold the ground; but alas! it was his last battle, for soon after, when he had paused for an instant in front of the Sixty-third—his own regiment—a rebel ball struck him in the head, and in a few hours death claimed for his prey the gallant, dashing Alexander Hays, and 'hero-like he died.'"

The death of General Hays is thus described by General Walker, in his History of the Second Army Corps:

"The losses had been heavy. Among the killed of that afternoon was General Alexander Hays. At Gettysburg, at Bristoe, at Mine Run, at Morton's Ford, this devoted officer rode, with his staff and flag behind him, the mark of a thousand riflemen, the admiration of two armies, only to fall in a tangled wilderness where scarce a regiment could note his person, and derive inspiration from his courage and martial enthusiasm. All the peculiar advantages of the Army of the Potomac were sacrificed in this jungle-fighting into which they were called to engage. Of what use here was the tactical skill and perfection of form; of what use here the example and the personal influence of a Hays or a Hancock?"

Night at length closed the scene. Friday morning the 6th, Birney's division, again took the initiative and charged the rebel lines, the Sixty-third and One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania on the left of the division front. Owing to the nature

of the ground, level and covered with a dense forest growth, artillery was used very little. The woods were almost impassable even for individuals, and it was impossible to see the entire length of a regimental line. We, however, succeeded in driving the enemy as far as the Plank Road and capturing many prisoners. Here the advance was temporarily checked. At 4 p. m. the enemy renewed the attack but was repulsed with severe loss. During our advance in the morning we succeeded in driving the enemy about one mile, capturing several hastily thrown-up earthworks and lines of defense. Owing to the density of the undergrowth and saplings, our lines had become more or less thrown into confusion, and after repeated struggles our division was forced to retire to the works we had hastily thrown up along the Brock Road. General Hancock had made the requisite disposition of his troops and orders had been issued for the Second Corps to assault the enemy's works at 6 o'clock p. m., but he was anticipated by General Longstreet of the Confederate Army at about 4 o'clock, when his command made one of the fiercest chargest of the war. Line upon line was hurled successively at us, with a fury that attested the desperate nature of the undertaking, and they were as repeatedly repulsed. The enemy had not expected to find us entrenched at this point and his loss in the assault was terrible. Hundreds of rebels were shot down within a yard of our breastworks and others, after they had gained a footing on the parapet, fell dead among our men. Some even, as at Gettysburg, were received on the point of the bayonet as they attempted to climb upon the works.

On the left, a portion of the works constructed of rails and logs, occupied by General Mott's Fourth Division, took fire; the flames and smoke rendering them untenable, the troops occupying them retired to the second line. A portion of our division seeing this and ignorant of the cause, feared that the enemy was flanking us and for a moment a portion of our line wavered in hesitancy and doubt; a few men fell back in disorder, but most of the troops nobly held the position; the day was saved, and what seemed at one time almost a rout, proved

a glorious and decisive victory. Although the enemy fought with stubbornness and desperation rarely equalled, the old Kearney division stood firm and hurled back the assaulting columns with fearful loss of life. The large number of dead and wounded on our immediate front attested the valor and discipline of the foe.

A correspondent writing on the battlefield, said:

"There is something horrible, yet fascinating, in the mystery shrouding the strangest of battles ever fought,—a battle which no man could see, and whose progress could only be followed by the ear. It is beyond a doubt the first time in the history of war, that two great armies have met, each with at least two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and yet placed in such circumstances as to make this vast enginery totally useless. The combat lasted three days; but it might have been prolonged a fortnight longer and still left the issue undecided."

The losses of the Sixty-third on the 5th and 6th of May were terrible, and much greater than at the Battle of Fair Oaks. Major McCullough was killed; eight officers severely wounded, with one hundred and eighty-six enlisted men killed or wounded, out of about three hundred and fifty reported in action, a casuality list of fifty-six per cent.

After the repulse, a portion of the division made a reconnoisance in our front and secured some three thousand stands of arms which had been collected on the battlefield by the enemy and abandoned in their hasty retreat. After dark the enemy made another vigorous attack on our lines and was again handsomely repulsed. Orders were received to follow the Sixth Corps as soon as they cleared the road, and the men were kept on the "qui vive" all night, expecting every moment the orders to move. The progress of the Sixth Corps was very slow and it was not until sunrise of Sunday, May 8th, that we were fairly on our way. After marching some six miles we formed lines of battle and threw up strong lines of entrenchments near Todd's tavern. During the day there was severe musketry firing on our right and left, but on our immediate front there was no serious engagement, although the skirmishers were active and we were subjected to severe shelling from the enemy's guns.

General Hancock notified his division and brigade commanders that an attack at sunset was anticipated on our front and the men worked industriously at strengthening the rifle-pits, which long before dark were sufficiently formidable to enable us to successfully repel an assault even though made by a much superior force. The anticipated assault was, however, not made, and we bivouacked for the night behind our entrenchments. Our losses during the day were comparatively light, although a portion of our corps met with sufficient resistance as to dignify the engagement in official reports as the Battle of Todd's Tavern.

To the great delight of the weary and almost exhausted soldiers, an order from General Meade was promulgated on May 9th, announcing that the army would rest that day from offensive operations; but at 1 o'clock p. m., it having been ascertained that the enemy had retired from our front, we were at once ordered in pursuit. Accordingly we marched to the left, via the Spottsylvania road, until 4 p. m., when, from the banks of the River Po, we discerned troops and trains of the enemy moving southward on a road across the stream. General Birney immediately ordered two batteries into position upon an adjacent commanding eminence, and while we formed in line of battle parallel with the river, sent a reconnoitering force across while our batteries shelled them vigorously. Finding only a small force on the opposite bank, which had been left as a rear guard, we forded the Po and bivouacked, after a march of about eight miles, between the Rivers Po and Ny, where a picket line was established in our front. Near this point the four small streams known respectively as the rivers Mat, Ta, Po and Ny unite, forming the Mattapony River. On the 10th of May our picket line was vigorously attacked by the enemy and driven in with slight losses in other regiments of the brigade, but the Sixty-third was not actively engaged. Ward's brigade of this division was moved to the river banks in the afternoon to cover the crossing of Barlow's division, which was successfully effected. Ward's brigade subsequently made a charge on the enemy's works, which they

gained and even planted their colors upon the ramparts, but not being properly supported, and subjected to a terrific enfilading fire, they were compelled to retire with severe losses, leaving many of their dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy.

Heavy cannonading and musketry fire on our right during the entire day of Wednesday, May 11th, proclaimed the fact that other portions of the Army of the Potomac were actively engaged, but our losses were solely from stray and chance shots from the sharpshooters and artillery of the Confederates.

On May 11th, while en route from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, the Sixty-third and One Hundred and Fifth combined, the fragment of the two regiments, under Major Levi Bird Duff, being reduced to five companies and consolidated for field service.

CHAPTER XIV.

(From May 11, 1864 to June 1, 1864.)

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA AT THE DEATH ANGLE—BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG PIKE—CAPTURE OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—CHARGE AT TAYLOR'S BRIDGE ON THE NORTH ANNA.

"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."
GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

"God of our Fathers! in thy name
We nail our Standard to the mast—
To conquer or to die,—we claim
No greater honor,—while the blast
Of civil strife sweeps o'er the land
We'll strike the foe who dares to mar
Our lovely ensign, and we'll stand
A wall of fire to guard each star."

AFTER the death of General Hays, Colonel Crocker, of the Ninety-third New York, by virtue of seniority of rank, assumed temporary command of the Second Brigade.

During the night of May 11th, a terrific tempest, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and severe rain, swept over the contending forces as they lay confronting each other behind the strong intrenchments. Taking advantage of the darkness and storm, General Hancock quietly withdrew his division from the works, and leaving our camp fires burning brightly, we cautiously fell to the rear. In a drenching rain and heavy mist, through muddy fields intersected by deep ditches and ravines, through tangled underbrush, we marched noiselessly to the left, passing in the rear of the Sixth Corps, and at 1 a. m. of May 12th the two brigades of Birney's division, commanded by Ward and Crocker, were formed each in double lines of battle without a loud word spoken or command given above a whisper. Here we were ordered to rest until morning without camp fires or noise.

Ere the first faint beams of the rising sun illumined the eastern sky, in the dim uncertain light of an early dawn, the lines were silently formed, bayonets fixed and commands given to advance without a shout until the works of the enemy were reached. The brigades moved forward preserving their alignments as well as the nature of the ground permitted, through tangled underbrush, slashings, and felled timber, across ditches, swamps and morasses, in places nearly waist deep with mud and water. At the edge of the woods in our immediate front, we encountered a rifle pit occupied by the enemy's pickets, approaching which, our men, supposing it to be the main line of the Confederates, charged with shouts and cheers that might well have struck terror to the hearts of the foe. Firing scarcely a shot, the rebel skirmishers fled in terror, abandoning the line which we immediately occupied, only to discover about two hundred yards in front, most formidable works, protected by ditches, abattis, and cheveaux de frize, through which had been ingeniously woven long stretches of telegraph wire. It was now too late to hesitate. The enemy had, however, been apprised of our coming by the shouts and cheers of our men when they reached the rifle pits, and poured into our ranks volley after volley of musketry, solid shot, canister and shells. The Union troops, undaunted still, pushed forward and crossing the deep ditches, clambered up the steep sides of the embankment by the aid of their bayonets or whatever was available for scaling purposes and planted the regimental colors on the ramparts.

The enemy, hastily aroused by the clamor, panic stricken and bewildered, threw down their arms and surrendered by regiments. They abandoned their cannon, which fell into our hands to the number of more than forty, with limbers, caissons, horses and ammunition. Many of our infantrymen, who had been drilled in heavy and light artillery practice during their occupancy of forts in the defenses of Washington, turned their own guns upon the enemy, in which capacity they rendered effective service. Major General Edward Johnson and Brigadier General Stuart, of the Confederate army, and

many field, staff and line officers were captured at this point. The number of prisoners who actually surrendered to our division that morning is estimated at twelve or fifteen thousand, but as they were permitted to pass to the rear unguarded, many availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by a strip of woods on our left, to pass around our flank and re-enter their own lines again.

The scene in the works was of a most intensely exciting nature and beggars description. Our lines had become somewhat broken during the charge and while scaling the earthworks; and squads and individuals "went in" on their own responsibility, regardless of regiments or brigades. Wherever a stand of Union colors was seen, the men would gather and make a grand rush for a piece of rebel artillery or body of prisoners. At this point Corporal John Kendig, of the Sixty-third, captured the flag of the Twenty-fourth North Carolina Regiment. Still in advance of the captured works a second line of strong intrenchments was discovered and an attempt to capture them by assault was made, but our ranks being more or less in confusion and the enemy having been strongly reinforced, the attempt was abandoned and we fell back to the first main line, which we busied ourselves in turning and strengthening. The enemy made several desperate but futile attempts to recapture this line, but was repulsed at every point with severe losses.

The peculiarity of the rebel yell is worthy of mention, but none of the old soldiers who heard it once will ever forget it. Instead of the deep-chested manly cheer of the Union men, the rebel yell was a falsetto yelp which, when heard at a distance, reminded one of a lot of school boys at play. It was a peculiar affair for a battle yell, but though we made fun of it at first, we grew to respect it before the war was over. The yell might sound effeminate, but those who uttered it were not effeminate by any means. When the Union men charged, it was with heads erect, shoulders squared and thrown back, and with a firm stride, but when the Johnnies charged, it was with a jog trot in a half-bent position, and though they might be

met with heavy and blighting volleys, they came on with the pertinacity of bulldogs, filling up the gaps and trotting on with their never-ceasing "ki-yi" until we found them face to face.

Heavy rain fell after we had gained the works, and continued during the day. About noon we were reinforced by a portion of the Sixth Corps, but still remained in the captured works. The roar of musketry and artillery was incessant during the entire day and night.

Many of the guns which the Confederates had abandoned, remained between the lines at such points as rendered it impossible for either side to reach them owing to the sharp fire maintained by both armies. During the night the rebels made a desperate attempt to secure the guns, but they were held at bay. The ground the next morning was thickly strewn with his dead and wounded, affording ample proof of the desperation of the assault.

The persistent fire kept up by both armies was so fierce that large forest trees were cut down by bullets alone and one of these, preserved in the National Museum at Washington, is still to be seen, in evidence of this statement.

The morning of the 13th found us still in possession of the captured works, the enemy having retired just before daylight to the second line. The scene in our immediate front was one of the most fearful and repulsive that it was ever our fortune to behold. Words are inadequate to convey any idea of the sanguinary spectacle. Parties were engaged nearly all day in burying the dead; but very few wounded were found, as those who had at first received only slight wounds, were unable to escape and were compelled to remain upon the field to be riddled again and again by the bullets of both friend and foe.

A war correspondent writing from the battlefield, thus describes this scene of carnage and horror:

"The angle of the works at which Hancock entered, and for the possession of which the savage fight of the day was made, is a perfect Golgotha. In this angle of death, the dead and wounded rebels lie this morning literally in piles; men in the agonies of death, groaning beneath the dead bodies of their comrades. On an area

of a few acres in the rear of their first position, lie not less than a thousand rebel corpses; many literally torn to shreds by hundreds of balls, and several with bayonet thrusts through and through their bodies, pierced on the very margin of the parapet which they were determined to retake or perish in the attempt. The one exclamation of every man who looks at the spectacle is, 'God forbid that I should ever gaze upon such a sight again.' "

On the 14th the division was not actively engaged, but remained in the works, subjected to the constant fire of the enemy.

On May 15th the division was moved into the advanced line of earthworks, relieving a portion of the Third Division, shortly after which we marched again to the left and were massed in the rear of Burnside's Corps until ordered to occupy and hold the line between the Landon house and the Ny River, connecting with Burnside's right. Skirmishing continued incessantly on our front during the 16th and 17th, varied by occasional sorties and demonstrations made at intervals by each army to develop the position of their opponents and harass the weary soldiers.

On the morning of May 18th, an attack on the enemy's advanced position was made by the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps, our division, the Third, being held nominally in reserve. We occupied a portion of the line of works and though under fire of both artillery and musketry, the losses in the Sixty-third were comparatively light during the day.

Birney's division having been constantly at the front since the commencement of the campaign, May 3rd, was relieved at midnight of the 18th, and at 2 o'clock on the next morning, marched once more to the left and rear where it was massed near the Anderson house and ordered to encamp. All hailed with joy the prospect of a day of rest, undisturbed by the music of whistling bullets, and we accordingly pitched our "shelters" in a beautiful clover field where listening to the sullen roar of distant cannon from the front, we devoted the remainder of the day to sleep until 5 p. m., when orders were received to "fall in" at once, in light marching order (without

knapsacks, haversacks or blankets) and leave our tents standing. Heavy and rapid firing had been heard during the afternoon on our right.

Our lines were rapidly formed and at a "double quick" we marched in the direction of the Fredericksburg Pike, where the enemy, (Ewell's Corps), had attacked our supply trains and made a desperate effort to turn our flank and get in our rear. Arriving upon the scene of action, we found that the First Maine and the First Massachusetts heavy artillery regiments, numbering nearly two thousand men each, fresh from the defenses of Washington, had been engaged with severe losses. Although they had been in service for nearly two years, this was their "baptism of fire," and first experience in the department where bullets whistled. They behaved with great gallantry and held the enemy at bay until the arrival of our division, which, owing to the innumerable occasions upon which it had made forced marches and hurried to the front in emergencies, had become famous throughout the army by the appropriate pseudonyms of "Birney's Flying Infantry" and "Birney's Foot Calvary." Immediately upon arriving, our division charged the woods, advancing beyond and relieving the lines of the "Heavies," and driving the foe before us.

The ground was literally covered with dead and wounded of the heavy artillery regiments. Not having had previous experience in campaigning and actual fighting, the officers and men of these regiments neglected the precautions which veterans take, and instead of lying down and availing themthemselves of natural protections, had chosen their position on the crest of a hillock, where they stood erect, as on dress parade or battalion drill, thus furnishing admirable targets for the Confederates who fought, as usual, in the woods and from behind trees, fences and boulders. We held this position, exposed to the fire of the enemy, until night, when a picket line was established in our front. Earthworks were hastily thrown up for protection, the men using bayonets, knives, forks and tin plates for the purpose. At daylight the whole line avdanced, and in connection with the First Brigade, we

captured a number of prisoners, the main body of Confederates having retired and re-crossed the river.

Although it was after midnight when we were ordered to "sleep behind our stacked arms and hold ourselves in readiness for any emergency," we were roused at 3 a. m. and again moved to the front. In the uncertain light of gray dawn we slowly and cautiously advanced but contrary to our expectations, met with no resistance from the enemy, who we found had retreated during the night.

Many stragglers from the rebel ranks were taken prisoners, from whom we learned that Ewell, with his corps, had made a forced march on the preceding day in order to take us unawares and capture our wagon trains and cattle corrals, and that his soldiers were footsore, tired, and well night exhausted. The woods through which we advanced were filled with worn-out rebels, who had dropped out of the retreating ranks when orders were received for another night march. Without firing a shot we "annexed" between six and seven hundred disgruntled, unwilling prisoners. As it was impossible in the dark to distinguish by their uniforms the "Johnnie Rebs" from our own men, many amusing incidents and dialogues occurred when our skirmishers encountered stray individuals or squads while wandering through the forests. Numerous "Johnnies," supposing our skirmish lines to be the rear guard of their own commands, fell into line and marched along with us until they discovered their error, when they surrendered with good grace.

One well educated non-commissioned officer of a regiment belonging to General Johnson's Corps, which we had "gobbled" entire at Spottsylvania of the 12th of May, was among the prisoners taken. He was just returning from a furlough, and being unable to find his own command, had been ordered to report to another regiment in Ewell's Corps. When captured he expressed his joy at being able to proceed to Washington as the wording of his furlough required him, at its expiration, to "report to his regiment at Orange Court House, or wherever it may then be, or be considered a deserter." His

regiment was now safely within the Union lines and prisoners of war. Many of the rebels captured, when escorted to the rear, saluted the old flag by taking off their hats and signifying their delight at being once more in "God's Country" and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

We returned to camp before noon and rested until midnight of the 20th, when, after a short march, we bivouacked at Guinney's Station, near the house in which, one year before, the rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, died from wounds received in the Battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863.

Continuing our march in the morning, we passed through Bowling Green, a village of some size and pretentions before the war. All the stores were closed and nearly empty of merchandise, and the residences in a very shabby and dilapidated condition. The men proceeded to "open the stores" without waiting for the keys and carried on a brisk business on their own accounts without consulting the proprietor or credit man, as long as the stocks held out. The presumption is that the merchants on their return, made sundry entries in the profit and loss accounts of their ledgers. They certainly had no occasion to use their cash books. The owner of a drug store was found and on account of some objectionable "chin music" on his part, accompanied by uncomplimentary allusions to the United States Government and its defenders, his pill emporium was completely "cleaned out" by the soldiers although little of the merchandise was of the class needed by Union tourists. The jail was broken open and two prisoners, a gentleman of color and a representative of the poor white trash element, liberated on their individual paroles and leg bail, without even taking the oath of allegiance.

The heat and dust were very oppressive and the day's march severe and fatiguing. Regimental and brigade bands favored the citizens with the first strains of Union music they had listened to for many months, as we marched through the village streets. Our march was continued through the pretty little village of Milford, near which place we bivouacked after a march of nearly twenty miles.

On the following morning we advanced our lines and threw up a strong line of intrenchments in anticipation of an attack. On the 23rd we marched at daylight, and shortly after noon effected a junction with the Fifth Corps, near the North Anna River. The enemy was found in considerable force at the various fords and strongly intrenched on the southern side of Taylor's bridge. A portion of our division was immediately ordered up, and to Colonel T. W. Egan, of the Fortieth New York, commanding the brigade, was assigned the duty of driving the enemy across the river and securing possession of the bridge. The line of the Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Byron R. Pierce, of the Third Michigan Regiment, was formed in a belt of woods a short distance from the river. The enemy occupied the crest of a hill in our front, sloping down to the river banks. At the word of command from Colonel Pierce, the brigade moved forward in splendid order, charging the enemy's line, which broke and ran. A rebel battery across the stream swept the field across which we advanced but our lines, unwavering, went gallantly forward in the face of a murderous fire, until the river banks were reached and we found the stream unfordable. This position we held until dark, keeping up a continuous fire upon the enemy, until our ammunition was exhausted. During the charge Captain Daniel Dougherty, a brave officer of the Sixty-third, was mortally and Captain McIntosh was slightly wounded.

In Dana & Wilson's "Life of General Grant," this brief illusion is made to the brilliant engagement at the North Anna:

"Hancock struck the river at the County Bridge, a mile west of the railroad crossing; but the rebels had constructed a tete de pont covering this bridge, overlooked by a heavy line of intrenchments on the south side of the river, and it was necessary to capture these works in order to effect a passage. Birney's division of the Second Corps was charged with this perilous duty, and about an hour after sundown, under cover of a heavy fire from the corps of artillery placed in position under Colonel Tidball, the assault was made, the brigades of Egan and Pierce bearing the brunt of the fight. Advancing at double quick, those gallant veterans carried the bridge head in the handsomest manner and capturing some thirty or forty prison-

ers, who were left in the trench by their flying companions. This affair, which was witnessed by Generals Hancock, Birney and other general officers, was pronounced by them one of the most brilliant in the campaign."

After falling back, the regiments of the brigade threw up a line of works which they occupied until noon of the following day when they moved by the left flank, in rear of our advanced line, and crossing the river, constructed another line of works to the left of the mansion of Dr. Fox, a retired Baptist preacher, who was the possesor of a finely furnished home and valuable library, oil paintings, chemical laboratory, elegant furniture and works of art. The house was completely dismantled, and a fine piano, rare volumes, family portraits, sofas and upholstered chairs, were distributed through the works. After dusk we were moved to an advanced position filling a gap between the right of the First Division and the left of the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division. Here the troops were busily engaged in the construction of another line of works until daybreak. Several minor changes of position took place the following day, and at midnight we abandoned the line, recrossing to the north side of the river, where, by order of the brigade commander, Major Levi Bird Duff, of the division staff, left the Sixty-third under Captain Moorhead to guard the bridge until the pickets and rear guard were safely over, and then destroy it.

This was successfully accomplished, and Captain Moorhead with his command, rejoined the brigade and with it marched in the direction of Pamunky River, about three miles, resuming the march the next morning, bivouacking about midnight on the north side of the Pamunky.

Early on the morning of May 25th, we crossed the Pamunky on a pontoon bridge at Nelson's Ford, and after a march of about ten miles formed line of battle and threw up entrenchments near the residence of Mr. Elliot, a very intelligent gentleman who, referring to the privations caused by the war, furnished our officers the following "price current" which he had recently paid (in Confederate money) for the articles enumerated:

Flour, per barrel	$400.00
Butter, per pound	30.00
Ham, per pound	15.00
Shoes, per pair	60.00
Boots, per pair	250.00
Hogs, each	200.00

Sunday, May 29th, was a beautiful day, and in the morning a Sabbath silence reigned in our front. Barlow's division made a reconnoissance and our division was under arms in readiness to move to their support should they encounter the enemy in force. At 4 p. m. marching orders were countermanded and it was announced that we would remain for the night but we were, however, soon again en route, marching in the direction of Mechanicsville Pike. After moving about four miles we bivouacked in the vicinity of Tolopotomy Creek. On the following morning we threw up a strong line of works under a severe shelling from the enemy's batteries and a destructive fire from the sharpshooters at short range, losing a number of officers and men.

At dark our artillery and a cohorn mortar battery which had been placed in position in our new line, opened a brisk fire upon the enemy's works across Tolopotomy Creek. This was the first occasion during the present campaign that "cohorns" had been brought into requisition, and the precision with which they dropped their shells behind breastworks impervious to direct cannon shots, had a most demoralizing effect upon the troops against whom they were directed, causing them to "get up and dust" with surprising alacrity. Picket firing continued in our front all the evening and at intervals during the night.

Egan's brigade of our division made a vigorous charge and assault upon the enemy's entrenched position on the morning of May 31st, capturing the works and many prisoners of Breckenridge's command which had just returned from the Shenandoah valley, where they had a severe engagement with General Sigel, resulting in his defeat. Our brigade moved to the front, relieving Egan's brigade in the captured works. After dark we returned to the north banks of the Tolopotomy

where we remained until midnight of June 1st, at which time we took up the line of march in the direction of Cold Harbor. The historian of the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment thus graphically described the march:

"The night was dark and stormy, the rain fell in torrents, the thunder echoed and reverberated louder than artillery, bright flashes of lightning lit up the scene, the wind swept in fierce gusts, and the trees bent and snapped in the face of the advancing forces, while the Chickahominy was swelled into a raging flood. The contemplated attack which had been fixed for that evening had to be postponed and the army, wet and tired, bivouacked for the night on the damp ground, while the heavens were still open and the floods descended upon them."

CHAPTER XV.

(From June 1, 1864, to July 4, 1864.)

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—MARCH TO PETERSBURG—IN THE TRENCHES.

"Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldiers' eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance."

THE morning of Thursday, June 2, 1864, dawned dark and gloomy upon the embattled hosts of two armies at Cold Harbor. At daylight the First Division of the Second Corps charged the enemy's works and established a new line, while Birney's division occupied the line vacated by them. In the afternoon we moved to the right of the Eighteenth Corps, passing on our route the old homestead of Stephen Hopkins, of revolutionary fame. A neat white cottage occupied by descendants of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was standing near the site of the old Hopkins mansion which was now in ruins, only a pile of brick and stone remaining to mark the spot where the old patriot lived and died.

During the day we marched about two miles and at night were assigned position on the extreme left of the army. Early on the morning of the 3rd we moved with the brigade to the right, where we were held in reserve, supporting the First Division. Soon after, we again moved to the right, filling a gap between the Fifth and Eighteenth Corps, which had been occupied only by a line of skirmishers.

During the afternoon of June 3rd, the enemy made several

vigorous assaults upon our lines, and were as repeatedly repulsed with severe losses. Headley's "Great Rebellion" thus refers to the engagement at Cold Harbor:

"Grant was now determined to give battle on the next day; and Hancock's corps, which, after the withdrawal of Warren's, held the extreme right, was brought over to the extreme left during the night. He had to fight his way into position, so that he was not ready to advance until afternoon. The attack was ordered to commence at 5 o'clock, but just before the hour arrived, the heavens grew black as night, and a heavy thunder cloud pushed its way across the sky. Its dark bosom was incessantly riven by lightning and the thunder boomed louder than the artillery, above the waiting armies. The wind swept by in fierce gusts, bending the trees like wands in its path, and everything betokened a wild and stormy evening. Soon the burdened clouds opened, and the rain came down in a perfect deluge, turning the fields into standing pools and swelling the Chickahominy into a turbid flood.

The order for the attack had, therefore, to be countermanded and the drenched army went into bivouac for the night. A new order was issued, fixing the attack at 4:30 in the morning.

Hancock's corps was on the extreme left, Wright's next, the Eighteenth, under Smith, next, then came Warren, and last, Burnside holding the extreme right. The Rebel Army was drawn up in front of the Chickahominy, two lines deep, with a heavy skirmish line well advanced. It was irregular, to conform to the ridges, woods and swamps over or across which it extended. Between the two armies lay a low, swampy region, made worse by the thunder storm of the night before—and this was to be the battlefield.

The morning was dark and gloomy, and a gentle rain was falling, as the firm-set lines moved out from behind their breastworks and began to advance over the field. The skirmish line, pushing rapidly forward, soon encountered that of the enemy, and the sharp, irregular volleys awoke the morning echoes. The next minute the artillery opened, and from right to left for miles along the Chickahominy, the deep reverberations rolled like heaven's own thunder of the night before.

The advance of that mighty host, as the long lines of glittering steel rose and fell along the uneven ground, was a magnificent spectacle. Hancock, on the left, first came up to the enemy's works. Barlow, with four brigades, formed the extreme left: and this gallant commander carried his troops for half a mile, through woods and open spaces, under a heavy fire, square up to the rebel works.

These were the immortal brigades which made the gallant dash

into the works at Spottsylvania, and here, enacting again their heroic deeds, they sprang with a shout over the enemy's parapets, capturing the guns, colors, and several hundred prisoners. This was the key to the rebel position, and could this gallant charge have been properly supported, Lee's army, in all probability, would have been driven over the Chickahominy. The latter was aware of this, and had guarded well against such a catastrophe, for Barlow had not yet turned the captured guns upon him when a heavy force under Hill was seen advancing to retrieve the disaster.

* * * *

The whole of Hancock's corps advanced simultaneously with Barlow's division and came, like it, upon the rebel works and made desperate efforts to carry them. Deafening yells, rising from behind the hostile intrenchments, answered with shouts all along our lines—incessant explosions of artillery and crashing volleys of musketry —the long, low, sulphurous cloud hanging in the damp air above the combatants—the never-ceasing stream of wounded, borne back to the rear, made the summer morning one of gloom and terror to the beholder.

* * * *

The brunt of the battle was borne by Hancock's corps, which also gained most of the advantage that was even temporarily secured.

The Army of the Potomac had again flung itself against the rebel works in vain, and rent and bleeding, fell back, but not to its original position. A lull came in the battle, and the anxious question asked by all was: "Will the assault be renewed?" Grant and Meade stood on a naked eminence in consultation; the latter, nervous and emphatic in his manner, the former cool and imperturbable as ever, looking gravely, sternly, on the embattled hosts and ensanguined field.

Intervening woods hid much of the country and, apparently wishing to ascertain for himself the true condition of things, he called for his horse and mounting it, rode down to Hancock's headquarters and after consulting with him, went over to Wright's. All this time occasional firing was heard along the lines, for they were still in close proximity, especially on the left—Barlow being on one side of a ridge and the enemy on the other, not more than fifty yards apart.

* * * *

The two armies remained in this relative position all day, neither making any decided demonstration. But just after dark, the rebels came down on Hancock's corps in one of their tremendous charges. Our brave troops, however, had moved too often on formidable works without flinching to be driven from behind their own intrenchments by any force; and as the dark mass became well defined in the grey

gloom, they poured in volley after volley of musketry with a coolness and precision that made the hostile lines melt away as though swallowed up by the night, while the deadly batteries tore huge gaps through the dim formations.

The assault, however, was a most gallant one and the great openings made in the ranks were closed up with steadiness and a noble devotion, and they pressed forward until they reached the breastworks and poured their fire over the very parapets—some even getting upon them, but only to fall dead before the terrible fire that met them. Their shouts of defiance rung over the din of battle, and the order "FORWARD," rose steady and strong through the darkness, but all their efforts to carry the entrenchments were in vain. Our troops had been compelled again and again to attack the enemy behind their breastworks, and had been repulsed, and now they had their revenge and hurled the assailants back with terrible slaughter.

Thus ended the Battle of Cold Harbor or, as it has sometimes been called, of Chickahominy. Grant had failed here, as at Spottsylvania, and it was plain he could not force the Chickahominy. It then became a serious question what the next move on that mighty chessboard would be.

The aspect of affairs had been materially changed since McClellan, two years before, attempted to move on Richmond from the same point. He found no trouble in crossing the Chickahominy indeed, had but little difficulty in advancing two miles beyond it. But that campaign taught the rebels wisdom, and now strong works dotted the country in every direction, and for five miles out of Richmond every available point was fortified."

In the afternoon, much to the joy and relief of the weary soldiers, the following order was promulgated:

"Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
Orders: June 3, 1864, 1:30 P. M.

For the present all further offensive operations will be suspended.

Corps commanders will advance, entrench the positions they now hold, including their advanced positions; and will cause reconnoissance to be made with a view to move against the enemy's works by regular approaches from the advanced positions now held.

Should the enemy assume the offensive and succeed in breaking through any point of our line, the corps commander nearest to the assaulted point will throw his whole force upon the enemy's column making the attack.

By command of
(Signed) S. WILLIAMS, MAJOR GENERAL MEADE.
Assistant Adjutant General."

It had now become evident that Richmond could not be taken in this direction, and Grant therefore determined to keep on to the James. The army, availing itself of Meade's order, remained in the works around Cold Harbor until the night of June 12th, and although the pickets on our immediate front, by tacit understanding among the men, fired only occasionally, we were considerably annoyed and lost a number of men from the fire of rebel sharpshooters posted behind their works or perched in trees in rear of their picket line proper.

The battle flags of our division and brigade headquarters, emblazoned conspicuously by the red diamond, had become familiar to the enemy and during the entire campaign, unless actively engaged, the pickets when in our front would refrain from firing when on posts. It was a common occurrence after a new picket line was established, to hear from the enemy's line a salutation like this, "Hello! you Kearney boys! Glad to see you 'uns again. If you 'uns don't fire, we 'uns won't, unless we get orders, and then we 'uns fire over you 'uns heads as a warning if you 'uns will do the same." Thus a truce would be unofficially declared between the enlisted men and it would be religiously maintained, the pickets sticking their bayonets in the ground, coming out of their rifle pits and walking around, exchanging greetings and badinage with each other, in the most friendly spirit and occasionally meeting between the lines to trade coffee and sugar, for tobacco, or to exchange New York and Washington papers for the latest news from Richmond.

To withdraw such a vast army from the immediate front of the enemy was a dangerous and extremely hazardous undertaking, for it was hardly expected that it could be done unobserved by him and he would not fail in case of discovering, to attack both in flank and rear.

Hitherto on this campaign, all of Grant's movements had been by his left flank and made in the same way. This policy was now radically changed and the commander-in-chief deter-

mined to swing loose from the enemy's lines and by a rapid march of some fifty miles or more, attach Richmond direct.

About 9 o'clock p. m. of Sunday, June 12th, we moved cautiously and noiselessly to the left and rear. It was bright moonlight and the utmost caution was necessary that the enemy might not discover our intentions. We marched via Barker's Mills and with very few and brief halts for rest, continued on our way until daybreak of Monday, the 13th, when we halted for breakfast at St. James' church. Here we remained for about two hours, when the march was resumed, our division crossing the railroad at Despatch Station. At noon we reached the famed Chickahominy, which we crossed on pontoons at a point known as Long Bridge. The bridge itself had been destroyed by the enemy. Our route now lay via St. Mary's church and Charles City Cross Roads (historic ground) in the direction of Charles City Court House. We arrived at Wilcox Landing, on the James River, at 9 o'clock p. m. after a tedious march of about twenty-five miles. At 11 o'clock we formed in line of battle and received orders to throw up a line of intrenchments. Soon after this order was countermanded and we bivouacked for the night. During the day we passed a number of fine residences, all of which had been abandoned by the owners and families.

The division crossed the James at Wilcox Landing on transports on the morning of Tuesday, June 14th, and massed in a fine field of clover until dark, when we advanced a short distance and bivouacked in line of battle. On the following day, having been delayed by an endeavor to procure rations, we marched in the direction of City Point, our new base of supplies. As heavy firing, indicating a severe engagement, was heard during the day, we deviated from our original course and marched in the direction of the conflict. As we neared the "Cockade City," as Petersburg was popularly known in the South, we encountered a number of wounded colored soldiers belonging to General "Baldy" Smith's Eighteenth Corps, which had been engaged during the day and had driven the enemy some distance into his inner entrenchments in front of

Petersburg, capturing sixteen pieces of artillery, many prisoners and a formidable line of earthworks constituting the outer defenses of the city. At 9 o'clock p. m., after a march of about twenty miles, we formed a connection with Smith's Corps and remained behind the works captured by him from the enemy. Referring to the situation at this point General Grant, in his official report, says:

"Between the lines thus captured and Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear—the moon shining brightly—and favorable to further operations.

General Hancock, with two divisions of the Second Corps, reached General Smith just after dark and offered the services of these troops as he (Smith) might wish, waiving rank to the named commander who, he naturally supposed, knew best the position of affairs and what to do with the troops, and pushing at once into Petersburg he requested General Hancock to relieve a part of his line on the captured works which was done before midnight."

We remained in the works near the Hare house, being constantly under severe shelling, musketry fire and sharpshooting from the inner works of the Confederates until the morning of June 18th, when we were relieved by some colored troops and moved to a position in front of the house, on a knoll overlooking a battlefield where a Union regiment had been charged the day before and almost cut to pieces, leaving the ground strewn with dead and dying men. The rebels refused to recognize the flag of truce, and the poor dying, wounded men, lay on the field without aid.

A day that will be long remembered by the Sixty-third was June 21st, when we were hurried to the front at rapid pace, toward the Weldon Railroad, and halted on the edge of the woods. Immediately in our front was a wide open field, and on the other side another dense woods. History tells us that a gap had been left between Birney's and Barlow's divisions, which were on our left. This gap had been discovered by the sharp-sighted rebel officers, who prepared to take advantage of it. Our pickets, who were some distance in our front, kept

sending back reports that heavy clouds of dust could be seen arising beyond the woods in their front, which denoted the movement of heavy bodies of the enemy who were advancing toward our left. The boys of the Sixty-third felt that there was something important about to take place, but as yet had no idea what it could be. An aide came riding along our line, and a captain of our regiment called to him and asked what was the outlook. The aide, who was a German, shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I do shmell von tam pig rat," and clapping spurs to his horse, skedadddled out of there very rapidly.

The gap between the divisions was the rebels' objective point and the clouds of dust noted earlier, were caused by their pushing their men into it in order to reach our rear. In a short time all uncertainty was ended for here they came on our left flank with their infernal "Ki-yi," and with a fierce onslaught they struck Company B, rolling up the left of the regiment until Company B was mixed up with the color company in the center, while the right was compelled to give way. It was a complete surprise, as our men were unprepared for them, never dreaming that they could get on our flank. We were expecting a front attack, of which we would be notified by our pickets. Our regiment had stacked arms, and the first they knew the rebel hordes were in our midst. Then it was every man for himself. We retired, not standing on the order of our going, but leaving at once. Down the road that we had marched up that morning we went, eager for solitude.

Along the right-hand side of the road was a long pile of cordwood, piled to the height of four or five feet, for several hundred yards. On the left-hand side was a run with banks about three feet high. Company A and several other companies had branched off toward the right and got off safely, with slight loss, but Company B had to run the gauntlet. As Captain Nesbit and a comrade were making lightning express time down the road, and were passing the long line of cordwood, they were disagreeably surprised to see a line of slouched hats suddenly rise above it from the other side, and a shout

of "Halt!" you Yankee —— —— ——," informed them who were their neighbors. Without stopping an instant to think, Nesbit leaped into the run on his left, while his companion hesitated for a moment. That hesitation was fatal, and the next instant he fell, perforated with bullets, while Nesbit escaped, the balls passing over his head. This volley, and the yells of the rebs, did not induce the captain to linger and to this day the old vet's face kindles with pride as he remembers the fast running he did down that run until he finally escaped into the woods. He actually believes he outran the musket balls.

The report had been circulated that Captain Nesbit had been killed, as many thought the unfortunate man that had been shot was the captain, not seeing him during his desperate run, but that night when he walked into camp and began to howl for something to eat, everybody was rejoiced.

The regiment rallied some distance in the rear, as the rebels, for some unaccountable reason, did not follow up their gains.

We lay until the evening of the 22nd, where we had rallied and then advanced and made a charge, routing the rebels and regaining the field we had lost the day before. In this charge brave young Joseph Hoopes, of Company B, was killed, with several others sharing the same fate. Hoopes was a very popular young fellow among his comrades, fearless as a lion. During his entire time of service he kept a daily record of the doings of the regiment, and his last letter home was found on his body after his death.

Next day we moved a short distance to the rear, where we remained until the 27th, suffering greatly from intense heat. The sun poured down its rays in a blistering flood which was terrible, and several of the boys were prostrated. Water was very scarce and we all suffered from thirst.

On the 27th we moved to the front again and worked at our usual occupation, building intrenchments. On the 29th we moved farther to the right and built more works. We were now between Jerusalem Plank Road and the Weldon Railroad, and were there until July 4th, where there was a large force of

the enemy behind strong works, and it was a general shooting match between the lines. In short, from now on until the end of our term of service, it was a continued fight and skirmish every day. The two lines had approached so close to each other that as soon as a head appeared above the breastworks on either side it became immediately the target for hundreds of bullets.

CHAPTER XVI.

(From July 4, 1864, to July 30, 1864.)

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG DEEP BOTTOM THE MINE.

"In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well.

As when Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?"

THE Fourth of July, 1864, in the entrenchments around Petersburg, where two hostile armies confronted each other, with picket posts in many instances, not forty feet apart, passed in a comparatively quiet manner. Occasional shots were exchanged between batteries in the fortifications and sharpshooters i nthe works but on the whole, there was scarcely as much powder burned as in some of the Northern cities.

On the afternoon of the 8th, the enemy discovered a large working detail constructing a new fort at the right of our division and at once opened their batteries upon it, and also commenced a fierce fusilade of musketry in our immediate front. The regiments were formed behind the breastworks and held in readiness to meet and resist an assault.

For several weeks there had been but little firing in our front and that of a desultory nature. Emboldened by the prevailing quiet, regimental sutlers and brigade purveyors had moved their tents and stocks in trade into the very front line of works. The unexpected fusilade created a panic among these non-combatants, and many of them hastily abandoned their "stores," deeming their merchandise of less value than

their precious lives. The soldiers, notwithstanding the severe shelling, and shower of bullets, availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded and helped themselves from the abandoned tents and made many profitable investments in edibles and wearables.

On the 11th, marching orders were received, as the enemy was reported making a demonstration on our left. We, however, remained in position until 10 p. m., when we were ordered to demolish and level the works in our front as quietly as possible and be in readiness for another mrach. The demolition of the breastworks created another panic among the sutlers, who disposed of their remaining stocks at "greatly reduced prices" or gave away goods to favorite customers.

At 3 o'clock a. m. of the 12th, the earthworks were leveled and the division moved two or three miles to the rear and bivouacked near the Williams house, on the Jerusalem Plank Road. A force of cavalry, with Barlow's division of the Second Corps, made a reconnoissance in force in the direction of the Weldon Railroad, while our division leveled another line of breastworks which had been thrown up by the Sixth Corps.

On the 13th we moved again to the rear, and went into camp. It was rumored that the Second Corps had been temporarily detached from the Army of the Potomac, to be held in readiness to move to the defenses of Washington as the enemy was reported making another demonstration on the Capitol. The Sixth Corps had already embarked from City Point.

At this time, all that remained of the glorious old Third Army Corps, now constituted the division composed of three brigades, and a portion of these troops were new men and new regimental organizations assigned to it since the consolidation of the army, and it is a somewhat remarkable and noticeable fact that notwithstanding the many changes necessitated by reorganization, not a single regiment of the original Third was ever transferred to any other corps.

Major General D. B. Birney, long commander of the grand old Kearney division, having been assigned to the command

of the Tenth Army Corps, issued his farewell address to his old command on July 22nd. The command of the division then devolved upon Major General Gershon Mott, of New Jersey.

During our occupancy of the forts and entrenchments in front of Petersburg, fatigue details were furnished every second day for the construction of "covered ways" and "parallels" to the fortifications on the front line. They were constructed in a series of "zigzags," twelve feet in width and four feet deep with the earth all thrown out on the side nearest the enemy, making an additional wall of earth four feet in height. It was thus necessary to traverse a distance of two or three miles to reach a position quarter or half a mile from the starting point in a bee line.

On the morning of the 26th, orders were received to march at 4 p. m. This day was spent in issuing rations and making preparations for a move. At 5 o'clock the division was en route in the direction of City Point, and the boys became enthusiastic over the prospect of a trip on the historic Potomac and a visit to the Nation's Capitol. These pleasant anticipations were summarily shattered when at Point of Rocks we crossed the Appomattox on a pantoon bridge, and at 2 p. m. rested on the banks of the James River at a point known as Jones' Neck. Soon after, the crossing of the James was effected on pontoons and a junction made at Deep Bottom with a brigade of the Nineteenth Corps of General Butler's command.

At daylight of the 27th the division was massed in a grove which sheltered it from vie wand sent out skirmishers to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy in our front. He was discovered in a thick forest growth, strongly entrenched, from which position he opened a disastrous enfilading artillery fire upon our line, which resulted in severe losses until silenced by the left of our skirmish line. By a brilliant sortie of Barlow's division, the guns were captured and proved to be a battery of twenty-pound parrot guns which had been captured from Butler's forces just two months before at Drury's Bluff.

We remained in our advanced position on picket during the night of the 27th and until dark of the following day, when we were relieved by Barlow's division and immdeiately took up the line of march, recrossing the James and moved rapidly in the direction of our former camp. Ours was the only division that recrossed and we made a forced march. Staff officers from General Ord, to whom we were ordered to report, were continually urging the column to "hurry up, step out." The march was severe and fatiguing in the extreme, and when at daylight of the 29th we arrived near the line of works, held by the Eighteenth Corps, but a small proportion of the command was present. Stragglers continued to arrive during the day, while we were massed under the brow of a hill, out of sight of the enemy's line.

After dark we moved into the trenches in front of the site of the Hare house, a locality not wholly unfamiliar to our division and memorable as the scene of our disastrous and unsuccessful charge of June 18th. The spot was, however, now scarcely recognizable, as the works had been considerably advanced and strengthened and all the former landmarks obliterated.

To relieve the troops in the trenches was a slow, delicate and dangerous undertaking, owing to the proximity of the Union and Confederate lines and the necessity of silence on our part. We moved to the front in single file, through narrow-covered ways scarcely two feet in width, which were in fact nothing more than zigzag ditches. During the time occupied in relieving the troops we were subjected to severe shelling and musketry fire. At midnight we were in position occupying a series of "bomb-proofs," which were constructed of huge logs covered with several feet of earth as a protection from the artillery of the enemy, particularly from the cohorn and mortar batteries which dropped their missiles into our lines behind the breastworks with unerring and most uncomfortable accuracy.

We were under arms before daylight of the 30th, and anxiously awaited the explosion of the mine in our immediate

front. At 4 o'clock a. m. a flash, a terrific explosion, a volume of red flame, mingled with a mass of timbers, earth, artillery wheels and human beings, like the sudden eruption of a vast volcano, proclaimed that Burnside's mine, as far as its location and explosive effects were concerned, was a pronounced and unequivocal success.

The explosion of the mine was a signal for the entire artillery along our lines to open fire, siege guns and light pieces, cohorns and mortars fired by batteries and as soon as he recovered from his surprise, were promptly answered by the enemy.

During the day, a dispatch from General Burnside to General Meade announced that the enemy had left his front and acting upon this information which he deemed reliable, Meade, through his corps commanders, ordered an immediate general advance along the entire line.

Our brigade and division commanders were, however, positive that the rebels were strongly in evidence in our front and by a series of strategical devices, demonstrated the fallacy of Burnside's assertion. The men were instructed to raise their caps upon bayonets above the works, and officers gave orders in loud tones to "take arms," fix bayonets, charge bayonets, forward, double quick, etc. As the bugles sounded the advance and charge, the men gave the "Union shout," indicating a charge which was answered by such a shower of bullets, shot and shell, as convinced the generals that the enemy had not evacuated the works in front.

The mine itself was a grand success, but the infantry attack following, which was entrusted to colored troops and comparatively new regiments, was a humiliating and disastrous failure. It was the consensus of opinion, not only in our corps, but throughout the entire Army of the Potomac, that had the affair been entrusted to Hancock with his corps of seasoned veterans, the result would have been entirely different.

At dark we were relieved, and at midnight returned to our former camp in the pine woods, where we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to move at short notice.

CHAPTER XVII.

(From July 30, 1864, to August 25, 1864.)

IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG—SECOND DEEP BOTTOM—BLOODLESS DUEL IN THE CORN PATCH—MUSIC IN CAMP.

"Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrazure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now when circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with 'Yanks,'
And one was gray with 'Rebels.'

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with 'Dixie.'

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again
  The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And 'Yankee Doodle' was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripples shoreward flew
  To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
And silent now the Yankees stood,
  All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply 'Home, Sweet Home' had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees,
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But Memory waked by Music's art
  Expressed in simple numbers,
Subdued the stoutest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—
  The bright celestial creature—
Who still mid War's embattled lines
  Gave this one touch of Nature."

—John R. Thompson.

WHEN there was no firing on the picket lines and no artillery practice, the bands of both armies discoursed fine music, much to the delight and edification of the men, who would throng the parapets to listen.

The term of service of the original Sixty-third Regiment expired on August 1, 1864, but the exigencies of the conflict demanded the retention of the command until September 9th, when the old men who had been mustered into United States service three years before, were honorably discharged and the recruits, substitutes, and drafted men who joined the regiment at subsequent dates, and veterans who had been re-enlisted, were transferred, first to the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania, and later to the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania, with which latter command they had been intimately associated in bivouac, camp and field.

As the time approached when the men would receive their discharge from the service of Uncle Sam, and donning the habiliments of civilians, return once more to the peaceful pursuits and avocations of private citizenship, the soldiers who had for three long years suffered hardships and privations and faced death on many an ensanguined field, and "drank from the same canteen," commenced to look eagerly forward to the time when they would rejoin their loved ones in God's own country. At first the time was reckoned by months, then weeks, then days, and as the date of their emancipation from military duty and discipline drew nearer, the boys began to congratulate each other that they would only have so many more hard-tack to devour, the number diminishing and carefully calculated after each meal.

The time of our enforced retention in service was spent with the division in the intrenchments before Petersburg, and in making many reconnoisances, both to the right and left of the line, it appearing to the men that Birney's foot cavalry were always called upon for especially dangerous duty.

While quietly enjoying our twilight siestas on the evening of August 5th, orders were received to "fall in" at once. We were moved to the front and after proceeding about one mile,

returned to camp in the reserve. The alarm was occasioned by an attempt of the enemy to spring a mine under one of the forts in the advanced line. The mine "exploded," but owing to miscalculation on the part of the Confederate sappers and miners, the explosion occurred some fifty feet in front of our line and no serious damage was sustained, save by the heavy artillery firing on both sides, which the attempt provoked. The weather was extremely hot and sultry and the flies were even a greater inconvenience than the heat; the air was literally black with them.

On the afternoon of the 9th, a heavy explosion was heard, which was at first supposed to be another mine, but we subsequently learned that it was the arsenal at City Point, about ten miles distant.

At noon of August 12th, marching orders were received and we were soon en route for City Point where, after an easy march, we arrived at 8 o'clock p. m. As no artillery or wagons accompanied the column, appearances indicated that we were to embark, and a thousand rumors were afloat as to our destination. The division embarked at noon on August 13th, on a number of transports and steamed down the river to Light House Point, bands playing and division, brigade and regimental colors flying. The enemy's scouts on the banks of the James, regarded the movement with apparently the same degree of curiosity evinced by the men on board. We were under sealed orders, not even the generals themselves being aware of our destination. At 10 o'clock p. m. a steam tug approached with orders to leave immediately for Deep Bottom, up the river again. Before daylight of the 14th, our division disembarked near the pontoon bridge and massed near the river banks, while a reconnoisance was pushed to the front to develop the position and strength of the enemy's force. While we held the line of works erected by Gibbon's division, near the potteries during our last visit to Deep Bottom, the skirmishers were thrown well forward as far as the New Market Road—our left resting on Four Mile Creek. Skirmish firing was kept up at intervals during the day and our losses

were comparatively light. We succeeded in driving the enemy into his works, he using some artillery to which our gun boats in the river replied, and soon silenced his batteries. The gunboats threw fifteen-inch shells, the noise of which passing over our heads, was very peculiar, resembling heavily loaded wagons passing rapidly over a wooden bridge. Their aim was excellent, and their execution decidedly disastrous.

Our landing at this point was a complete surprise to the enemy, and we captured a large quantity of ammunition and a battery of sea-coast howitzers which had been placed in position to shell our gunboats, but had never been utilized for that purpose.

On the 15th, skirmishing continued all day. In the afternoon we were ordered to make a demonstration to divert the attention of the enemy and prevent him from sending troops to his left, where it was expected that General Birney with his Tenth Corps would make an attack. Brigadier General John B. Chambliss, of the Confederate Army, a classmate of General Hancock at West Point, was killed during the day and his body was brought into our lines and interred near the potteries with the honors of war.

On the following day we were ordered to keep up an incessant fire from the picket line and harass the enemy at all possible points. Heavy firing was heard all day in Birney's front and toward evening the Confederates made a determined demonstration in our front, but were repulsed.

On the 17th it was very quiet all day, the soldiers having apparently declared a temporary truce on their own account. A field of corn between the lines in our front was bisected about midway by a deep ditch which, by tacit agreement, constituted the dividing line of the belligerents in their ownership of the coveted roasting ears. It was agreed that the soldiers of the two armies should take only what was on their own side of the excavation. During the forenoon, a big Yank of our division confronted an equally big Johnny Reb of a Florida regiment, on our side of the ditch with his arms full of fine roasting ears. Our representative, with a due appreciation

of the laws of "meum and tuum," ordered Mr. Reb to turn over his load to Uncle Sam. A verbal duel between the two followed, supplemented by a challenge from Mr. Yank to decide the rights of the case according to Marquis of Queensbury rules. The challenge was accepted, the Floridan threw down his spoils, a ring was formed by soldiers of both armies to see "fair play" and the contestants proceeded to discuss the ownership of the roasting ears with their fists after the most approved rules of the prize ring. Owing to superior strength and skill, our man was declared the victor. Johnny Reb gracefully acknowledged the "corn" and leaving it on the ground, retired to his own lines amid the cheers of the spectators. Not an angry word was spoken on either side, and the combatants shook hands when the victory was won. Similar contests were not infrequent during this most peculiar fratricidal war that was ever maintained between soldiers of the same nationality.

We were relieved on the evening of August 18th, and crossing the James on a pontoon at Deep Bottom, and the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, marched in the direction of Petersburg all night, arriving at daylight of the 19th, near the Dunn house. After an hour for breakfast, we relieved General Potter's division of the Ninth Corps in the trenches. The opposing lines at this point were not more than two hundred yards apart, and the advanced pickets were within easy speaking distance. There had been no picket or musketry firing in this front for the past six weeks, and although intercourse with the enemy was strictly forbidden, the men were on the most friendly terms, amicably conversing and exchanging such commodities as coffee, sugar, tobacco, corn meal and newspapers.

It was a singular sight to see the soldiers of two great hostile armies walking about unconcernedly within a few yards of each other, with their bayonets sticking in the ground, bantering and joking together, exchanging the compliments of the day and even saluting officers of the opposing forces with as much ceremony, decorum and respect, as they

did their own. The keenest sense of honor existed among the enlisted men of each side. It was no uncommon sight, when visiting the picket posts, to see an equal number of "gray-backs and bluebellies" as they facetiously termed each other, enjoying a social game of euchre or seven-up and sometimes the great national game of draw poker, with army rations and sutler's delicacies as the stakes.

In that portion of the main works held by us at this point, we were formed in a thin line of only one rank, to make a show of apparent force. The enemy shelled us almost incessantly by day and night, but his artillery practice did but little execution, protected as we were by breastworks and bomb-proofs.

It was evident at this time that the soldiers of the South were rapidly becoming disheartened and losing faith in the ultimate success of their cause. Deserters came in along our entire front every evening and reported short rations and consequent dissatisfaction among the enlisted men. Finnegan's brigade of Mahone's division, composed principally of Florida troops, occupied the rebel works in our immediate front, and the Finnegan boys and the Kearney veterans had become very well acquainted during the numerous truces they had voluntarily made. So many deserters now came in every night from the Florida command that they became a source of considerable annoyance to the staff officers at brigade headquarters, who were awakened at all hours of the night to receive them.

One of the officers, in a spirit of fun, sent a polite note one evening to General Finnegan, requesting him to "come over and take command of his brigade, most of which was apparently on our side of the entrenchments, or if not convenient to come personally, to have his details report promptly before 9 o'clock p. m."

The enemy opened along his line with all his artillery at 2 o'clock a. m. of the 21st, and shelled us the remainder of the night and until noon of the following day, when we again resorted to "strategy."

Troops marched and countermarched behind the entrenchments, loud orders to imaginary battalions and brigades, and much activity shown, to give the enemy the impression that our lines were being strongly re-enforced, until he ceased his cannonading and quiet was once more restored. It was discovered that he had mined one of the forts occupied by our division. We countermined sufficiently to locate the site of his operations and then made such disposition as would result in the capture of our assailants in case of an attack. They, however, abandoned the mine soon after, whether on account of striking a vein of water and quicksand, or discovering our intentions, was not ascertained.

On the 25th of August an engagement took place at Reams' Station in which two divisions of the Second Corps suffered severely. The enemy captured sixteen pieces of artillery, five of which were retaken by our corps. Our division was ordered to the front to re-inforce Hancock, but arrived too late to participate in the fight. During our occupancy of this line, one-third of each command was kept awake, under arms, and on the alert at all times, expecting a mine explosion or assault at any moment.

The line of entrenchments occupied by our division from the 19th of August, 1864, until the "muster out" of the original Sixty-third, on September 9th, extended from the Jerusalem Plank Road on the left to the line of the City Point and Petersburg Railroad on the right, a distance of about one mile, including "Fort Hell," as it was generally and familiarly known in both armies and by newspaper correspondents who invariably used that designating title instead of the official name of Fort Sedgwick.

This fort was situated on the Jerusalem Plank Road and although an irregular, it was one of the strongest fortifications on the line and in closer proximity to the enemy's line than any of the other forts. The rebels, not to be outdone by the Yanks in appropriate nomenclature, designated their fort directly opposite ours, as Fort Damnation, and these are the

names by which the soldiers of both armies still remember these strongholds.

But few even of our own soldiers were or are now aware of the origin and derivation of the name Fort Hell, satisfied with the not far-fetched explanation that it was so called because it was the hottest place on the line, but the true origin of this peculiar and not inappropriate appellation was this—before it had been officially designated in orders, Fort Sedgwick, an ambitious colonel commanding the brigade which erected and first garrisoned the fort, caused a sign to be placed at the entrance bearing his own name. To avoid personalities, it may be assumed that his name was "Smith." General Hunt, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, while visiting the front on a tour of inspection, noticed the sign and reining up his steed, read the imposing inscription, and exclaimed with an impetuous sneer "Fort Smith!—Fort Hell!" The soldiers who overheard the brief soliloquoy, adopted the appellation thus bestowed and thereafter, save in official documents, Fort Sedgwick was known in the army only as Fort Hell.

During our occupancy of this line, we were shelled vigorously by the enemy day and night, and during the evenings we were frequently favored with brilliant pyrotechnic displays by the mortar batteries of both armies. Their shells, in their passage through the air, describing luminous curves, resembled rockets and the men would frequently leave the "gopher holes" as the bomb proofs were humorously designated, even at the risk of their lives, to watch the display of the fireworks, tracing their fiery paths through the darkness of the summer nights.

August 1, 1864, was the third anniversary of our muster into the service of the United States. On each recurring anniversary of that day, even to the present time, the soldiers of the Sixty-third recall the lines of the following touching poem by Charles G. Halpine, read at a reunion of his own command a few years ago:

THE THOUSAND AND THIRTY-SEVEN.

Three years ago today
  We raised our hands to Heaven
And on the roll of muster
  Our names were thirty-seven;
There was just a thousand bayonets,
  And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of office
  With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
  In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
  With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
  And beneath a cloudless Heaven,
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
  And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
  Two hundred march today;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
  And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
  Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
  Of the battlefield's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
  The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
  With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
  And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
  As we toasted "Our Flag and Land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers,
  As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
  The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
  And we rose up—just eleven—
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
  Who had made us thirty-seven!

CHAPTER XVIII.

(From August 26, 1864, to September 9, 1864.)

IN THE TRENCHES—EXPIRATION OF TERM OF SERVICE—CONSOLIDATION WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS—RETURN OF THE SHATTERED COLUMNS

WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords were bright and new,
When the regiment went marching down the street,
All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved along,
Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.
Oh, the music of the feet keeping time to drums that beat,
Oh, the splendor and the glitter of the sight,
As with swords and rifles new and in uniforms of blue.
The regiment went marching to the fight.

When the regiment came back, all the guns and swords were black
And the uniforms had faded out to gray.
And the faces of the men who marched through that street again
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way.
For the dead who lose their way cannot look more wan and gray
Oh, the sorrow and the pity of the sight,
Oh, the weary lagging feet, out of step with drums that beat,
As the regiment comes marching from the fight.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ON THE evening of September 4th, official notice was received of the capture of Atlanta by General Sherman. A national salute of thirty-six shotted guns was fired at midnight in honor of the victory, by every battery bearing on the enemy's works. The "Johnnies" were much surprised and alarmed at being so unceremoniously aroused at the witching hour of night, and regarding the unusual demonstration as the prelude to an attack, replied briskly to our fire from all their batteries and cohorns. The noise in the dead hour of the night was terrific and the sight one of grandeur.

The air was literally filled with the flash of heavy and light

artillery on either side, and bombs, whose fiery trails were truly and grandly sublime.

The time for our discharge from the service of the United States had now arrived, and one hundred and sixty-two enlisted men and two officers of the Sixty-third whose terms had not expired, and those veterans who had re-enlisted, were transferred to the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment. These men, however, made a vigorous protest and the following appeal, which was signed by every re-enlisted man of the Sixty-third, was forwarded to the War Department at Washington:

"Headquarters Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers,

August 11, 1864.

Sir:—The undersigned, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, respectfully beg leave to submit the following statement for your consideration:

As will be seen by the enclosed order, the term of service of seven companies of this regiment has expired and we, (the veterans and recruits) who are left, are ordered for field service to the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

We know that a strong effort has been, and is still being made, to have the consolidation a permanent one, and it is against this that we appeal.

The Sixty-third and the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Regiments were organized in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1861, in the same camp and at the same time. We came to Washington City and were very soon brigaded together in the brigade commanded by the late Brigadier General C. D. Jameson. Since that time we have never been separated for a single day. Our histories are identical, having always fought side by side in the numerous battles in which we have been engaged. We have many friends and relatives there, and feel that our assignment to that regiment would be conducive to the best interests of the service. The One Hundred and Fifth is a veteran organization and it is our earnest wish that we be transferred to that regiment. On the other hand, we beg leave, most respectfully, to protest against our being transferred to the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers. It is from the eastern portion of the State, while we are from the western. There is nothing to identify us with them. Our relations with one another have always been other than friendly, and we feel that any credit that we might be entitled to in the future, would be accredited to a portion of the State other than our own, thereby depriving our friends at

home of the credit or discredit of our actions in the future. We feel that this is unjust and that the majority of us, having served faithfully and honestly, for a period of three years, and having re-enlisted for a new term, that our feelings and interests, as well as those of our friends at home, should, to some degree at least, be consulted.

We would, therefore, earnestly and urgently request that such steps be taken as will prevent the consummation of an object that will be humiliating to us; that the order assigning us to the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers be revoked and that we be assigned to the regiment of our choice, the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers."

This communication was favorably considered by the War Department, and the recruits and re-enlisted veterans of the Sixty-third were transferred to the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, with which gallant organization they served faithfuly and honorably until the surrender at Appamattox Court House on Sunday, April 9, 1865.

The re-enlisted men, who were actuated solely by their patriotism to continue in service after the expiration of their original terms, were also permitted, by general orders, to attach to their signatures the word "Veteran," and were mustered as Veteran Volunteers under General Orders Nos. 191, 305 and 376, War Department, A. G. O.

Each one was entitled to a "furlough of at least thirty days in their State, previous to expiration of original term." The muster roll also shows the following note: "Has bounty $60.00, and $13.00 advanced on pay due."

The remainder of the regiment, after three years' active service in the red front of battle, were mustered out in the field on September 9, 1864, and the SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, as an organization, ceased to exist, having participated in thirty-nine battles and skirmishes, as per the following list promulgated by the War Department:

1. Pohick Church, March 5, 1862.
2. Siege of Yorktown, Va., April 3 to May 4, 1862.
3. Peach Orchard, April 9, 1862. Reconnoissance in front of Yorktown, Va.

4. Wynn's Mills, April 11, 1862. Reconnoissance in front of Yorktown, Va.
5. Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.
6. Fair Oaks, Va., May 31 and June 1, 1862.
7. Near Fair Oaks, Va., June 21, 1862.
8. Oak Grove or the Orchard, June 25, 1862.
9. White Oak Swamp, June 29, 1862.
10. Glendale (Charles City Cross Roads, Nelson's Farm or Frazier's Farm) June 30, 1862.
11. Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.
12. Kettle Run or First Bristoe, August 27, 1862.
13. Groveton or Second Bull Run, August 29 and 30, 1862.
14. Chantilly, September 1, 1862.
15. Fredericksburg, December 12 to 15, 1862.
16. Chancellorsville, May 1 to 5, 1863.
17. Gettysburg, Pa., July 2 and 3, 1863.
18. Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863.
19. Auburn Mills, October 14, 1863.
20. McLean's Ford, October 15, 1863.
21. Kelly's Ford, November 7, 1863.
22. Jacob's Ford, November 8, 1863.
23. Mine Run Expedition, November 27 and 28, 1863.
24. Reconnoisance to James City, February 28, 1864.
25. Wilderness, May 5 to 7, 1864.
26. Spottsylvania, May 8 to 21, 1864.
27. Brown House, May 10, 1864.
28. North Anna, May 23 and 24, 1864.
29. Tolopotomy, May 31 to June 1, 1864.
30. Cold Harbor, June 2 to 5, 1864.
31. Barker's Mills, June 6 to 12, 1864.
32. Before Petersburg, June 16, 1864.
33. Hare House, June 18, 1864.
34. Skirmish of Davis Farm, June 21, 1864.
35. Second Corps flanked, morning, June 22, 1864.
36. Heavy skirmish, evening, June 22, 1864.
37. Deep Bottom, July 27, 1864.
38. Heavy fighting, July 30, 1864.
39. Heavy skirmish near church, August 14 to 15, 1864.*

*From this date until September 9, 1864, there was constant picket firing and skirmishing.

Of the 1,341 men enrolled at various times, 883 were killed, wounded or missing in action, as follows:

	Officers	Men	Total
Killed	10	106	116
Wounded	48	571	619
Captured or missing	4	144	148
Aggregate	62	821	883

DEATHS.

	Officers	Men	Total
Killed in action	10	106	116
Died of wounds	7	62	69
Died of disease or in prison	1	126	127
Other known or unknown causes	..	9	9
	18	303	321

Of the original line officers but two returned, the non-commissioned officers and several of the privates were their successors, and much of the praise due to the regiment in action can be attributed to this fact: One private terminated his military career in the retired list of the Regular Army as a brigadier general—Joseph B. Kiddoo, a private of Company F. Another private of Company F, David Shields, subsequently rose to the rank of captain, and served with distinction on the staff of General Hays. Another fact which seems a little out of the ordinary line of military history was that one quartermaster was killed, another wounded. The regiment was singularly fortunate in having Colonel Hays as its first commander, impetuous and daring in battle, he possessed a cool, clear brain, and with the eye that took in the situation at a glance. Tender hearted as a child, yet rigid in discipline. With such a commander, this regiment, composed of men who loved their native land, could not fail to be effective in the line of duty, however, dangerous, and stand steady under the fiercest rain of shot and shell. All honor to Alexander Hays,—brave, intrepid, tried and true, whose memory is a fragrant one to every soldier of the Sixty-third.

Those who had been "mustered out" and received their final discharge papers, were overwhelmed with joy, and it is impossible to even attempt to describe the sensations of the "boys" when they were ordered to pack up and start for home. They proceeded down the James River to Fortress Monroe, thence

to Washington, and via the Pennsylvania Railroad to Pittsburgh.

But what changes had taken place since they had left the city for the front, and how many of the old regiment were left of that body of men who had so proudly marched away to war on the 1st of August, 1861! How sad we were as we recalled the dear comrades who had stood shoulder to shoulder with us on the march, and on the battlefield, and whose bones were mouldering on the many battlefields of the South, and with whom we would never meet in this life again. As our little remnant returned to our native villages, how many sad faces met us as we greeted the weeping wives, bereaved children and friends whose loved ones we had left behind, never to rejoin this side of the grave; comrades who had scaled their patriotism with their life's blood, and had saved the country by giving their lives in its defense. Gazing at these mourning friends, reminded us of the home-coming of a body of soldiers from a foreign war:

"Bells are swinging,
Loudly ringing,
Hame the soldiers come,
Some are greeting,
Some are weeping,
Some with joy are dumb,
Whilst others stand ayont the wa'
Wie grief their hearts maist bruck in twa,
Whilst ithers shout wi' frantic joy,
They weep o'er friends that's gane."

FINIS.

PART II.

COMPANY HISTORY AND ROSTER

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

ALEXANDER HAYS, Colonel—Mustered in August 25, 1861; promoted to Brigadier General, September 29, 1862; to Brevet Major General, May 5, 1864. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried in Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. S. M. MORGAN, Colonel—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Promoted from Lieutenant Colonel, September 29, 1862. Severely wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged April 16, 1863, on account of wounds received at Fair Oaks.

WILLIAM S. KIRKWOOD, Colonel—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Captain Company B to Major, June 20, 1862; to Lieutenant Colonel, September 29, 1862; to Colonel, April 18, 1863. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died June 28, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Buried Fairview, Pa.

JOHN A. DANKS, Colonel—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted from Captain Company E to Major, September 29, 1862; to Lieutenant Colonel, December 18, 1863; commissioned Colonel to date from July 1, 1863. Mustered out with regiment. Died at Glenfield, Pa., July 26, 1896. Buried in Allegheny, Pa.

MAURICE WALLACE, Major—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted from Captain Company H, August 6, 1861. Resigned June 19, 1862. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., 1899.

JAMES F. RYAN, Major—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted from Captain Company I, December 19, 1863. Discharged April 1, 1864. Died at McKeesport, Pa., April 19, 1887. Buried there.

GEORGE W. McCULLOUGH, Major—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Captain Company F, April 5, 1964. Killed at Battle of Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 5225.

GEORGE P. CORTS, Adjutant—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Resigned November 12, 1862, and appointed on staff of General Alexander Hays. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died since the war.

WILLIAM M. McGRANAHAN, Adjutant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from private Company D to Sergeant Major, May 12, 1862; to Adjutant, November 12, 1862. Died June 2, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JOHNS A. YOUNG, Adjutant—Mustered in October 9, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant Company A to Sergeant Major, June 3, 1863; to Adjutant, June 3, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.

GROUP OF OFFICERS SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Left to right: Col. John A. Danks, Capt. George Weaver, Company C; Capt. W. P. Hunker, Company A; Capt. Wm. McIntosh, Company I; Lieut. R. Howard Millar, Company E; Lieut. James S. Williams, Company G; Lieut. D. C. Crawford, Company I; Lieut. A. G. Williams, Company E; Lieut. George W. Kettenburg, Company C.

JAMES M. LYSLE, Quartermaster—Mustered in August 9, 1861. Promoted from Second Lieutenant Company I, September 1, 1861. Killed near Pohick Church, Va., March 5, 1862. Buried McKeesport, Pa.

WILLIAM N. HAYMAKER, Quartermaster—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Second Lieutenant Company A, March 5, 1862. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Mustered out with regiment. Died at Turtle Creek, Pa., March 13, 1904. Buried Cross Roads cemetery, Monroeville, Pa.

JOHN T. CRAWFORD, Surgeon—Mustered in 1861. Promoted to Brigade Surgeon, October 7, 1861. Died since the war.

W. H. WORTHINGTON, Surgeon—Mustered in October 14, 1861. Transferred to Ninety-ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, February 17, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES K. RODGERS, Surgeon—Mustered in September 18, 1861. Transferred to Ninety-ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, February 17, 1862. Discharged July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

Z. RING JONES, Surgeon—Mustered in June 22, 1861. Promoted from Assistant Surgeon Thirty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 20, 1862. Mustered out with regiment. Died since the war.

JAMES A. McFADDEN, Assistant Surgeon—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Resigned June 17, 1862. Died since the war.

NOBLE C. McMORRIS, Assistant Surgeon—Mustered in August 2, 1862. Mustered out with regiment. Died at Duncannon, Pa., 1904.

GERALD D. O'FARRELL, Assistant Surgeon—Mustered in March 14, 1863. Mustered out with regiment. Died Philadelphia, Pa., March 27, 1902.

JAMES JUNIUS MARKS, Chaplain—Mustered in August 26, 1861. Resigned December 20, 1862. Died Laguna Beach, Cal., August 10, 1899.

ROBERT M. MORTON, Sergeant Major—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from private, Company B, July 3, 1863. Mustered out with regiment.

CHARLES W. McHENRY, Sergeant Major—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Captain Company G, August 20, 1861. Discharged November 13, 1862. Died at Janesville, Wis., February 9, 1874, and buried there.

SOLOMON KLINE, Sergeant Major—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant Company D, May 15, 1862. Discharged July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM P. HUNKER, Quartermaster Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant Company A, July 26, 1862; to Captain, May 4, 1863. Wounded three times. Mustered out with company. Died at Clermont, Pa., May 2, 1906.

WILLIAM ATWATER, Quartermaster Sergeant—Mustered in August 18, 1861. Promoted from private, Company I, September 1, 1862. Died since the war.

JACOB LONEBAUGH, Commissary Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from private, Company B. Veteran volunteer. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died August 12, 1899.

CHARLES D. SCHRIEVES, Hospital Steward—Mustered in December 16, 1861. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN HOWENSTINE, Principal Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from musician, Company E. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., since the war.

J. REESE PARKER, Principal Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with regiment.

JOSEPH LICHENBERGER, Principal Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861, as private. Promoted from musician, Company F; and to Brigade Bugler, 1862; to Division Bugler, 1863; veteran volunteer. Transferred to non-commissioned field and staff as Fife Major, August 1, 1864. Died in Clarion county, Pa., May 18, 1875.

WILLIAM CLOWES, Hospital Steward—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Hospital Steward, Sixty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, March 31, 1862.

WILLIAM H. MONTGOMERY, Drum Major—Mustered in August, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 21, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM H. MORROW, Fife Major—Promoted from Company A. Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 26, 1863.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND.

The regimental band was recruited from New Brighton, Steubenville and Pittsburgh, the New Brighton squad being composed of Jacob and Ralph Covert, Emanuel and James C. Evans, Thomas F. and Jacob Johnston, Henry Noss, Moses Umstead, Myron Webb and Ferdinand A. Winter; while from Steubenville came Robert C. and Benjamin E. Hawkins, Lyman and William Priest, George F. Lyman and George Stamm; Pittsburgh furnishing Thomas W. Baker, William Beardsley and Robert Neely.

The band was organized in Camp Wilkins, Pittsburgh, where they only remained a few days, proceeding to join the regiment, then in Washington, D. C., where they were mustered in August 25, 1861.

For some weeks they had no instruments, and their time was put in drilling and arranging their music. Finally after many delays the instruments, which had been contributed by citizens of Pittsburg, arrived at Camp Johnston, and the band got down to constant practice, under the leadership of Robert C. Hawkins, a gifted musician, being quartered in the rear of heaquarters, where they had their own mess and cook. Their daily duties embraced the music for guard mount in the morning, brigade drill in the afternoon, and dress parade in the evening. Occasionally they played for entertainments given by the regiment, and at General Kearney's and General Jameson's headquarters. Colonel Hays and General Kearney had little ear for music, but both seemed fond of it, so General Kearney on one occasion requested Colonel Hays to send his band down to headquarters for an evening concert. The colonel duly issued orders for the band to report at General Kearney's headquarters, which at once raised a howl of protest, the musicians stating that their leader was absent, as were several other leading players, and that they had no drums, but the colonel was firm, and they were marched down to General Kearney. Such awful music was seldom heard, but the boys fought it out, having for an audience in part many members of some of the excellent bands of other regiments connected with the division, who were generous in their somewhat personal criticism of those who were playing.

The next morning Colonel Hays appeared before the band, saying, "I thought you fellows said you could not play last night? Why, General Kearney was delighted, and said it was the best d—— music he had heard in the army, and wants you to go down again

tonight," and for about a week the band, bad as it was, repeated their program.

In time of action the members of the band served in connection with the ambulance corps, carrying off the wounded from the field, and assisting the surgeons in operations, their duties compelling them to be under fire frequently, although none were ever wounded or killed.

Under General Order No. 151, issued by the War Department, all regimental bands were discharged, and the Sixty-third band was mustered out at Harrison's Landing, Va., August 9, 1862, proceeding to Baltimore, where they received their pay, and thence returned to their homes.

ROSTER.

ROBERT C. HAWKINS, Leader—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band, on General Order 151, August 9, 1862. Died at Steubenville, Ohio, April 3, 1902. Buried Union cemetery there.

THOMAS W. BAKER—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., March 25, 1907.

WILLIAM BEARDSLEY—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Died since the war.

JACOB COVERT—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band, August 9, 1862.

RALPH COVERT—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band, August 9, 1862. Died since the war.

EMANUEL EVANS—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band, August 9, 1862.

JAMES C. EVANS—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band, August 9, 1862. Died at Beaver Falls, Pa., April 4, 1903. Buried Grandview cemetery there.

BENJAMIN E. HAWKINS—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Died since the war.

JACOB M. JOHNSTON—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band.

THOMAS F. JOHNSTON—Mustered in August 25, 1861. at the age of 14 years 2 months, the youngest man in the regiment. Mustered out with band.

GEORGE F. LYMAN—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band.

ROBERT NEELY—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Died since the war.

HENRY NOSS—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Re-enlisted June 27, 1863, in Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Militia. Discharged August 13, 1863. Re-enlisted September 8, 1864, in Fifth Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery. Discharged June 13, 1865.

LYMAN PRIEST—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Re-enlisted.

WILLIAM T. PRIEST—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band.

GEORGE STAMM—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Re-enlisted in Seventy-fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers; discharged August 9, 1865.

MOSES UMSTEAD—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band. Died since the war.

MYRON S. WEBB—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band.

FERDINAND A. WINTER—Mustered in August 25, 1861. Mustered out with band.

HISTORY OF COMPANY A.

In the spring of 1861, when Fort Sumter was fired on, and a call made for seventy-five thousand men for three months, a number of the citizens of Braddock organized a company, but were too late to be accepted, the quota having already been raised.

The company then became a "home-guard" company and drilled regularly, thus holding themselves in readiness if another call should be made.

After the First Battle of Bull Run, when the President issued his next call for men to serve for three years, a portion of the Braddock company went to White Ash, where they were joined by a number of others, and a full company was raised.

About August 1st they went to Pittsburgh and were placed in Camp Wilkins, formerly the old fair grounds. They now became Company A, Sixty-third regiment.

On August 26, 1861, the company, with a number of others, left Pittsburgh and went to Washington, D. C. They went into camp at what was known as "Camp Sprague."

On September 28th they crossed the Potomac at Alexandria, and encamped on the Leesburg Pike, at what was called "Camp Shields," where they remained until October 14th, when the regiment moved across Hunting Creek and encamped on the farm of George Mason, on the road leading from Alexandria to Accotink, and near Fort Lyon.

This was known as Camp Johnston, and here they remained until March 17, 1862, when they embarked on transports at Alexandria and were taken to Fortress Monroe, where they landed and encamped for a short time at Hampton, from whence the Peninsular campaign began.

It was one of the best companies in the regiment, and lost more men in killed, wounded and prisoners than any company in the Sixty-third. Out of one hundred and fifty men, but twenty-two returned at the end of their three years' enlistment, while forty-eight re-enlisted and became Veteran Volunteers, serving until the Confederacy went down and the Cause of the Union was triumphant. It participated in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment was engaged and occupying the point of honor at the right of the line, its loss was accordingly great. The best of harmony always existed between the officers and men, and out of one hundred and fifty men,

but four have the mark of deserter charged against them, and but one of the officers resigned, while two were dismissed from the service. After the transfer of the regiment to the Peninsula, and while prosecuting the siege of Yorktown, the company suffered much from sickness and was engaged in the first encounter with the rebels in which Joseph M. Thompson was killed. After the Battle of Williamsburg, Company A was the first to enter the town. The memorable march up the Peninsula followed, and in the Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, Company A lost very heavily.

It took an active part in the seven days' fighting before Richmond and suffered heavy loss at Charles City Cross Roads, June 30, 1862. In August of the same year, the Army of the Potomac being ordered to move to the support of Pope, who was being badly whipped on the Rappahannock, Company A, at the head of the Sixty-third, left the Peninsula and on the 29th it did effective work at Second Bull Run. Also on September 1st at Chantilly, where the brave Kearney fell.

On December 12, 1862, it was placed in the front at Fredericksburg, where it remained forty-eight hours before being relieved. Going into winter quarters near Falmouth until January 20, 1863, when it took part in the famous "stick-in-the-mud" march under General Burnside. On May 3, 1863, it took a prominent part in the bloody battle of Chancellorsville, and it was there that the brave Captain Smith lost his life. Smith was universally lamented by the company. A cooler or braver officer never led men into battle. He never shirked danger and was a stranger to fear.

On June 11, 1863, they started on the Gettysburg campaign, and on the morning of July 2nd the company was deployed as skirmishers along the Emmettsburg Pike. Again, after Lee's retreat from Pennsylvania, the company did effective work as skirmishers at Wapping Heights. At Culpepper it was reinforced by a number of conscripts. At Auburn Mills and Kelly's Ford it was again hotly engaged, and also participated in skirmishes at Locust Grove. The regiment went into winter quarters at Brandy Station. The terrible battles of the Wilderness followed in the early part of May, 1864, and Company A sustained its well-earned reputation for hard fighting.

From this point until they arrived before Petersburg, it may be called one continual fight until the 14th day of June, and in all these battles and skirmishes Company A took an active part. While lying in front of Petersburg, skirmishing and fighting was of daily occurrence until August 1st, when the veterans and recruits having been transferred to the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, twenty-two men, the sole survivors left of the immense company of one

hundred and fifty men, were mustered out and returned to their homes.

Company A has the proud distinction of capturing the only Confederate flag taken by the Sixty-third during the war, Sergeant John M. Kendig having captured the battle flag of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina Regiment, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

The company, when fully organized, consisted of the following officers and enlisted men:

J. McC. BERRINGER, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. In command of company until July 26, 1862, when he was dismissed from service.

WILLIAM SMITH, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Promoted to Captain July 26, 1862, vice Berringer. Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.

WILLIAM N. HAYMAKER, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster March 5, 1862. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Mustered out with company. Died March 13, 1904, at Turtle Creek, Pa. Buried Cross Roads cemetery, Monroeville, Pa.

A. O. LAUFMAN, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant March 5, 1862. Resigned July 26, 1862.

J. W. ADAMS, Second Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant March 5, 1862; afterwards became a member of the band. Mustered out with company. Died October 16, 1906, at Braddock, Pa. Buried Versailles cemetery, McKeesport, Pa.

SAMUEL L. PEDAN, Third Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant July 15, 1862; to Second Lieutenant July 26, 1862; to First Lieutenant July 1, 1863. Dismissed from service by sentence of general court martial November 2, 1863. Died since the war.

RUDOLPH J. MARTI, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of disability August 2, 1862. Died October 4, 1900, at National Military Home, Ohio, and buried there.

JAMES L. PAUL, Fifth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal and to Sergeant. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM P. HUNKER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant November, 1861; to First Lieutenant July 26, 1862, and to Captain May 4, 1863. Wounded three times. Mustered out with company. Died Clermont, Pa., May 2, 1906.

ISAAC MILLS, JR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant July 5, 1863, and to First Lieutenant March 1, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died Braddock, Pa., March 4, 1902. Buried there.

JOHNS A. YOUNG—Mustered in October 9, 1861. Made clerk in Brigade Commissary October, 1862. Promoted to Sergeant Major June 3, 1863, and to Adjutant June 3, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JAMES C. QUINTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal and Sergeant. Severely wounded. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, December 20, 1864.

DANIEL OSKINS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks May 31, 1862. Promoted to Corporal December 7, 1862, and to Sergeant November 24, 1863. Mustered out with company.

B. FRANK SHAFER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant March 10, 1862. Prisoner from May 12 to November 30, 1864. Discharged for disability February 16, 1865.

GEORGE M. GIBSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died at Braddock, Pa., February 23, 1908.

ISAAC McKEAG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Discharged for disability November 24, 1863. Died after the war.

CORPORALS.

JOHN HAYMAKER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's farm, June 30, 1862. Promoted to Corporal July, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died Calhoun county, W. Va., October, 1901. Buried there.

THOMAS M. SHANNON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run and at North Anna River. Promoted to Corporal February 24, 1864. Mustered out with company.

AARON CUBBERT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Promoted to Corporal. Mustered out with company.

JOHN McCUTCHEON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

ROBERT MURRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Buried in the National cemetery at City Point, Va. Grave 2918.

JOHN M. KENDIG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Captured Confederate battle flag of Twenty-eighth North Carolina Regiment, May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.

JAMES MILLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

CHARLES A. McCOSH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Killed in fight at St. Louis, Mo., August 28, 1899. Buried there.

JESSE MORRIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal and to Sergeant. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged March 12, 1863, on account of wounds received at Fair Oaks.

GEORGE HOERR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Lost an arm at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; arm amputated within Confederate lines. Discharged for disability January 20, 1864.

JACOB R. LONG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability December 18, 1862. Died since the war.

MUSICIANS.

W. H. MORROW—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fife Major November, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate at Point Lookout Hospital, Maryland, December 26, 1863.

JOHN MONTGOMERY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Drum Major November, 1861. Reduced March, 1862. Discharged for disability August 21, 1862. Died after the war.

ROBERT McWILLIAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died 1902, at Sardis, Pa.

PRIVATES.

J. M. ANDERSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability October 8, 1862. Died since the war.

ROBERT H. BATES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

MILTON BARNETT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM F. BITNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. After the war enlisted in the Regular Army and was frozen to death in Wyoming Territory, in the winter of 1871.

JOHN BOYLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, also at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Veteran Volunteer.

ANDREW J. BROWN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate April 27, 1862. Drafted and returned to company July 10, 1863. Deserted May 7, 1864.

PATRICK BURNS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Deserted August 13, 1862, after fight with superior officer.

DAVID BURKEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of typhoid fever at Fair Oaks, June 24, 1862.

WILLIAM C. BEECHER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed in action May 23, 1864.

ROBERT BARR—Mustered in ——————. Missing at the Wilderness, May 7, 1864. Supposed to have been killed.

ROBERT CAMPBELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with the company.

GEORGE COLSTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM W. CLELAND—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with the company.

JAMES CREIGHTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Paroled prisoner. Deserted May, 1863.

HEZEKIAH CRAIG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of typhoid fever at Fair Oaks, June 23, 1862.

SAMUEL DEITRICK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at the Orchards, June 25, 1862. Discharged for disability December 24, 1862.

FRANK DUNBAR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Discharged for disability December 30, 1862.

ALPHEUUS FRY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted from hospital in Philadelphia, December, 1863. Returned for duty February 14, 1864. Wounded at North Anna, May 23, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

JACOB FRY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. Mustered out with company.

JAMES FAIR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

DAVID FREE—Mustered in ————————. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 11, 1863. Died since the war.

PETER GEIGER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded June 18, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died May 19, 1900, at Suterville, Pa.

HENRY T. GATERMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died in hospital at Philadelphia, August 24, 1862.

HENRY GARDNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 13, 1862. Died since the war.

WASHINGTON GEER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 20, 1863. Died since the war.

LAWSON GREEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 17, 1864. Died since the war.

MICHAEL HAYMAKER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Served as clerk in Brigade Quartermaster's department. Mustered out with company. Died January 28, 1901, at Murraysville, Pa. Buried Cross Roads churchyard, Monreoville, Pa.

ABRAHAM HEISLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Absent on detached service at muster out.

JAMES HARE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL HAMILTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 25, 1862. Died since the war.

CHRISTIAN HALTZHOUSE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner and died in Andersonville prison, September 18, 1864. Grave 9123.

THOMAS HADDON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 28, 1862.

JAMES HUTTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of typhoid fever at Fair Oaks, June 7, 1862.

FRANK HOFFMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 2, 1862. Died since the war.

MATHIAS HISSEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Missing in action August 29, 1862.

WILLIAM W. HAYS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December 9, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN H. HOLLY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Died from effects of wound May 24, 1863.

PETER HAMMIL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Deserted October 20, 1862.

JONATHAN JAMISON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Re-enlisted, Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

THOMAS KENNEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 21, 1861. Died February 14, 1907, at National Military Home, Ohio, and buried there.

CYRUS KUNKLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 14, 1863. Died since the war.

ROBERT J. LINTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

JOHN LEHMIRE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died November 8, 1862. Buried Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C.

DAVID B. LUDWICK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862.

AARON LINDERMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died December 15, 1863, of wounds received at Mine Run, Va., November 26, 1863. Buried National cemetery, Alexandria, Va. Grave 1198.

NATHANIEL LOWRY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

MATHEW MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged November 19, 1861, by order of Dr. Crawford. Died since the war.

JAMES MAXWELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

JAMES MILES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 17, 1862.

THOMAS A MILLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 1, 1863. Died since the war.

HENRY MOFFITT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged December 12, 1862, for wounds received at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Died since the war.

JOSEPH W. MORRIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 11, 1863. Died since the war.

WILMER W. MORRIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Discharged November 21, 1862, on account of wounds. Died Penn township, near Pittsburgh, Pa., January 17, 1908.

JAMES McATEE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Re-enlisted in Eighteenth Regulars, and served three years in Texas.

JAMES K. P. McCULLOUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

IRWIN McCUTCHEON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM McKELVEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL McNEAL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Petersburg, June 22, 1864. Veteran Volunteer.

J. S. McFADDEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Assistant Surgeon. Resigned June 17, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN McCUNE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died in hospital at Annapolis, May 6, 1862.

JOHN McTAGGERT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

DAVID PARRY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of fever February 4, 1863.

JOHN A RYAN—Mustered in ————————. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 28, 1863. Died since the war.

MARTIN SCOTT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured and sent to Libby Prison. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1862. Mustered out with company. Died January 23, 1896, at Pittsburgh.

SAMUEL H. STOUT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Absent sick at muster out.

GEORGE W. SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

FREDERICK SALLADAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

HARRY SHAEFFER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of typhoid fever at Fair Oaks, May, 1862.

FREDERICK SCHILLING—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

JAMES R. TROUT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Discharged October 3, 1863, on account of wounds.

JOSEPH M. THOMPSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Yorktown, April 11, 1862. First man killed in the company.

W. DALLAS TROUT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 29, 1862.

HENRY I. TOMER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Discharged for disability September 20, 1862. Died since the war.

SAMUEL H. WHITE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOSEPH WOLFORD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN L. WARD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 7, 1863.

LOUIS A. WEST—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 7, 1863. Re-enlisted September 13, 1864, in Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

JOHNSON WILSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

WILLIAM WILSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged November 25, 1862, to enlist in Regular Army. Died since the war.

JOSEPH YOUNG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Chesepeake Hospital, 1862.

YENNY YOST—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Disappeared while the company lay at Fortress Monroe and was never heard of afterward.

RECRUITS.

JOHN BULGER—Mustered in February 24, 1864. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ELI R. DOWLER—Mustered in August 1, 1862. Transferred to Signal Corps.

JOHN H. DEMPSEY—Mustered in February 27, 1864. Wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; taken prisoner and died in Richmond, July 10, 1864.

FRANCIS DAVIS—Mustered in February 22, 1864. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

THOMAS DAVIS—Mustered in February 22, 1864. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL FREE—Mustered in February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE HOLLENBECK—Mustered in September 30, 1862. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ANDREW MILLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

JAMES MURPHY—Mustered in August 7, 1862. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

W. J. McCLELLAND—Mustered in February 18, 1864. Killed at Petersburg, June 16, 1864.

SAMUEL PAINTER—Mustered in February 29, 1864. Died at Andersonville Prison, July 17, 1864. Buried National cemetery there, grave 3445.

ROBERT SHULL—Mustered in August 19, 1862. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL K. SHIPLEY—Mustered in September 4, 1863. Substitute. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

ROBERT W. SCOTT—Mustered in February 10, 1864. Promoted to Corporal. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1862. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN BICKERTON—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN BECKER—Drafted September 7, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

OLIVER P. BOYD—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROBERT BARR—Mustered in ————————————. Missing at Wilderness, May 7, 1864.

F. W. DIEHL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner and died at Andersonville Prison, August 17, 1864. Buried National cemetery there. Grave 6017.

MATHEW EAGLESON—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN FLEMING—Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

E. N. FUNK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864. Buried (as C. H. Frank) National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va. Grave 3620.

JAMES GRACEY—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

J. W. LEECH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

HENRY MARQUETTE—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

CORNELIUS McCOY—Drafted September 10, 1863. Wounded and captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. Died at Richmond, Va., July 23, 1864.

HERMAN SNEAR—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE J. STILES—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HARVEY D. THOMPSON—Drafted July 15, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

HENRY B. WHITE—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL CABLE—Mustered in February 12, 1864. Transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ALFRED CABLE—Mustered in February 12, 1864. Transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE MORRISON—Wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

R. H. GLENN—Mustered in February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN HUCK—Mustered in February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

DAVID McGIBBON—Not on muster-out roll.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed	20
Died from wounds	6
Died in rebel prisons	6
Died of disease	9
Discharged on account of wounds and disability	32
Deserted	4
Re-enlisted and transfered to other regiments	48
Dismissed from service	2
Resigned	1
Mustered out with company	22
Total enrolled	150
Wounded in action	36

PART OF VETERAN COMPANY B, SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Rear Row, Standing—Reese Parker, Fife Major; 2, Leslie Craner, Drummer; 3, Capt. R. A. Nesbit; 4, John Baird; 5, John Wolf; 6, James McCutcheon; 7, John Moyle; 8, George Draher; 9, George House; 10, John Trent; 11, Lieut. David Strachan; 12, Benjamin Ramsey; 13, Sergt. John Williams; 14, John Smith; 15, Sergt. William Draher; 16, Sergt. Major Robert Morton.

Front Row, Kneeling—17, Sergt. John L. Hays; 18, William McClaren; 19, James McConnaha; 20, ——; 21, James McClaren; 22, Joseph Clowes; 23, Corp. Charles King; 24, Samuel Henry; 25, William Mooney; 26, William Irwin.

Picture taken on John Minor Botts' farm, near Brandy Station, Va., 1863.

HISTORY OF COMPANY B.

Organized in the early part of August, 1861. It was composed of what was known as the Collier Guards, of Sharpsburg, a military organization which had done considerable drilling previous to enlistment, and a couple of squads of men from Deer Creek and Fairview, under command of Wm. S. Kirkwood, of the latter place. The first commissioned officers were Captain Wm. S. Kirkwood, afterward promoted to major, lieutenant colonel and colonel, and who died June 25, 1863, from wounds received at Chancellorsville.

First lieutenant, Timothy L. Maynard, a school principal, who lost his life at Kelly's Ford, on November 7, 1863.

Second lieutenant, S. P. Taylor, who resigned on June 5, 1862.

About the middle of August the company was placed in Camp Wilkins, the old fair grounds in Pittsburgh, where it remained until August 26th, when, with a number of others, it left the camp on a beautiful evening, marched down Liberty street, Pittsburgh, and embarked on cars and, amid cheers of citizens and tearful farewells of friends and relatives, they left home for the front. The company arrived at Washington on August 28th and camped a short distance outside the city limits.

Their first camp was known as Camp Sprague. On September 28th they crossed the Potomac and, landing at Alexandria, marched about two miles out the Leesburg Pike, where they encamped at what was known as Camp Shields.

On October 14th they again moved, going across Hunting Creek to the farm of James Mason, on the Mount Vernon Road, and went into winter quarters at Camp Johnston, where they remained until March 17, 1862, when they embarked on transports for Fortress Monroe, where they began the memorable Peninsula campaign.

Company B made for itself a reputation of which it may feel justly proud. Only two of its officers resigned during its three years of service, and one of them only did so when he found that he was unable any longer to serve on account of the severe wound he received in battle, and which had rendered him unfit for any active service. Only four men deserted, and two of them were conscripts. The company was celebrated for its good discipline and the friendly feeling existing between the officers and private soldiers. Very seldom were the officers compelled to punish any of the men for dereliction of duty.

When the company was fully organized, it consisted of the following officers and enlisted men:

WILLIAM S. KIRKWOOD, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Commanded the company until June 19, 1862, when he was promoted to Major; to Lieutenant Colonel on September 24, 1862, and to Colonel April 18, 1863. Wounded at the Battle of Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862, and May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, received a fatal wound. Taken to Alexandria, Va., where he died in the hospital on June 25, 1863, and was buried at Fairview, Pa.

TIMOTHY L. MAYNARD, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Captain June 19, 1862; wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. November 7, 1863, he received wounds at the Battle of Kelly's Ford, which terminated his life. At the time of his death he was acting Commissary of Subsistence of the First Brigade, also A. A. D. C.

S. P. TAYLOR, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Resigned June 5, 1862.

JAMES S. POWERS, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. First Sergeant of the company until June 3, 1862, when he was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and on June 19, 1862, was promoted to First Lieutenant. Severely wounded at Battle of Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862, and on account of his wounds was compelled to resign. Died since the war at Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania.

ROBERT A. NESBIT, Second Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, June 19, 1862; to First Lieutenant, May 19, 1863; and to Captain, January 3, 1864. On account of Captain Maynard being on staff and recruiting service, the company was under direct command of Nesbit from June 30, 1862, until it was mustered out of service, August 7, 1864. Wounded in the breast at the Battle of the Wilderness May 5, 1864.

JAMES HINES, Third Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Sergeant June 3, 1862. Wounded at Second Battle of Bull Run, August 31, 1862, and discharged January 18, 1863, on account of wounds received.

EDWARD T. SAINT, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Third Sergeant June 3, 1862, and to First Sergeant June 19, 1862. Severely wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862, and discharged October 30, 1862, on account of wounds.

JOHN S. STEVENSON, Fifth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fourth Sergeant, June 3, 1863; to Third Sergeant, June 19, 1862; to Second Sergeant, August 3, 1862, and to Second Lieutenant, May 19, 1863. Detailed as Brigade Ambulance Officer by General Birney, February 11, 1864. Mustered out with regiment. Died in Wilkinsburg since the war.

DAVID STRACHAN, First Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fifth Sergeant, June 4, 1862; to Fourth Sergeant, June 19, 1862; to First Sergeant, August 3, 1862, and to First Lieutenant, March 10, 1864. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, from the effects of which he died June 6, 1864; buried in National cemetery, Arlington, Va. Grave 5207.

CAPTAIN ROBERT A. NESBIT, COMPANY B.

Typical condition of uniform and equipment of a captain of infantry commanding a company on march in active service, ready for instant action, carrying bed (roll blanket), five days' rations in haversack, coffee cup, sword, revolver, and necessary company papers.

JOHN L. HAYS, Second Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Corporal, June 3, 1862; to Fifth Sergeant, June 19, 1862; to Third Sergeant, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

ANDREW P. McCLARY, Third Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Corporal June 3, 1862. Mortally wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and buried in National cemetery there.

HUGH SMITH, Fourth Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Third Corporal June 3, 1862. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged from service by civil authority.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Fifth Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fourth Corporal, June 3, 1862; to Third Corporal, August 4, 1862, and to Fifth Sergeant, December 10, 1862. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Died since the war.

WILLIAM McCUTCHEON, Sixth Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fifth Corporal, June 3, 1862, and to Fourth Corporal, June 19, 1862. Discharged from service December 10, 1862, on account of wounds received at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862.

ANDREW RIHN, Seventh Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sixth Corporal June 3, 1862. Wounded at the Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Deserted from hospital in Philadelphia and dropped from roll October 20, 1862.

WILLIAM J. DRAHER, Eighth Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Seventh Corporal, June 3, 1862; to Sixth Corporal, June 19, 1862; to First Corporal, August 10, 1862, and to Fifth Sergeant, June 10, 1864. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died at Allegheny, Pa., March 31, 1902.

REESE PARKER, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fife Major, January, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

WILLIAM HEADGRESS, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged by surgeon's certificate of disability. Died since the war.

JOHN M. GIVEN, Teamster—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of disability. Died since the war.

PRIVATES.

ROBERT C. BLACK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed with Regimental Commissary. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM T. BLACK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Was wounded. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM BAKER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded; discharged on acount of wound. Died after the war.

DANIEL BAKER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds, September, 1862.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTERFIELD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed as clerk for Brigade Quartermaster. Mustered out with company.

JOHN BAIRD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal; Veteran Volunteer; detailed as division provost guard by special order by General Birney; wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862; severely wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

LESLIE CRANER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer; musician; transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ANTHONY COLLIER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed to Beam's Battery, First New Jersey Artillery, September 10, 1862, by order of General Heintzelman. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

WILLIAM CLARK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged February 18, 1863, on account of wounds received at the Second Battle of Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged June 16, 1863, on account of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Died 1899.

DAVID CAMPBELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged December 6, 1861, for disability. Died since the war.

JOSEPH CLOWES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal March 10, 1862. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862; mustered out with company.

SAMUEL CLOWES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Camp Johnston, December 6, 1861, of typhoid fever.

AMOS COSS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, 1862.

WILLIAM COSS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 28, 1862.

GEORGE CLELAND—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed as Brigade teamster; mustered out with company.

GEORGE DUPHORN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Mustered out with company.

GEORGE DUNCAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Discharged September 10, 1863, on account of wounds.

JOHN DOLLHAMMER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE M. DRAHER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died Allegheny, Pa., June 28, 1907.

JOHN EVANS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal July 31, 1862; severely wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

MICHAEL FERGUSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Died since the war.

SAMUEL GILL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Missing at the Battle of Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862; supposed to have been killed.

DANIEL GRUBBS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Lost an arm at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; transferred to Second Battalion, Invalid Corps, December 4, 1863.

JOSEPH GRUBBS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed as Brigade blacksmith. Mustered out with company.

SAMUEL HENRY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Eighth Corporal, June 3, 1863; Seventh Corporal, June 19, 1862; afterwards promoted Second Corporal. Mustered out with company. Died at Beaver, Pa., March 11, 1901.

GEORGE F. HOUSE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Color Sergeant of the Regiment, May 3, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864, while carrying colors. Mustered out with company.

GEORGE IRWIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

WILLIAM IRWIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with the company. Died since the war.

ALFRED H. JONES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; absent wounded at muster out. Died May 26, 1907, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

EVAN JONES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate.

ALFRED F. JONES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and afterwards discharged on surgeon's certificate.

JAMES M. JOHNSTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed as Brigade saddler; discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 20, 1862.

WILLIAM JESSUP—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 19, 1863. Died since the war.

JACOB KLEINFELTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged in 1863 on surgeon's certificate. Died since the war.

CHARLES KING—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Seventh Corporal, September, 1863, and to Sixth Corporal, April 1, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

NICHOLAS KLEIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate. Died since the war.

PETER KIEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Drummer; discharged September, 1862, by order of the Secretary of War, on account of youth. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., November 27, 1905. Composer of "The Bully Old Sixty-third."

JAMES C. KENNEDY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability in 1862.

GOTTLEIB LUNDERSTATT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged by civil authority as a minor, July 3, 1863. Died since the war.

JOEL LOVERAGE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February, 1862.

HARMAR D. LAWSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal in 1862, and reduced to the ranks November 21, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died February 10, 1905, at Pittsburgh.

JOHN LEFEVER—Mustered in August 1, 1862. Promoted to Third Corporal, August, 1862; to Fifth Sergeant, October 9, 1862; and to Fourth Sergeant, December 10, 1862. Died 1866.

JACOB LONABAUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Regimental Commissary Sergeant. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died August 12, 1899.

WILLIAM LAFEVER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner at Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862; afterwards discharged on account of wounds. Re-enlisted in Heavy Artillery. Died August 19, 1904, at Livermore, Pa.

JAMES McROBERTS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner at hospital at Savage Station, June 30, 1862. Died of fever while a prisoner at Belle Isle, near Richmond, Va., about December 28, 1862.

JAMES McCONNAHA—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

BENJAMIN MILHEIZLER, SR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed to Ambulance Corps. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN MILHEIZLER, JR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862; discharged on account of wounds. Died after his return.

RICHARD McCONNELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862. Died since the war.

THOMAS McWILLIAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of wounds received at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

HUGH McAFEE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate in 1862.

EDWARD E. McCORKLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862, and at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Mustered out with company. Re-enlisted in Company D, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM H. McCLARREN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fifth Corporal. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES McCLARREN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

ROBERT McPHERSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died from wounds received at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862.

JOHN G. MAEDER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate.

JOHN MEYERS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Severely wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; transferred to Second Battalion Invalid Corps, December 1, 1863. Mustered out with company.

CHARLES McDADE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Transferred to Second Battalion Invalid Corps, December 1, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

HENRY MOYES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of fever while a prisoner returning from Richmond, August, 1862.

JOHN MOYLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Eighth Corporal, January 8, 1863. Wounded at Fair Oaks, at Orange Grove, and severely wounded at Chancellorsville from the effects of which he died after the war.

WILSON McCAULEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of fever in hospital at Philadelphia, August 20, 1862.

MATTHEW T. MURRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

ROBERT M. MORTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant Major, July 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM McMUNN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died in hospital at Baltimore, Md., from effects of wound received at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862.

WILLIAM MOONEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES McCUTCHEON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JAMES PORTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

ISAAC RHODES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability August 8, 1862. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN RAMSEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Lost an arm in battle. Promoted to Eighth Corporal. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM SPRINGER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Petersburg, Va. Mustered out with company.

JOSEPH SERGENSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Left the company without leave at the Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 14, 1862.

WILLIAM SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died while a prisoner at Savage Station, July 10, 1862, from wounds received at Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862.

JOHN W. SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Invalid Corps on account of wound. Mustered out with company.

JOHN SOLES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged in 1862 for disability. Died April 5, 1904, at Braddock, Pa. Buried Versailles cemetery.

WILLIAM TEPFER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM D. THOMPSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, November 3, 1862. Died April 12, 1906, at Pittsburgh.

JOHN TRENT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of severe wounds received at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Died since the war.

JOHN TRUBY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detached with Beams Battery, First New Jersey Artillery, September 10, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN TRAX—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM TAPPEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate. Died since the war.

PHILIP THOMAS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Missing at the Battle of Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862. Supposed to have been killed.

WILLIAM McCRUM WILLS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, February 11, 1862. Died since the war.

CYRUS WILLS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Severely wounded and left on field of Battle of Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Supposed to be dead.

ROBERT WILSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES WILSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, December 10, 1862. Died since the war.

ALEX WEICHEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Seventh Corporal, July, 1863. Killed by a shell at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. First man killed in Sherfy's Peach Orchard.

JOHN WOLF—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died 1899.

SHADRACH WILLIAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed as Orderly for Brigade Quartermaster. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

RECRUITS.

WILLIAM A. SCOTT—Mustered in February 24, 1864. Was never with company. Not on muster-out roll.

ROBERT J. McCORKLE—Mustered in June 16, 1863. Discharged September 28, 1863, on surgeon's certificate.

WILLIAM R. STEVENSON—Mustered in February 16, 1864. Missing at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

JOSEPH TITUS—Mustered in February 9, 1864. Missing in action at North Ann River, May 23, 1864.

JAMES McMULLEN—Mustered in February 12, 1864. Transferred to Company B, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ANER B. HULL—Mustered in January 13, 1864. Died of smallpox May 18, 1864. Buried at National cemetery, Arlington, Va. Grave 10747.

JOSEPH LAWHEART—Mustered in March 28, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

BURGHART GARROUSE—Mustered in February 9, 1864. Died of wounds received in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Eleven minnie balls passing through his body.

SAMUEL CABLE—Mustered in April 21, 1864.

ALFRED CABLE—Mustered in April 22, 1864.

CONSCRIPTS.

DAVID ASHTON—Drafted July 16, 1863; missing at the Wilderness, May 7, 1864.

LEVI AYERS—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DANIEL BAILEY—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died of smallpox at Fredericksburg, May 15, 1864.

JOHN BOGER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Absent wounded. Died since the war.

SAMUEL CASSADY—Drafted July 16, 1863. Absent wounded. Died since the war.

ALEX. G. DIES—Drafted July 17, 1863. Died since the war.

LEVI CLAYPOOLE—Drafted July 17, 1863. Died in Regimental hospital, near Brandy Station, January 1, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Culpepper, Va. Grave 351.

JOHN DARBY—Drafted July 16, 1863. Died since the war.

JACOB W. EYMAN—Drafted July 7, 1863. Deserted at Brandy Station, April 21, 1864.

CALVIN ECHINGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

DANIEL GEARHEART—Drafted July 11, 1863. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

SAMUEL HINES—Drafted September 9, 1863. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

ISAAC HORR—Drafted July 16, 1863. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

DAVID LANKER—Drafted September 9, 1863. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN—Drafted July 18, 1863; detailed as wagon guard. Died since the war.

WILLIAM OLLINGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Absent sick at muster out. Died since the war.

PHILIP REESMAN—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died since the war.

CORNELIUS W. SMALLMAN—Drafted July 13, 1863. Died in rebel prison at Andersonville, October 10, 1864. Buried National cemetery there, grave No. 10720.

GEORGE SHICK—Drafted September 9, 1863. Absent wounded at muster out.

JACOB SHRECKENGOST—Drafted July 18, 1863. Deserted from hospital at York, Pa., June 3, 1864.

JACKSON SHRECKENGOST—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died since the war.

HENRY SHRECENGOST—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died of wounds received in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

WILLIAM STEWART—Drafted July 16, 1863. Deserted October 13, 1863.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of officers and men at formation of company	109
Number of recruits received	8
Number of conscripts	23
Total	140
Killed in battle and died of wounds	25
Discharged on account of wounds and disability	36
Died of disease	7
Deserted	4
Transferred to other regiments, Veteran Volunteers	18
Officers resigned	2
Discharged by civil authority	2
Discharged by order of Secretary of War	1
Absent sick and wounded	11
Mustered out with company	34
Total	140
Wounded during service	69

PART OF VETERAN COMPANY C, SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Standing—1, Capt. George Weaver; 2, Sergt. David Gibson; 3, Raymond Temple; 4, Henry Hess; 5, William Garbenstein; 6, ——; 7, ——; 8, Samuel Freidiger; 9, John Vogle; 10, Corp. Samuel Hart; 11, George Sennett; 12, Andrew Stidham; 13, James Cannon; 14, Alex. Long; 15, Joseph Nelson; 16, Lieut. George Kettenburg; 17, Joseph Keppel; 18, ——; 19, George Stokes; 20, ——; 21, ——; 22, John Bush; 23, Charles

HISTORY OF COMPANY C.

Company C was organized in New Brighton, Beaver county, in the early part of August, 1861. After completion of organization the company left New Brighton for Pittsburgh, Pa., amidst a large delegation of prominent citizens; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts bidding a sad farewell to their loved ones.

After arriving in Pittsburgh, the company went into camp at Camp Wilkins. In a short time orders were received that all the men should be sent to Washington, D. C. Accordingly, on the 26th of August, two companies, under command of Captains Berringer and Kirkwood, and several squads temporarily organized in two additional companies, in all about four hundred men, including Company C, proceeded by rail to the National Capitol without arms, uniforms, or equipments.

During the early part of September, 1861, a sufficient number of men had arrived in camp to complete a regiment, and toward the close of the month were transferred to Washington, where they joined the battalion which had preceded them. Their first camp was known as Camp Sprague. On September 28th they crossed the Potomac, and landing at Alexandria, Virginia, marched about two miles out the Leesburg Pike, where they encamped at what was known as Camp Shields. On October 14th they again moved, going across Hunting Creek to the farm of James Mason, on the Mount Vernon Road, and into winter quarters at Camp Johnston. From there they embarked on transports for Fortress Monroe, and began the memorable Peninsular campaign, followed with subsequent campaigns to the expiration of their term of service, September, 1864.

When the company was fully organized it consisted of the following officers and enlisted men:

JASON R. HANNA, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Resigned June 15, 1862. After his return he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Militia. Died at Blandford, Mass., September 6, 1868. Buried at Westfield, Mass.

CHARLES W. TAYLOR, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Second Lieutenant to Captain, July 26, 1862. Discharged July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. GRAY, Captain—Mustered in September 12, 1861. Promoted from First Lieutenant of Company I to Captain Company C, July 26, 1862. Resigned November 10, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. WEAVER, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant, March 2, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, June 16, 1862; to Captain, February 27, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war at Vanport, Pa.

JOSEPH A. SHONLOW, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Resigned February 12, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES S. WILSON, Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from private to Sergeant; to First Lieutenant, September 1, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Absent, in hospital wounded, at muster out.

ROBERT DARRAGH, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, March 14, 1862; to First Lieutenant, June 16, 1862; discharged January 1, 1863. Died since the war. Buried at Beaver, Pa.

GEORGE W. KITTENBUURG, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant, February 27, 1863; to Second Lieutenant, May 19, 1863. Mustered out with the company. Died since the war.

HENRY KELLY, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, March 12, 1862; to Sergeant, June, 1862; to First Sergeant, September 12, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Absent in hospital at muster out. Died in Rochester, Pa., May 19, 1902, and buried Irvin's cemetery there.

HENRY HURST, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

DAVID H. GIBSON, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, September 1, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died May 25, 1900, at Marietta, Ohio.

HENRY KITTENBURG, Sergeant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, September 1, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., and taken prisoner May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

RICHARD G. WARDEN, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Re-enlisted. Veteran Volunteer. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Promoted to First Sergeant, November 1, 1864; to First Lieutenant, June 8, 1865. Died since the war at Brush Creek, Pa.

MILO M. BOYLE, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

FRANK L. GRAHAM, Sergeant—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, June 16, 1862; to Sergeant, May 9, 1863. Died August 15, 1863, of wounds received at Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863. Buried Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 4331.

MATTHEW SHOPE, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Colonel, May 19, 1862; to Sergeant, May 29, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

DAVID LESSIG, Corporal—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Wounded at Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died at Terre Haute, Indiana, September 23, 1905, and buried in Highland cemetery there.

JAMES R. TEMPLE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war at Sheffield, Pa.

SAMUEL L. FRIDIGER, Corporal—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, May 14, 1862. Wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

SAMUEL HART, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, September 18, 1863. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out. Died at Braddock, Pa., August 14, 1899.

JOSIAH KAPPLE, Corporal—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, September 18, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out Died since the war at Beaver Falls, Pa.

GEORGE WARDEN, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Re-enlisted January 4, 1864. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and to Veterans' Reserve Corps, December 28, 1864. Died December 2, 1907, at National Military Home, Kansas, and buried there. Grave 3314, section, 23, row 3.

DANIEL STONE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, with loss of leg, August 29, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds. Died at Vanport, Pa., 1898.

JOHN STONE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Buried in National cemetery, Arlington, Va., block 2, section E, row 15, grave 10,407. Was a brother of Daniel Stone, who lost his leg in the same battle.

WILLIAM H. PATTERSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died July 9, 1862.

CHARLES CROSS, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Veteran Volunteer. Died since the war.

ANDREW STIDHAM, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Veteran Volunteer.

FRED. V. BEISEL, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Company D; date unknown.

PRIVATES.

JOHN ASHENBAUGH—Drafted July 17, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HENRY ALLEMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 19, 1861. Died since the war.

JOSEPH B. ALEXANDER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds, March 2, 1863.

ROBERT ALLISON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 20, 1862. Died in 1903.

THOMAS ANDREW—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 25, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE A. BROWN—Drafted July 11, 1863. Wounded June 16, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

LEVI BUSH—Drafted September 7, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

CHAS. L. BROOKS—Drafted September 9, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Discharged January 21, 1865, for wounds received in action September 4, 1864. Died since the war.

DANIEL BOOSER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 8, 1862. Died since the war.

ESAU BROAD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1862. Died since the war.

THOMAS BROOKS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

LOUIS BROAD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 25, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM BLISS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run, August 29, 1862, and died of wounds September 29, 1862. Buried in the Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 1913.

JOHN BAMMER—Drafted September 9, 1863. Captured at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864. Died since the war.

SAMUEL BROWN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 11, 1863. Died since the war.

JAMES CANNON—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

GARRISON COALE—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862, and at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

GEORGE CASTLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded June 16, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

WILLIAM CHILDS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out. Died at Vanport, Beaver county, Pa., since the war.

CRAIG CAMERY—Drafted July 13, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN C. CHURCH—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

LUKE CHAPMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died October 20, 1862.

JOHN CRAVEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 29, 1862. Died in 1875.

SAMUEL DEPEW—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

THOMAS DIMOND—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died January 22, 1863.

HENRY E. DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Annapolis, Md., June 11, 1864.

RICHARD T. DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 7, 1862.

JOSEPH DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 18, 1863. Died since the war.

JAMES R. DAY—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES DEVINNEY—Drafted July 16, 1863. Captured June 22, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROBERT C. DOUDS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 11, 1863. Died March 21, 1907, at Evans City, Pa., and buried there.

ANDREW EICHER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Transferred to Company D, February 26, 1864. Missing in action at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864.

JAMES EARLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 19, 1861. Died since the war.

ASA B. ECOFF—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1863. Discharged on account of wounds.

WILLIAM H. FETTER, Musician—Mustered in February 27, 1864. Mustered September 10, 1861, in Company E, Third Battalion, Eighteenth U. S. Infantry. Discharged October 14, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., by reason of illness. Mustered into Company C, Sixty-third Regiment, February 27, 1864, and transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., June 19, 1864. Veteran Volunteer.

GEORGE D. FUNKHOUSER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Re-enlisted. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.. Veteran Volunteer.

ORIN A. FRINK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted July 3, 1862.

THOMAS GARNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Killed on the P. & L. E. R. R. in 1896, and buried in Irvin's cemetery, Rochester, Pa.

WILLIAM GARBENSTINE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. GRAHAM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Absent sick at muster out.

GEORGE GIBSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, with loss of right leg. Discharged on account of wounds. Died in Pulaski township, Beaver county, Pa., April 15, 1901. Buried Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

DAVID A. GLASS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged December 29, 1862. Died at Richmond, Indiana, July 2, 1901, and buried in soldier's lot there.

HENRY HESS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. HUNTER—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Absent sick at muster out. Died in St. Louis since the war.

SAMUUEL HARRISON, SR.—Joined July 10, 1863. Wounded May 26, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

MILES HAYDEN—Mustered in February 24, 1864. Wounded at Fort Davis, in front of Petersburg, Va., in 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN HAGER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

AMI HAGER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

LEE HILEMAN—Drafted September 16, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HENRY HAMMA—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Re-enlisted. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864, and Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864. .Absent wounded at muster out.

WILLIAM HAMMA—Mustered in August 26, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 29, 1865. Paroled prisoner.

JOSEPH M. HOOPES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed in action June 22, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va. Buried Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

JAMES H. HAYS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

BENJAMIN HUGHES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 19, 1861. Died since the war.

DAVID HAYLES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 13, 1861. Died since the war.

SAMUEL HARRISON, JR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 14, 1862. Died since the war.

ROBERT HUNTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Paroled and exchanged. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing in action at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.

JOHN ISAMAN—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

PETER JACOBS—Drafted September 5, 1863. Died December 6, 1863.

DAVID KIDDIE—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864.

JOHN C. F. KEYS—Drafted September 8, 1863. Died December 6, 1863. Buried in Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C., Grave 5263.

BENJAMIN F. KIDD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 29, 1862. Died since the war.

ALEXANDER LONG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died in 1872 and buried in Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

WILLIAM LANNING—Mustered in August 23, 1861. Wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 7, 1864. In hospital at muster out. Died since his return in Beaver Falls, Pa.

AUGUSTUS LOWRIE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 1, 1862. Died since the war.

EDWIN MARQUIS—Drafted July 24, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing in action September 13, 1864. Taken prisoner and sent to Salsbury Prison, North Carolina, where he died.

DANIEL MILLER—Drafted July 7, 1863. Died January 18, 1864.

CHAS. W. MILLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed in action June 20, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.

THOMAS MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 4, 1863. Died in 1868 at New Brighton, Pa., and is buried in Grove cemetery.

HINDS MARATTA—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 5, 1862. Killed by train in 1873, at New Brighton, Pa. Buried there.

JOHN T. MILLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to United States Signal Corps, January 12, 1864. Died since the war.

WILLIAM MERRIMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, February 10, 1864. Died February 4, 1903, at Beaver Falls, Pa.; buried in Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

BAXTER McDANEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Charles City Cross Roads, June 30, 1862. Mustered out with company.

S. C. McLAUGHLIN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Sick at muster out. Died since the war.

JOSEPH NELSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JOHN R. OSBORNE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Re-enlisted January 4, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROBERT PRESTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 15, 1862. Died since the war.

CHARLES RENO—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at Rochester, Pa., since the war.

FREDERICK ROUSE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

ABRAHAM RIGGLE—Drafted July 27, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JONAS C. MOLTER—Mustered in August 29, 1862. Transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, November 1, 1864. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. He was 51 years of age when he enlisted and engaged in all the battle with his company till his transfer to the Reserve Corps. Died April 24, 1885, and was buried in Beaver cemetery, Beaver, Pa. He had three sons in the service; Christ and Henry, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Oliver, of the Fifth Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery.

SAMUEL C. REED—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 19, 1862. Died since the war and is buried in Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. REED—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Prisoner from May 12 to November 30, 1864. Discharged December 6, 1864.

JACOB SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

HENRY SCHIFFENHAUER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded May 31, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va. Absent sick at muster out. Died since the war.

GEORGE SINNETT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

DANIEL SARVER—Mustered in August 22, 1862. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., June, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out. Died August 4, 1888, at National Military Home, Kansas, and buried there.

DAVID SHAGLE—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Died since the war.

EMERY E. STITT—Drafted July 7, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN SMITH—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM C. SMITH—Drafted July 17, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE STOKES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Captured in front of Petersburg, Va., and taken to Salsbury Prison, North Carolina. A short time after arriving there he contracted scurvy in one foot and had to have it amputated. Sometime after he had recovered from this operation the disease attacked the other foot and it had to be amputated. He died January 23, 1865. Buried National cemetery, Fredericksburg Va. Grave 98.

JOHN SHUPE—Drafted July 16, 1863. Died at Philadelphia, July 16, 1864.

JOHN SHULTZ—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 15, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN SHOOK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 27, 1862. Died since the war.

THOMAS SAMPSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 3, 1862. Died since the war.

HUGH SCOTT—Drafted July 16, 1863. Died December 13, 1863.

JOHN STIDHAM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers; later to Company D. Captured May 31, 1864. Discharged May 19, 1865. Promoted to Corporal.

MATTHEW SHAFFER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. While home on veteran's furlough he was stricken with pneumonia and died March, 1864. Buried in Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

JOHN THOMPSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 3, 1862. Died since the war.

ROBERT TILL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 10, 1862. Died since the war.

CHAS. VANPELT—Drafted September 19, 1863. Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Buried in the Wilderness cemetery; removed to National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

JOHN VOGLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded in front of Richmond, 1862. Taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864, and held until November 30, 1864. Mustered out December 6, 1864.

THOMAS F. WILSON—Mustered in February 29, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Taken prisoner in front of Petersburg, Va., September 10, 1864, and held until March 12, 1865, at Salsbury, North Carolina.

JOHN A. L. WILSON—Mustered in March 25, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died at City Point Hospital, Va., January 24, 1865. Buried in a private burial ground at North Sewickley township, Beaver county, Pa.

ALEXANDER WALKER—Drafted September 9, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM P. WILSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 20, 1862.

WILLIAM WATTESON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 3, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN WOODS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 11, 1863. Died at National Military Home, Ohio, November 17, 1903. Buried there. Grave 17, section H, row 19.

ISA MURRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged at Yorktown, Va., 1862. Died since the war.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed or died of wounds	14
Died of disease	13
Discharged, for disability	33
Deserted	1
Resigned	3
Transferred to other commands	38
Mustered out	36
Total enrolled	138
Wounded in action	36

HISTORY OF COMPANY D.

Company D was recruited at the General Recruiting Headquarters, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., August 1, 1861.

Harry O. Ormsbee, B. F. Dunham and James McIninch, having recruited its several sections, consolidated their respective interests, selecting Harry Ormsbee, Captain, due to his superior qualifications as a drill master; B. F. Dunham, First Lieutenant, and James McIninch, Second Lieutenant.

The history of Company D is the history of the regiment, but some conspicuous instances of courage among even the bravest are worthy of note.

William Thompson, Third Sergeant, promoted to First Sergeant, commanded the company during the Seven Days' Battle, and was promoted to Captaincy by Colonel Alexander Hays, to date from June 26, 1862, for conspicuous bravery in the seven days' fight.

The number of casualties among the commissioned officers of the line often left non-commissioned officers in command at critical periods.

First Sergeant Davis Glass commanded the company through all its battles, from the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, until its discharge, August 1, 1864, in front of Petersburg.

ROSTER.

HENRY O. ORMSBEE, Captain—Mustered in August 26, 1861. Resigned March 13, 1862. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN F. DUNHAM, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 26, 1861. Promoted to Captain May 13, 1862. Discharged July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM McGRANAHAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant Major, May 12, 1862. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Died June 2, 1863, of wounds.

JAMES C. McININCH, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Resigned March 17, 1862. Died since the war.

J. HENRY MILLER, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 5, 1863. Died since the war.

G. EMANUEL GROSS, Second Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant, March 15, 1862; to First Lieutenant, July 26, 1862; to Captain, July 1, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

SAMUEL P. GAMBLE, Third Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, May 6, 1863. Taken prisoner July 25, 1863, and sent to Libby Prison. Escaped with ninety-eight other officers, but was re-captured. Escaped in May, 1864, and reached Sherman's army, where he remained from July, 1864, until April, 1865. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., August, 1863. Discharged April 26, 1865. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., December 31, 1904.

WILLIAM J. THOMPSON, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant to Captain, July 26, 1862. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, Fifth Sergeant. Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Discharged on account of wound December 24, 1862. Murdered at McKees Rocks, Pa., May 22, 1901. Buried in soldiers' plot, Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN M. McINTYRE, First Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted October 20, 1862.

ELIJAH HALL, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged by order of Secretary of War, November 8, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM F. JONES, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted April 30, 1863.

JOHN M. KIRKPATRICK, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

THOMAS CAHOON, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, March 15, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, July 5, 1863; to First Lieutenant, January 3, 1864; to Captain, April 23, 1864. Mustered out with company. Scalped by Indians in 1868, while conductor on Union Pacific railroad, but survived. Committed suicide February 7, 1894, at Ogden, Utah. Buried Allegheny, Pa.

WILLIAM W. PETERS, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, November 8, 1862. Prisoner from May 12 to December 13, 1864. Discharged February 16, 1865. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 21, 1902.

WILLIAM C. CAMPBELL, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

GEORGE W. HALL, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted; returned; discharged by sentence of General Court Martial, February 1, 1865.

FRANK (FRED) V. BEISEL, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred from Company C. Mustered out with company. Died June 20, 1900, at Beaver Falls, Pa. Buried Beaver, Pa., cemetery.

PRIVATES.

THOMAS W. BAKER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 13, 1861. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., March 25, 1907.

ARTHUR BALLOU—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, June 30, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

RUDOLPH Z. BENZER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, April 5, 1864. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; wounded twice at Charles City Cross Roads, June 29, 1862. Mustered out with company.

ALBERT BOLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promted to Corporal. Mustered out with company.

FRANK BRAWLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

WILLIAM BRAWDY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died June 12, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Buried Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 1520.

WILLIAM BIDWELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted February 29, 1862.

JOHN W. BILMIRE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted July 14, 1863.

JAMES CASEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.

TERRANCE CASEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JAMES CAIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

BRYON COWAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JAMES COLLINS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded. Absent wounded at muster out.

JOHN CRAIG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

CHARLES C. CREGHAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at National Military Home, Ohio, October 17, 1900, and buried there.

BENJAMIN CRAVEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Died since the war.

ALEXANDER J. CLARK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 29, 1862. Discharged December 19, 1862, on account of wounds.

WILLIAM CARRICK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Prisoner in Andersonville, Ga., from October 24, 1863, to November 26, 1864. Discharged January 26, 1865. Died at Homeville, Pa., November 15, 1902. Buried there.

EDWARD DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, January 5, 1863; to Sergeant, April 25, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

McEWAN DORAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured October 24, 1863. Died in Andersonville Prison, May 11, 1864. Grave 1020.

RICHARD DUMPHY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged July 4, 1863, on account of wounds received December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Died since the war.

JAMES FOWLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Murdered in Washington, D. C., December 10, 1862.

JOHN FAGAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, April 25, 1864. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JAMES GIBSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate. Died since the war.

ALVA GILSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 2, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN C. GREEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged February 14, 1863, for wounds received at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. Died since the war.

DAVIS GLASS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, March 15, 1862; to First Sergeant, July 5, 1863. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Commanded his company for six months before expiration of term of service. Mustered out with company.

THOMAS GLASS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged February 26, 1863, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Re-enlisted and transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded and captured at Poplar Grove Church, Va., October 2, 1864. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. GRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JOHN C. GRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died May 21, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Buried Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 4355.

GEORGE HALL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged October 11, 1862, for wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM H. HAMILTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Wounded at Mine Run, Va., November 28, 1863. Color bearer May 28, 1864, to August 3, 1864. Wounded slightly five times. Mustered out with company. Died February 21, 1903, at Allegheny, Pa.

JONAS M. HARTZELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on writ habeas corpus, March 19, 1863.

SAMUEL HAWTHORNE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded March, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 9, 1862. Died at National Military Home, Ohio, February 14, 1907.

JOHN HARVEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged December 24, 1862, for wounds received at Orchards, Va., June 25, 1862.

GEORGE HARVEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged December, 1863, for wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Died since the war.

MARTIN HOLLAND—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded in action. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 10, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM J. KENNEDY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged by order of War Department, December 25, 1863. Died since the war.

CHARLES INGRAM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

MICHAEL KENNEDY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 13, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM H. KEISER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of disease near Yorktown, Va., May 3, 1862.

GEORGE KILPATRICK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JACOB LONEBAUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died at Harmarsville, Pa., since the war.

PHILIP LATHERBAUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged —date unknown. Died since the war.

ROBERT McADAMS, JR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

ROBERT McADAMS, SR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 10, 1862. Re-enlisted February 1, 1864. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., December 25, 1873. Father of James and Robert McAdams, Jr., and brother of William McAdams, of same company. Buried Uniondale cemetery, Allegheny, Pa.

JAMES McADAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died December 31, 1862, of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Buried Uniondale cemetery, Allegheny, Pa.

WILLIAM McADAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, June 30, 1863. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent on account of wounds at muster out. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., April, 1900. Buried Uniondale cemetery, Allegheny, Pa.

THOMAS McBRIDE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 27, 1862. Died since the war.

ALEX. McCONKEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 4, 1862. Re-enlisted February 1, 1864. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded with loss of leg May 19, 1865. Died since the war.

EDWARD McCAFFREY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES A. McCAFFERY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, November 1, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

DAVID McCREERY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 28, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN C. McDOWELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 22, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES McGEARY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded in action. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

ROBERT D. McKEE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JAMES McCLAIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

ELISHA A McANNINCH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

FRANK MONTAGUE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN MOORE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 8, 1863. Died since the war.

ALLEN H. NAYLOR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Promoted to Sergeant. Wounded in action. Died March 31, 1865. Buried National cemetery, Annapolis, Md.

MARTIN V. NAYLOR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

ROBERT NEELY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to regimental band.

JOHN J. NIEFER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Died since the war.

JAMES OLDHAM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 18, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN PARE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 19, 1863. Died since the war.

ALEX. L. PARK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Philadelphia, Pa., August 29, 1862, of wounds received at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862.

DAVID RANDALL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 31, 1862. Died since the war.

SAMUEL J. RENO—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 30, 1862. Died since the war.

AARON ROBBINS, SR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 3, 1862. Died since the war.

AARON ROBBINS, JR.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Prisoner from October 24, 1863, to November 20, 1864. Discharged January 26, 1865. Killed by train at Hites, Pa., July 23, 1902. Buried at Tarentum, Pa.

JOSEPH ROBBINS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

WILLIAM SHIELDS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 4, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES C. TRIMBLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 3, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM TATE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JOHN B. TIMONY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died September 1, 1901, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

JAMES TODD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 7, 1862. Died since the war.

FRANK I. TOMER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

EDWARD TURNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted January 28, 1863.

STEPHEN M. VAUGHN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Camp Johnston, Va., of wounds.

HENRY VANNATTA—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted November 29, 1861.

WILLIAM WATSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOSEPH WHERLING—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded in action. Mustered out with company.

SOLOMON KLINE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant Major to First Lieutenant, May 15, 1862. Dismissed July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

JOSEPH WICKLINE—Mustered in July 11, 1862. Promoted to Corporal, December 24, 1862; to Sergeant, November 1, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, with loss of leg. Absent wounded at muster out.

JOSEPH ASKINS—Mustered in July 30, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 5, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES BABCOCK—Drafted September 7, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

LYMAN L. BROWN—Drafted September 4, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

WILLIAM BEARDSLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to regimental band.

HENRY CORNWALL—Drafted September 3, 1863. Wounded absent at muster out. Died since the war.

JOHN CAMPBELL—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Died since the war.

GEORGE A. COOK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment.

ROBERT FLEMING—Mustered in December 2, 1862. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROBERT FOWLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, 1861.

CHARLES C. GARDNER—Drafted July 3, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died since the war.

JOHN HUGHES—Mustered in August 8, 1862. Wounded. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

FRANCIS M. HALL—Drafted September 7, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

DAVID HOLMES—Mustered in November 22, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Died since the war.

EDMUND HILL—Drafted September 3, 1863. Deserted May 3, 1864. Returned. Discharged by General Order, August 25, 1865.

CHRIST HILLER—Drafted July 10, 1863. Deserted May 3, 1864.

ROBERT JOHNSTON—Drafted July 14, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Captured October 27, 1864. Died since the war.

PHILIP LEE—Mustered in June 7, 1862. Discharged November 6, 1862. Died since the war.

FRANK LEON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted November 10, 1861.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY—Mustered in February 6, 1864. Wounded. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM METZ—Mustered in August 4, 1862. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN MARSH—Drafted September 7, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Killed. Buried in National cemetery, Poplar Grove, Va. Grave 678.

GEORGE MORRISON—Drafted September 7, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES MOORE—Mustered in ————————. Killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

MANSFIELD B. MASON—Mustered in January 18, 1864. Killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

GEORGE METZ—Drafted July 10, 1863. Prisoner from June 1, 1864, to March 1, 1865. Discharged by general order, June 22, 1865. Died since the war.

JOHN McGRAW—Mustered in July 29, 1862. Wounded in action Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROGER McCAIN—Drafted February 16, 1864. Deserted same month.

FRANK NICHOL—Mustered in September 23, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ALBERT PAESSKIE—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JAMES D. PROSSER—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Captured and died at Andersonville Prison, Ga. Grave 5323.

MICHAEL PURCELL—Mustered in July 7, 1862. Killed at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.

NICHOLAS ROBBINS—Mustered in September 11, 1862. Captured May 9, 1864. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ISAAC RETTINGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded in action. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN ROSENBERGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died at Catlett's Station, Va., November 5, 1863.

JOHN RETTINGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died since the war.

CHARLES F. RAYMOND—Drafted September 3, 1863. Deserted October 4, 1863.

JAMES B. SOWERS—Mustered in August 29, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

MATTHEW SMITH—Drafted July 22, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN J. STORY—Drafted August 4, 1863. Deserted May 3, 1864.

FAYETTE THORN—Drafted September E, 1863. Transferred to Company A, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded in action with loss of leg.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed or died of wounds	19
Died of disease	4
Murdered	1
Discharged	39
Deserted	12
Resigned	2
Dismissed	1
Transferred to other regiments	29
Mustered out	36
Total	143
Wounded in action	40

HISTORY OF COMPANY E.

Company E was organized in Etna, Pa., at a meeting held on August 1, 1861. Andrew G. Williams was elected Captain and R. Howard Millar, First Lieutenant. The company was composed of about sixty-eight men, who went into camp in a field in Etna, in the center of which stood a building known as Kiel's Band Hall, which was used as barracks for the men.

Quite a number of the company had been members of a Home Guard company which was then in full organization, and of which John A. Danks was the First Lieutenant.

After the company had been in this camp a few days, Colonel Hays visited the company and urged the officers to march to Camp Wilkins and become a part of the regiment he was then recruiting. The company, not having their full complement of men, were fearful that they might be disbanded or assigned to other companies in the regiment, and refused to go into Camp Wilkins to be mustered until a sufficient number had been recruited to assure them the continuance of their own organization.

Colonel Hays continued his visits almost every other day for about two weeks when, after the urgent solicitation of Captain Williams and Lieutenant Millar, John A. Danks was persuaded to accept the position of Captain of the company, and Captain Williams and Lieutenant Millar took their positions among the ranks of the enlisted men.

The company, during the time they were encamped in this field, were drilled and under military discipline, and were most royally cared for by the citizens of Etna and surrounding country, who furnished them with all kinds of eatables and provisions of the best quality and in most lavish abundance. After Captain Danks had assumed command of the company, arrangements were at once made to enter Camp Wilkins, and the first afternoon the company was in that camp negotiations were entered into with John McClellan, who was then in camp with some eighteen or twenty men from the farming districts of Indiana and West Deer townships, whereby he and his men were to become a part of the company under command of Captain Danks, and a permanent organization was then effected by the election of John A. Danks, Captain; John McClellan, First Lieutenant, and Wm. J. McElroy, who had just returned from the three

months' service, as Second Lieutenant. The company was mustered into the service of the United States by then Lieutenant, afterward Captain W. B. Hays, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, and was thereafter known as Company B, Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

The company left Pittsburgh on the afternoon of September 8, 1861, and its subsequent history is the glorious history and record of the old Sixty-third.

ROSTER.

JOHN A. DANKS, Captain—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Major, September 29, 1862; to Lieutenant Colonel, December 18, 1863; commissioned Colonel, July 1, 1863. Not mustered. Mustered out with regiment. Died at Glenfield, Pa., July 25, 1896. Buried in Allegheny City, Pa.

JOHN McCLELLAND, First Lieutenant—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Captain, September 29, 1862. Absent on recruiting service at muster out. Died at Springdale, Pa., since the war.

WILLIAM J. McELROY, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Resigned September 31, 1861. Died since the war.

WILLIAM J. MARKS, First Sergeant. —Mustered in ———— Promoted to Second Lieutenant, August 15, 1862. Died September 11, 1862, of wounds received in action at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.

ROBERT HOWARD MILLAR, Second Sergeant—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, September 29, 1862. Acting Adjutant from November 27, 1863, to June 22, 1864. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., February 1, 1899. Buried Greenwood cemetery, near Glenshaw, Pa.

ANDREW G. WILLIAMS, Third Sergeant—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, September 13, 1862. Wounded at Charles City Cross Roads, June 30, 1862; at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; and at the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

THOMAS J. COATES, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died in Philadelphia, Pa., June 9, 1862, of wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

WILLIAM B. WHITFIELD, Fifth Sergeant. Mustered in September 9, 1861. Captured. Died in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., July 19, 1862.

JOHN THOMAS, First Corporal—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 18, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM H. MAGILL, Second Corporal—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Third Corporal—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August, 1862. Died since the war.

SAMUEL GUTHRIE, Sergeant—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JAMES M. KINCAID, Fourth Corporal—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died June 30, 1906, National Military Home, Santa Monica, Cal. Grave 21, section 12, row H.

THOMAS J. DAVIS, Fifth Corporal. Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

CHARLES W. GRIESMER, Sixth Corporal. Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at Etna, Pa., since the war.

JOHN BLAIR, Seventh Corporal—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, September 10, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Wounded with loss of leg. Died at home and buried in Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARRISON H. ANDERSON, Eighth Corporal—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promted to Second Lieutenant. Resigned August 14, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN H. HOWENSTEIN, Musician—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to leader of band, January, 1862. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., since the war.

JAMES A. CLOWS, Musician—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company, September 9, 1864. Re-enlisted in Company A, Seventh Connecticut Infantry, September 22, 1864. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., and Three Creeks Bridge, Va., March, 1865.

MILTON J. BOYD, Musician—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged August, 1862, on account of wounds.

WILLIAM S. GRAY, Wagoner—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate; date unknown. Died Indiana township, Pa., since the war.

PRIVATES.

JOHN R. ABER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Absent in hospital at muster out. Died Butler, Pa., since the war.

ROBERT AIKEN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JOSEPH AKART—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died of disease in hospital at Yorktown, Pa., May 16, 1862.

GEORGE W. ALLISON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, March, 1862. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged August 1, 1862, on account of wounds.

ROBERT M. BOYD—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JAMES A. BATEMAN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded August 12, 1864. Died since the war.

SAMUEL R. BALDWIN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged December 30, 1862, on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 30, 1862.

ROBERT J. BLACK—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died of disease in hospital at Yorktown, Va., May 6, 1862. Buried in National cemetery, section C, grave 1417.

SAMUEL BENNETT—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864.

JOHN BOYD—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 2, 1862.

JOSEPH BEYNON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Buried in Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GEORGE W. CLARK—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 8, 1863. Died shortly after his return.

WILLIAM CLOWES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Hospital Steward, Sixty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, March 31, 1862. Mustered out July 2, 1865.

JOHN COOPER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JOHN CALLIGHAN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Wounded several times. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

HUGH CUNNINGHAM—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, October 4, 1862. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

WILLIAM H. CLARK—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Deserted August 29, 1862.

RICHARD DAVIS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March, 1863.

DAVID D. DUNLAP—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 9, 1862.

ISAAC EDGAR—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Brigade wagonmaster. Mustered out with company.

JOHN EMRICK—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing in action, May 31, 1862. Captured and died in Richmond, Va., July 11, 1862.

CHARLES FLAGG—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died near Wheeling, W. V., since the war.

CHRISTOPHER FISHER (or Fischner)—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at Talley Cavey, Pa., since the war.

JOHN FLEMING—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died July 16, 1862, of wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

EARNEST FREDERICK—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, July, 1862.

JOHN FRAYER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN B. FORD—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Killed in skirmish June 25, 1862, near Richmond, Va.

JAMES G. GALBRAITH—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at Millvale, Pa., since the war.

JAMES W. GALBRAITH—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

EDWARD GRANT—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Deserted October 12, 1862.

SAMUEL A. GRAY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

W. S. GRAY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Division teamster. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 15, 1863.

DAVID GRIFFITHS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Transferred to Company H.

GEORGE S. HANNA—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged July, 1862. Died at Springdale, Pa., since the war.

THOMAS HANNA—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died of disease in hospital at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., March 23, 1863.

DAVID HAYLES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Transferred to Company C.

JOHN HUGGINS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and died from wounds received July 19, 1862. Buried at Cypress Hill cemetery, Long Island.

JOHN HASSINGER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Drummer. Transferred to Company G. Died of heart disease, November, 1861. Buried in old Robinson Presbyterian churchyard, near Sharpsburg, Pa.

PHILIP W. HASSINGER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Musician. Died of disease, October, 1861. Buried in old Robinson Presbyterian churchyard, near Sharpsburg, Pa.

ROBERT HENRY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, October 4, 1862. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., July 12, 1864.

WILLIAM H. HILTABIDEL—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged May 4, 1862. Died Minneapolis, Minn., since the war.

HENRY HARRIS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Savage Station, Va., 1862. Discharged April, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN HEIST—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, December 20, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

JOHN G. HOMYER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company.

BENJAMIN HUGHES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Transferred to Company C. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Captured at Glendale.

WILLIAM HUTCHMAN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 2, 1862.

JOHN S. HUNTER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Captured at Glendale, Va., and sent to Libby Prison.

ROBERT HARE—Mustered in December 6, 1861. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

EBENEZER JONES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Transferred to First United States Artillery, December 25, 1862.

ALFRED H. JONES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, March 4, 1863. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862, and twice at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Captured June 22, 1864, and sent to Libby Prison. Released December 13, 1864.

RICHARD J. JONES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January, 1863. Died April 1, 1899, at Columbus, Ohio. Buried Glocester, Ohio.

WILLIAM JONES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., May 14, 1901.

THOMAS B. JONES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 20, 1863. Died April 29, 1907, at Aspinwall, Pa.

JACOB JOHNSTON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

MICHAEL KOERNER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October, 1862. Died in Shaler township, Pa., soon after his discharge.

JOSIAH KELLY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at Etna, Pa., since the war.

WILLIAM F. LEE—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

THOMAS LAWRENCE—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. Absent sick at muster out. Died Sharpsburg, Pa., 1894.

JEROME C. LINGLE—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate.

GEORGE LAING—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

HARRISON H. LACY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DAVID LYNCH—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Deserted August 29, 1862.

THOMAS LAMB—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

ISAAC A. MARSHALL—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Absent in hospital at muster out. Died since the war.

KENNEDY McKEE—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged October 28, 1862, on surgeon's certificate.

DAVID D. MEHAFFEY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, October 4, 1862. Died June 19, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., June, 1864. Buried near Meade Station, Va.

THOMAS A. MILLER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

DAVID McINTYRE—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died near Bakerstown, Pa., December 2, 1905.

GEORGE W. McCUTCHEON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 30, 1900.

WILLIAM J. McLAREN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant. Died June 6, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried in East Union U. P. cemetery.

S. C. McLAUGHLIN—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Transferred to Company C, October 11, 1861.

CORNELIUS W. MILLAR—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862. Brother R. Howard Millar.

BENJAMIN PATTON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died November 27, 1862, of wounds received at Groveton, August 29, 1862.

THOMAS POWERS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. Discharged September 27, 1862.

THOMAS PUGH—Mustered in September 9, 1862. Discharged June 7, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM PEARS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

SAMUEL PORTER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Missing at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JOHN G. ROBINSON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, August 1, 1863. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va.; at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862; at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Absent on recruiting service at muster out.

SYLVANUS C. SCOTT—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged January 10, 1863. Died since the war.

DAVID STOUP—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February, 1863. Died of disease at Gettysburg, Pa., July 25, 1863. Buried in National cemetery, section A, grave 72.

MICHAEL M. SCHULTZ—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February, 1863. Prisoner from June 22, 1864, to December 13, 1864. Discharged December 19, 1864. Died since the war.

PHILIP SNYDER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Deserted August 20, 1862.

DANIEL SMITH—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded June 24, 1862. Mustered out with company.

PETER SMOULTER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died Glenshaw, Pa., March 19, 1907. Buried Mt. Royal cemetery.

THOMAS THRUMSTON—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864, losing an arm. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., since the war.

WILLIAM WOODWARD—Mustered in February 24, 1862. Deserted December 13, 1862.

SIMON WEIKERT—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November, 1862. Died at Millvale, Pa., since the war.

JOHN M. YAHRES—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Color guard; also detailed as provost guard General Birney's headquarters. Prisoner from June 22, 1864, to March 1, 1865. Discharged April 1, 1865.

PETER YOUNG—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Died of wounds.

RALPH H. DAWSON, Corporal—Mustered in February 12, 1862. Wounded at Glendale, June 30, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

EMANUEL BURKETT—Drafted September 9, 1863. Wounded. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

HENRY BOWERS—Drafted July 13, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing in action May 5, 1864.

ROBERT R. BURCHFIELD—Drafted September 8, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing in action June 22, 1864. Said to have died in Andersonville prison.

JAMES F. BLANCETT—Drafted July 17, 1863. Deserter from Rebel Army. Transferred to Western Army.

JOHN W. BENNETT—Drafted July 16, 1863. Wounded May 12, 1864. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Absent wounded at muster out. Died since the war.

THOMAS COFFIN—Mustered in October 12, 1862. Wounded before Petersburg, June 16, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

A. M. CREIGHTON—Drafted July 13, 1863. Missing in action May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES Y. FLEMING—Mustered in February 24, 1862. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM H. GODFREY—Drafted September 12, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM CONELLY—Drafted September 1, 1863. Deserted at Brandy Station.

WILLIAM EMERICK—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 7, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE A. GARRIES—Drafted September 12, 1863. Wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died Erie, Pa., December 25, 1906. Buried Trinity cemetery, Erie.

WILLIAM S. GREER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded. Died since the war.

CHARLES HIGGINS—Drafted September 12, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN M. JONES—Drafted September 2, 1863. Deserted September 13, 1863.

ELIAS KUNSELMAN—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Died since the war.

HENRY H. KENNAN (or Keener)—Drafted July 14, 1863. Captured at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. Died in Andersonville Prison, July 12, 1864. Grave 3678.

WILLIAM LONG—Drafted July 14, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN KUNSELMAN—Drafted July 18, 1863. Captured. Died in Andersonville Prison, Ga., March 31, 1864. Grave 268.

SAMUEL LIVENGOOD—Drafted July 16, 1863. Died of disease while prisoner, July 25, 1864.

JOHN C. MOORE—Drafted July 14, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

CONRAD MEESE (or Niece)—Drafted. Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864.

JEREMIAH McMULLEN—Drafted July 15, 1863. Deserted September 13, 1863.

JAMES A. POWERS—Mustered in August 1, 1862. Wounded at Second Bull Run (lost leg) August 29, 1862. Discharged January 16, 1863.

JOHN W. RIKE—Drafted July 14, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died October, 1896, at West Elizabeth, Pa.

JOSEPH O. STEINER—Mustered in August 10, 1862. Wounded at Locust Grove, Va., November 27, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOSEPH SCHRACK—Drafted July 14, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN C. SHORT—Drafted July 13, 1863. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

LYDICK SMITH—Drafted July 13, 1863. Captured. Died in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., December 29, 1863.

WILLIAM SNYDER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

THOMAS J. WOODWARD—Mustered in February 24, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DAVID F. WALTER (real name Zacharias Gordon)—Drafted September 3, 1863. Wounded before Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

MARTIN L. WILLETS—Drafted July 13, 1863. Wounded Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DAVID WESTLEY—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 12, 1863. Died since the war.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed or died of wounds	29
Died of disease	12
Discharged	29
Deserted	8
Resigned	2
Transferred to other regiments	38
Mustered out	27
Total enrolled	145
Wounded in action	46

HISTORY OF COMPANY F.

In July, 1861, immediately after the disaster at Bull Run, Bernard J. Reid, of the Clarion bar, began to recruit a company for the war. Two companies had already gone from Clarion county, and while he was canvassing for his company nine others were in process of formation in the same territory. So much competition made the work slower than was anticipated. He was encouraged and assisted by a number of his patriotic citizens, among whom were Hon. James Campbell, Col. Thomas McCulloch, Hon. James Sweny, Daniel Delo, Robert Thorne, John C. Reid and John G. McGonagle. The last named was the county superintendent of common schools, and resigned his office to assist in the work.

Colonel Alexander Hays had received authority from the War Department to organize a regiment at Pittsburgh, and learning that Captain Reid was raising a company, he wrote on the 2nd of August, inviting him to join his regiment, and the invitation was accepted.

When about sixty were enrolled, the captain fixed upon August 20th for a rendezvous at Clarion, to hold a three days' encampment on the fair grounds, and be ready to march on the morning of the 23rd. The encampment was held, but when the hour for marching came, less than forty were ready to go. The courage of a few had failed them, and some were won away by canvassers for other companies.

The starting was then postponed till September 5th, with the hope that the ranks would be then nearly full. Accordingly, on the 4th of September, all the recruits, except those on or near the line of march, assembled at Clarion, and at 10 o'clock the next day fell into ranks. Judge Glenni W. Scofield, who was holding court at Clarion, swore the men in, and made them an eloquent and patriotic address. Then with "Right Face! Forward March!" the column moved off, escorted for a mile out of town by Guth's brass band and a large concourse of citizens.

When the recruits on the way were gathered in, the company numbered fifty. They were: Bernard J. Reid, John G. McGonagle, Lawrence Egan, Joshua H. Delo, George W. Fox, John R. Guthrie, George W. McCulloch, John Kuhns, James Waley, David R. Dunmire, David Irwin, Thomas H. Martin, Adam Potter, Ami Whitehill, Benjamin P. Hilliard, James Barr, Andrew Basim, Thomas Bolton, John

S. Crooks, John Cyphert, Isaiah K. Dale, James O. Delp, Jacob I. Delo, John B. Denslinger, William J. Dunlap, Isaac N. Fenstermaker, Thomas M. Frazier, Alexander Goble, William Greenawalt, William L. Hall, Charles Harpst, Henry L. Highbarger, Jonas Highbarger, John Johnson, Joseph Loll, William McCaskey, Marcus J. McLaughlin, John Newhouse, Daniel O'Neill, Alfred T. Rence, John Reed, Anthony P. Refner, George W. Rhees, Samuel K. Richards, Andrew E. Russell, Henry Shoup, Sylvester Straub, John A. Stroup, Abraham Wiles and David Woodruff.

At Curllsville, ten miles distant, a sumptuous out-door dinner awaited them, with scores of ladies and hundreds of citizens to welcome them and cheer them on. At Redbank, on the Allegheny River, after a march of twenty miles, the company was entertained for the night, without charge, at Captain W. P. Connor's hotel. A further march of fifteen miles next forenoon brought them to Kittanning, the then northern terminus of the Allegheny Valley Railroad.

A mile out from Kittanning, a delegation from Colonel Sirwell's regiment (Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers) then forming in Camp Orr, met the company and escorted it to their camp for dinner. Here a strong but fruitless appeal was made to the captain to join that regiment, in which there already were two Clarion county companies. Taking the afternoon train for Pittsburgh, the company reached the old Pike Street station after dark. By some mistake as to time of arriving, no one came to meet and conduct them to camp; and, uncertain of finding accommodations there for his men at so late an hour, the captain marched them to the Girard House (now the Central) for supper, lodging and breakfast. They entered Camp Wilkins the next forenoon, Saturday, September 7th.

In the afternoon Colonel Hays sent back Captain Reid and George W. McCulloch to recruit more men, leaving those in camp in charge of John G. McGonagle, who, by common consent, was to be first lieutenant.

On Monday, September 9th, at Clarion the captain issued handbills, fixing the following Monday for the rendezvous, and Tuesday, September 17th, for the march. In the interim he canvassed the northern end of the county and McCulloch the southern, and on the 17th, according to program, they marched with forty-four recruits, as follows:

John Baumgardner, Henry Beer, William Blair, Franklin Cathers, William Campbell, Emanuel Cussins, Philip Daum, Joseph S. Elder, Robert S. Elgin, Finady Eshelman, Bernard Faroust, John Gilford, John A. Griffin, Philip D. Griffin, James Hamilton, David S. Keiser, Michael Kempf, John Lawhead, Gregory Lawrence, Joseph Lichenberger, Jacob Mentzer, Preston H. Moodie, James McCammon, Francis

P. McCloskey, James McBride, James McDonald, Hugh P. McKee, George W. McMichael, Peter Nugent, Peter O'Neill, William A. Paup, George W. Remel, John G. Richards, James Sample, Alden Slocum, Christian Smathers, John Stewart, John Thompson, William M. Thompson, Anthony Torry, John Tyler, John Vorhauer, William Wilkinson and Curtis C. Zink.

The march was overland to Redbank the first day, and the next morning the squad floated down the river on an oil flat to Kittanning, and thence by cars to Pittsburgh. At Camp Wilkins it was found that the regiment had gone on to Washington, leaving Adjutant Corts to look after in-coming recruits. The next afternoon, September 19th, Captain Reid was sent forward in charge of his own recruits and a number for other companies, and after a day's delay at Harrisburg, waiting for a troop train, rejoined the regiment at Camp Hays, in the northern suburbs of Washington, on Saturday, September 21st.

On the 23rd the company election was held. B. J. Reid and John G. McGonagle were unanimously elected captain and first lieutenant. Lawrence Egan and George W. McCulloch competed for the second lieutenancy. The choice fell upon Egan. Joshua H. Delo and Curtis C. Zink were a tie for orderly, and the former was appointed. The other appointments were as follows: Second sergeant, C. C. Zink; third sergeant, G. W. Fox; fourth sergeant, John R. Guthrie; fifth sergeant, George W. McCulloch; first corporal, John Kuhns; second corporal, R. S. Elgin; third corporal, James Waley; fourth corporal, David R. Dunmire; fifth corporal, David Irwin; sixth corporal, Thomas H. Martin; seventh corporal, Adam Potter; eighth corporal, John Stewart. Musicians, Ami Whitehill and B. P. Hilliard. Teamster, P. H. Moodie.

Here the company received its letter and place in line,—the centre of the left wing, between D and H,—and its arms, but no uniforms. On Saturday evening, September 28th, the regiment was ordered across the Potomac to the Virginia side. It was at first assigned to Franklin's brigade and went into Camp Shields, about three miles from Alexandria, on the Leesburg turnpike, where it remained two weeks. Here the company received its uniforms, and on the 9th of October was formally mustered into the United States service by Lieutenant C. W. Tolles, Thirteenth United States Infantry.

On the 14th the regiment moved south four miles to Camp Johnson, beyond Fort Lyon, on the road from Alexandria to Mount Vernon. We were now in Jameson's brigade of Heintzelman's division, holding the extreme left of the Union lines.

During the fall six new recruits entered the company, viz: Stewart W. Fulton, Eliphas Highbarger, Anthony Greenawalt and Jacob Rinard, from Clarion county, and Joseph B. Kiddoo and David

Shields, from Sewickley, Allegheny county. When these latter two reported to Colonel Hays as recruits for his regiment, he assigned them to Company F, which they joined as privates. The roll of the company, hereto appended, will show an exceptionally honorable record for both. Shields was discharged, in 1864, with the rank of captain, at the age of 20, for wounds received in action; and Kiddoo rose to the rank of Brigadier General in the Regular Army.

The first man in the regiment "wounded in action" and pensioned for it, was Private John Lawhead, of this company. He was ordered by the sergeant of the guard to assist in arresting Private Connolly, of Company H, who was drunk and disorderly. In the struggle, Connolly kicked him in the eye so severely that he was sent to the hospital and fianlly lost his eye.

Company F was the first of the regiment detailed for picket duty. On the last night of October, Captain Reid was ordered to report in the morning to General Jameson with three lieutenants, 100 men and two days' rations, to be sent to relieve a company of Colonel Lujeane's regiment, on the picket lines, near Acotink Creek, eight miles out. Lieutenant Taylor, of Company C, volunteered as the third lieutenant, and some men were borrowed from other companies to make up the one hundred. In the morning General Jameson furnished the captain with printed grand-guard instructions, and said that in the afternoon the brigade officer of the day would visit the lines to give the countersign and other special instructions. The day was beautiful and the march out was like going on a picnic. The eleven posts to be relieved covered about a mile of front. The officers and men were distributed among the posts as directed, with a lieutenant, sergeant and sixteen men as a reserve at the headquarters' post. Night came, but no brigade officer or countersign, so a countersign was improvised for the emergency, and the captain made the rounds, to give it, with other cautions, to the men. The darkness was intense, a cold rain began to fall in torrents and the wind blew a furious storm. He had hardly returned from the rounds when a shot was fired at the first post on the right, occupied by some of the borrowed men. Going to learn the cause he was told that a man was seen in front who did not halt when challenged. He doubted the story, knowing that with green men, on such a night, a waving bush, a ghost-like stump or a falling twig might be mistaken for an enemy. Renewing his cautionings he returned to headquarters, and soon heard two shots at the same post. Again he went to investigate. The story of seeing men in front was repeated. He repeated his cautions, with hints of a court-martial if there were any more false alarms. In another half hour four shots in rapid succession were heard at the same place. The reserves were put under arms, but the silence that ensued was proof that it was only another

false alarm, and they were dismissed to sleep, if sleep were possible without shelter in such a night. The mischief had now been done, and began to bear its dreaded fruit. As all the men were alike, raw and untried, other posts caught the contagion, and the firing became pretty general. In the morning the captain relieved the borrowed men at the post where the firing started, distributing them among other posts, and on the second night there were no false alarms. After one night's experience the men of Company F became veterans on picket. The next company sent out from the regiment had a much worse experience. In consequence of a similar panic, they brought back a private killed and a sergeant wounded.

About the middle of November Second Lieutenant Egan resigned, and on the 22nd, Sergeant George W. McCulloch was promoted to fill the vacancy.

On November 28th Company F was again sent on picket to the same place. The farm houses of Pollman and Cash were just inside the picket line. These families were suspected of being in correspondence with the enemy on the Occoquan, a few miles beyond our lines. On this occasion Captain Reid had special instructions to let nobody out without a pass of even date, signed by General McClellan. Towards evening two ladies and a boy drove up on their return from Alexandria, having gone in that morning. They presented a pass signed by General Montgomery, in command at Alexandria, "good for the month of November." The captain refused to pass them. They expostulated, but to no purpose. They put up for the night at Cash's, and in the morning sent for the captain and renewed their eloquent pleading to be allowed to proceed to their homes. One of them said she had left an infant at home and that it was inhuman thus to keep a mother from her child. The captain replied that as he had left five infants at home, he could sympathize with her, but could not disobey orders. He offered, however, to have her baby brought to her if she would write an order for it, but she rejected the offer with disdain. In making it he strongly suspected that the alleged babe was a myth. The prisoners were detained at Cash's until Major Dick, of the One Hundred and Fifth, the brigade officer of the day, came along in the afternoon, and were then turned over to him.

In the evening of that second day, with all his caution, Captain Reid was thrown off his guard and surprised on picket. Returning from his rounds to the central post at dusk, he was told by the sergeant that a farmer living across the fields, outside the lines, had called an hour before and left word that he wanted to see the officer in command, that evening, on important business. He had declined to disclose anything to the sergeant or to any one but the commanding officer in person. It was growing dark and the captain had not

yet had supper. Over his coffee his mind kept running on the mysterious message of the farmer. To go to see him might be to fall into a trap and be captured; yet not to go, might be to reject proffered intelligence of vital importance to our army. Tomorrow might be too late. He decided to take the risk and go. In the dim starlight he took with him a sergeant and fifteen men fully armed, and crossed the fields to the orchard near the farm house. Here he stationed the sergeant and nine men, as a reserve. He left four at the gate, and the remaining two on the porch, with orders to burst the door in on a given signal. Close to the house yawned the wooded ravine of Acotink, dark and gloomy,—just the place for an ambuscade. Adjusting his revolver belt, he knocked and was admitted. No one was visible inside but the farmer, his wife and children. Declining an offered seat, the captain said he preferred to receive standing any communication his host had to make,—eyeing, at the same time, an interior door that stood ajar. Then said the farmer: "The company that was here before you'ns, borrowed my axe and didn't fetch it back. I want you to see General Heintzleman and ax him about it, as I need it bad."

With a promise to "ax about it" the captain gravely bade good night, and marched back with his detachment without the loss of a man,—but never made any official report of how he was surprised on picket.

Skirmish drill in the fine fall weather created a demand for buglers. Company F proved to have a first-class one in the person of Private Joseph Lichenberger, whose proficiency attracted notice, and he was soon promoted to brigade bugler. In this capacity he rendered valuable services, not only as bugler, but also as an efficient aide or orderly, as occasion required.

Early in December, as the weather grew colder, this company set the example of converting their A tents into comfortable winter quarters, by means of an underpinning of poles built log-cabin fashion, and by fire places and chimneys of brick, sticks and mortar. With snug raised berths and other ingeniously contrived fixtures, their quarters became quite cozy and home-like.

The last days of December, Company F picketed on the extreme left, near Mount Vernon. The house of Mr. Wright, a Quaker and staunch Union man, who had suffered much at the hands of the rebels before our lines were extended, was near headquarters, and the officers got their meals there. While picketing here, a man giving his name as Planchet came to the lines asking protection. The captain suspected him to be a spy, but Mr. Wright vouched for him as a true Union man who had escaped from a Richmond prison. He was turned over to General Heinzleman and became very useful as a guide.

January 11, 1862, the whole regiment went on picket for three days, covering seven miles of front. A detail of twenty-five men from Company F, under Orderly Delo, with similar details from other companies, went on a midnight scout nearly to the rebel camps on the Occoquan, and brought in twelve prisoners.

On the 20th of January, 1862, Captain Reid, of this company; Sergeant R. Howard Millar, of Company E, and Sergeant William McLeary, of Company K, were ordered to report at Harrisburg to Captain R. I. Dodge, Eighth United States Infantry, superintendent of recruiting service for Pennsylvania. By Captain Dodge's orders they established a recruiting station at Clarion, and Captain Reid sent the sergeants to establish branch stations in Allegheny and Mercer counties.

During February there were newspaper rumors of impending movements, and Captain Reid made repeated requests to be relieved from recruiting service. The order finally came just in time to enable him to rejoin his company at Alexandria when embarking for Fortress Monroe, on the 17th of March.

Among the recruits thus obtained for this and other regiments, William Minser, Jonathan McCurdy, Barney McCann, Martin Castner and Andrew McDonald, all from Clarion county, were assigned to Company F. Alpheus A. George, also from Clarion, joined a month later.

In the Peninsular campaign this company had its full share of hardships and casualties. On a reconnoisance made on the 9th of April, in front of Yorktown, by six companies of the Sixty-third, led by General Jameson, Colonel Hays and Lieutenant Colonel Morgan,—Sergeant David Irwin, of Company F, was killed,—the first of our regiment to fall on the Peninsula.

On the 11th of April the regiment was on picket, holding a line of three miles, in front of the enemy's works. At 3 o'clock, while Colonel Hays was gallantly repulsing an attack on the right wing at the Peach Orchard, a bold dash was made on the left, against that part of the line occupied by Companies H and F, opposite the enemy's earthworks at Wynn's Mills, about one thousand five hundred yards distant across cleared fields. The rebel skirmishers came across the field on the run, supported by reserves who opened a brisk fusilade on the pickets. This brought the reserves of those two companies to the front, and in a short time their well-directed fire drove the enemy back to cover. At sundown the assault was repeated with the same result. On both occasions our picket line was vigorously shelled from the earthworks in front. During the second attack, observing a body of skirmishers approaching under cover of intervening clumps of bushes, Captain Reid improvised a signal station by climbing a small tree at the edge of the field, to

get a bird's eye-view and to direct better the fire of his men. We had no casualties on the left. On the right, at the Peach Orchard, two of the regiment were killed and two wounded.

On the night of May 3rd, Companies B, D, F and H were detailed for the perilous duty of digging rifle pits, to be occupied by sharpshooters, at a spot selected within about 500 yards of the enemy's principal fort, to silence their heavy guns during the bombardment about to open. On two previous nights the details for this work had been driven off. Soon after dark General Jameson and Lieutenant Colonel Morgan led the little band to the causeway over Wormsley's Creek and halted it there till the moon should set, near midnight. During those three hours a fierce shelling from the rebel works filled the air with screaming missiles. The luminous track of the shells and their bursting overhead or plunging into the pool nearby, was a grand sight. When the moon went down, the expedition moved up to the head of the creek, nearest the fort, passed our picket line and halted just under the crest, within 200 yards of the spot selected. Here Companies D and H were left as a reserve. Company B was furnished spades and shovels for the work, and to Company F was given the post of honor. It was deployed to clear the way and hold the ground one hundred paces beyond the pits until completed. When it moved off General Jameson said: "My God! it is hard, but it must be done;" so sure was he that a bloody encounter was inevitable. Captain Reid, by whispered orders, marched his men to the point indicated, and directed them to lie low and watch.

By 3:30 o'clock the pits were completed Meanwhile the guns in the fort furiously swept the horizon with shot and shell. The fort was so near that the ramming of the guns and the orders to the gunners were distinctly heard. The pits were masked with pine boughs, and the sharpshooters, with their provisions and ammunition, placed in them and left to their fate. The four companies silently withdrew, and when once more sheltered in the ravine of Wormsley's Creek they received General Jameson's warmest congratulations on the success of their expedition. The camp was reached near daybreak, and shortly after the men had lain down for a nap vociferous cheering was heard through the camps. Yorktown was evacuated! The guns during the night had been worked by a small rear guard left in the fort as a blind, to cover the retreat which was going on all night.

Company F was the only company of the regiment that had supper or breakfast on the battlefield of Williamsburg the night of the 5th, and morning of the 6th of May. It had rained for twenty-four hours, and the passage of both armies had left the road in a dreadful condition. On the afternoon of the 5th, while marching to the music

of the roar of battle, three miles distant, the regiment was halted and ordered to unsling knapsacks, haversacks, canteens and blankets, and double-quick into action. After a run of two miles it was sent on a detour to the left, as part of a flanking column, and then countermarched to the front again on a double-quick, and pushed forward, arriving at the front just as night was falling. With the darkness the firing slackened and soon ceased, and we lay on our arms in line of battle, ready to reopen the fray at daybreak. With the men's rations three miles in the rear, the road an almost bottomless stream of mud and water, the night wet and cold, and the men worn out by double-quicking, the problem was, how they were to be refreshed for the impending battle of tomorrow? To solve it, Captain Reid called for volunteers to go with him to bring up the haversacks and canteens. Ten of his men responded, and he led them through the deep mud and pitch darkness to the spot where three men of each company had been left to guard the cast-off rations and equipments. Here, after refreshing themselves with hot coffee, the little band loaded themselves up with the haversacks and fresh filled canteens of themselves and their comrades in the front, and, each armed with a long staff to steady himself through the holes and pools of the treacherous road,—toiled slowly back, reaching their hungry comrades about 2 a. m.

At Cumberland Landing, on May 17th, seven of this company were reported present sick and eighteen absent sick. On the 22nd, at Baltimore Cross Roads, fourteen were reported present sick and sixteen absent sick.

At the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31st, only forty-seven all told, officers and men, were able to endure the double-quick march of four miles that took us into battle. Orderly J. H. Delo, Sergeant R. S. Elgin and Private G. W. Rhees were killed; Privates James McCammon, Peter O'Neill, Peter Nugent and Frank McCloskey were wounded, the latter mortally; and James McDonald, Andrew McDonald and Jonathan McCurdy taken prisoners.

On June 15th, out of a total roll of 93, there were 3 present sick, 59 absent sick and wounded, 3 on permanent and 7 on temporary detached duty, and only 19 men and 2 officers present for duty. But on the 19th, 11 returned from hospitals, and with better weather the health of the men improved considerably.

On the death of First Lieutenant John G. McGonagle, at Division hospital, near Meadow Station, Va., June 21, 1862, Second Lieutenant George W. McCulloch was promoted to first lieutenant, and Sergeant George W. Fox to second lieutenant.

Lieutenant Colonel Morgan having been severely wounded at Fair Oaks, and Major Kirkwood being absent sick, Captain Reid served as major through the battles and movements that transferred the

army from the Chickahominy to the James River, Lieutenant George W. McCulloch taking his place in command of Company F.

In the advance of the Third Corps on the 25th of June, (the first of the "Seven Days' Battles"), this company had Private William Greenawalt killed and Privates Philip D. Griffin, John Johnson and Anthony Greenawalt wounded, each of the two last losing an arm. There were no more casualties till the Battle of Glendale, June 30th, when Privates Charles Harpst, John Thompson and Jacob I. Delo were wounded, the latter mortally.

While the army lay at Harrison's Landing, Captain Reid was honorably discharged on the 1st of August, 1862. First Lieutenant McCulloch was promoted to captain, Second Lieutenant Fox to first lieutenant. Under Captain McCulloch and his lieutenants, this company sustained its reputation for bravery, good discipline and endurance.

The deaths in Company F, (other than those already mentioned), from its organization till the army was withdrawn from the Peninsula, were as follows: Christian Smathers, at Alexandria, March 18th; Thomas M. Frazier, April 15th, and Franklin Cathers, April 22nd, both in front of Yorktown; Corporal Dunmire, May 31st; David Woodruff, June 11th; William A. Paup, June 12th, and John Reed, June 24th, all at hospital near Meadow Station; John Baumgardner, June 30th, near Savage Station; Marcus J. McLaughlin, July 3rd, and Sergeant Curtis C. Zink, August 10th, both at Harrison's Landing. Private George W. McMichael, who was left sick June 29th, at Division hospital, near Savage Station, (along with Private Baumgardner above named), unable to be removed, was captured and died at Richmond, September 20th; and Sergeant John Kuhns, sent sick from Harrison's Landing, died at Philadelphia, Pa., September 26, 1862. Private Henry L. Highbarger died September 3, 1862, at hospital near Fortress Monroe.

William Elder and James Truby joined as recruits from Clarion county, August 18, 1862.

At Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862, Company F suffered severely. Sergeant John R. Guthrie and Privates Henry Shoup and John Thompson were killed, and First Lieutenant George W. Fox, Sergeant James Waley, Corporal Thomas H. Martin and Privates Martin Castner, Joseph S. Elder, Eliphas Highbarger, Daniel O'Neill, Alfred T. Rence, John G. Richards and James Sample were wounded.

At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, Private Benjamin P. Hilliard was slightly wounded, and Private William M. Thompson taken prisoner.

At Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, Captain McCulloch, Lieutenant Fenstermaker, Corporals A. P. Refner and Joseph Loll and Privates Stewart W. Fulton and James McDonald were wounded.

At Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, Lieutenant Fenstermaker, Sergeant John A. Griffin and Privates Adam Potter and P. D. Griffin were wounded.

In September, 1863, twenty-five conscripts (drafted from Western Pennsylvania in July and September) joined this company for duty, viz.: Andrew Alderman, John F. Amment, Conrad Barstock, James Bryan, Robert H. Bruce, Thomas Bryant, Harrison Callen, James Curtin, John Donley, Adam Fry, Shadrach Fuller, James Gallagher, Archibald Gilchrist, George B. Hartzel, John Heffelfinger, Jonathan P. Johnson, William Klink, John Leech, James McGeary, Joseph Orbin, Silas Shall, George Shivers, Philip Sutton, Adam Wentzel and James Wilson.

In November, 1863, Archy Jones joined as a recruit from Indiana county, and in January, February and March, 1864, nine other recruits were assigned to this company, viz.: Michael Ferguson, John Gilchrist, John Huck, James R. Loudon, Robert McBride, John McDonald, David McKibben, Thomas McMunn and James W. Shawl.

At Morton's Ford, February 6, 1864. Lieutenant David Shields, of this company, serving as aide to General Alexander Hays, was severely wounded.

In no battle of the war did this company suffer so severely as at the Wilderness, Va., May 5 and 6, 1864. Its late captain, George W. McCulloch, promoted to major only a month before, succeeded to the command of the regiment in the second day's fight, and was killed while gallantly charging the enemy. The company casualties were Sergeant James Waley, Corporal James Hamilton, and Privates James Wilson and James Gallagher, killed; Sergeants A. P. Refner, John A. Griffin and William L. Hall, Corporals Joseph Loll, William Blair and James McBride, and Privates John Cyphert, Andrew Basim, Adam Fry, John B. Denslinger, William Elder, Harrison Callen, G. B. Hartzel, Gregory Lawrence, Archy Jones, Hugh P. McKee, Michael Ferguson, William M. Thompson, Anthony Torry and James R. Loudon were wounded. Of the wounded, Corporal Denslinger was missing, and Corporal Blair and Privates Basim, William Elder and Harrison Callen died soon after of their wounds. Private Jonas Highbarger was mortally wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.

At North Anna, May 23, 1864, Privates J. O. Delp and Gregory Lawrence were wounded.

In the operations before Petersburg, in 1864, only five of this company were wounded, viz.: First Lieutenant Fenstermaker, June 16; Private Joseph Orbin, June 22; Private Adam Wentzell, August 14; Private Anthony Torry, in September, losing a foot, and Private William J. Dunlap, November 1st, losing an eye.

In an engagement at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864,

Private Andrew Alderman was wounded, and Corporal Alexander Goble and Private Peter B. Hartzell were wounded and captured.

When the five soldiers last named were wounded they were serving in Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, to which they, with thirty-two others of Company F, had been transferred. On the 7th of September, 1864, twelve members of Company F (all of the original members, who were present for duty and had not re-enlisted as veterans) were mustered out with the regiment, their term of enlistment having expired. Those present for duty and not thus mustered out were transferred provisionally to the Ninety-ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and, on the 19th, to the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, in which they remained until finally discharged.

ROSTER.

BERNARD J. REID, Captain—Mustered in September 23, 1861. Honorably discharged August 1, 1862; re-enlisted June 26, 1863, as Captain of Company D, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Militia; commissioned Major, July 8, 1863. Mustered out with regiment. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., November 15, 1904. Buried Calvary cemetery, Pittsburgh.

GEORGE W. McCULLOCH, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, September 23, 1861; to Second Lieutenant, November 22, 1861; to First Lieutenant, June 23, 1862; to Captain, August 4, 1862. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; promoted to Major, April 5, 1864. Killed in Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Buried at Arlington cemtery, tomb 5225.

DAVID SHIELDS, Captain—Mustered in October 15, 1861. Promoted from private to Corporal, June 1, 1862; to Sergeant, September, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, to date from August 4, 1862; detailed by special order No. 9, A. G. office, January 7, 1863, as personal aid-de-camp to General Alexander Hays; commissioned Captain, April 5, 1864. Wounded in right leg at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862; in right shoulder by piece of shell, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, and through left breast and in right foot, at Morton's Ford, Va., February 6, 1864, an explosive bullet passing through the lung and pericardium, exploding immediately at its exit from the body, leaving numerous pieces of lead on outer edge of wound. Discharged June 9, 1864, on account of wounds received in action.

JOHN G. McGONAGLE, First Lieutenant—Mustered in September 23, 1861. Died of typhoid pneumonia near Meadow Station, Va., June 21, 1862.

GEORGE W. FOX, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, September 23, 1861; to First Sergeant, June 1, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, June 23, 1862; to First Lieutenant, August 4, 1862. Discharged March 1, 1863, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Commissioned to First Lieutenant in Invalid Corps, September, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 1864. Honorably discharged November, 1865.

ISAAC N. FENSTERMAKER, First Lieutenant. Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, June 30, 1862; to First Sergeant, August 30, 1862; to First Lieutenant, February 22, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864. Discharged July 23, 1864. Died at Clarion, Pa., December 27, 1877.

LAWRENCE EGAN, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in September 23, 1861. Elected Second Lieutenant, September 23, 1861; resigned November 19, 1861. Died at hospital, Baltimore, 1862.

JOSHUA H. DELO, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed First Sergeant, September 23, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

CURTIS C. ZINK, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Second Sergeant, September 23, 1861; promoted to First Sergeant, June 23, 1862. Died at Harrison's Landing, Va., August 10, 1862.

JOSEPH B. KIDDOO, First Sergeant—Mustered in November 1, 1861. Promoted to Fifth Corporal, November 22, 1861; to Corporal, April 12, 1862; to Fourth Sergeant, June 1, 1862; to First Sergeant, August 10, 1862, and detailed on recruiting service. August 25, 1862, commissioned Lieutenant Colonel One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers; Colonel, March 15, 1863. Mustered out June 1, 1863. Commissioned Major, Sixth United States Colored Troops, October 5, 1863; Colonel, Twenty-second United States Colored Troops, January 6, 1864; wounded in action at Fair Oaks, Va., October 27, 1864; Brigadier General of Volunteers by brevet, June 15, 1865; and Major General Volunteers by brevet, September 4, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious service during the war;" Lieutenant Colonel Forty-third Infantry, U. S. A., July 28, 1866; Colonel by brevet, March 2, 1867, "for gallant and meritorious service in the assault on Petersburg, Va., June 15, 1864; Brigadier General, U. S. A., by brevet, March 2, 1867, "for gallant and meritorious service in action at Fair Oaks, Va., October 27, 1864;" retired with rank of Brigadier General, U. S. A., December 15, 1870, "for wounds received in line of duty." Died holding that rank, at New York City, August 18, 1880.

JOHN R. GUTHRIE, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Fourth Sergeant, September 23, 1861; promoted to Third Sergeant, June 1, 1862; to First Sergeant, August 10, 1862. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JAMES WALEY, First Sergeant. Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Third Corporal, September 23, 1861; promoted to Second Corporal, April 12, 1862; to First Corporal, June 1, 1862; to Sergeant, July 15, 1862. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Promoted to First Sergeant, November, 1863. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer, December 28, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

ANTHONY P. REFNER, First Sergeant.—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, April, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Promoted to Second Sergeant, October 31, 1863. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Promoted to First Sergeant, May, 1864. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM L. HALL, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, June 1, 1862; to Second Sergeant, October, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged for wounds, October 25, 1864. Died in Kansas, about 1875.

MICHAEL KEMPF, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, 1862; to Sergeant, July 18, 1863; to Third Sergeant, October, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN A. GRIFFIN, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Eighth Corporal, April 12, 1862; to Third Corporal, June 3, 1862; to Sergeant, November, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; wounded and captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died at Redbank, Pa., April 25, 1866.

DAVID IRWIN, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, September 23, 1861; to Sergeant, November 22, 1861. Killed in a reconnoissance near Yorktown, Va., April 9, 1862. Buried at Reidsburgh, Pa.

ROBERT S. ELGIN, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed First Corporal, September 23, 1861; promoted to Sergeant, April 12, 1862. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JOHN KUHNS, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed First Corporal, September 23, 1861; promoted to Sergeant, June 1, 1862. Died at hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., September 26, 1862.

JAMES McBRIDE, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Corporal, October, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and at Saylor Creek, Va. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES SAMPLE, Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOSEPH LOLL, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, April, 1863; to First Corporal, November 1, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteer. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died June 7, 1897, at Fryburg, Clarion county, Pa.

THOMAS H. MARTIN, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Sixth Corporal, September 23, 1861, and detailed as color guard. Promoted to Fifth Corporal, April 12, 1862; to Second Corporal, June 1, 1862. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds, October 31, 1862. Died at Minneapolis, Minn., while marching in parade, National Encampment G. A. R. Buried Washington, D. C.

DAVID R. DUNMIRE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Fourth Corporal, September 23, 1861; promoted to Third Corpooral, April 12, 1862. Died of fever in camp hospital near Meadow Station, Va., May 31, 1862.

ADAM POTTER, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Seventh Corporal, September 23, 1861. Captured near New Kent Court House, Va., June 30, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Transferred to Company K, Ninth Veteran Reserve Corps, December 22, 1863; to Thirty-second Company, Second Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps.

JOHN STEWART, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Appointed Eighth Corporal, September 23, 1861; promoted to Seventh Corporal, April 12, 1862. Discharged for disability June 21, 1862. Died since the war.

HUGH P. McKEE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fourth Corporal, June 1, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

STEWART W. FULTON, Corporal—Mustered in October 15, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; promoted to Third Corporal, May, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ALEXANDER GOBLE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27, 1864.

JOHN NEWHOUSE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fifth Corporal, December 28, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded and captured at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864.

JAMES HAMILTON, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

WILLIAM BLAIR, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, 1863. Died at Fredericksburg, Va., May 21, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 769.

JOHN B. DENSLINGER, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, 1864. Wounded and missing in action at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Fate unknown.

JAMES McDONALD, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Exchanged September 13, 1862. Promoted to Corporal, May 1, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged August 28, 1863, on surgeon's certificate. Died Clarion, Pa., 1890.

JONATHAN McCURDY, Corporal—Joined company February 27, 1862. Captured at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES TRUBY, Corporal—Mustered in August 18, 1862. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864, and at Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27, 1864.

JOHN HUCK, Corporal—Enlisted February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

AMI WHITEHILL, Fifer—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died 1900.

BENJAMIN P. HILLIARD, Drummer—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to ranks October 26, 1861. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. Mustered out with company.

PRESTON H. MOODIE, Teamster—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to ranks May 1, 1862. Discharged January 27, 1863, for disability. Died since the war.

JOSEPH LICHENBERGER, Bugler—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Enlisted as private. Appointed Company Bugler, October, 1861; soon after, Regimental Bugler; Brigade Bugler, 1862; Division Bugler, 1863. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to non-commissioned field and staff as Fife Major, August 1, 1864. Died in Clarion county, Pa., May 18, 1875.

PRIVATES.

JAMES BARR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 10, 1862. Died since the war.

ANDREW BASIM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded with loss of leg at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died at Fredericksburg, Va., May 18, 1864.

JOHN BAUMGARDNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured sick, and died near Fair Oaks, Va., June 30, 1862.

HENRY BEER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 31, 1862.

THOMAS BOLTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, February 11, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, September 25, 1862.

JOHN S. CROOKS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Potomac Creek, Va., June 3, 1863.

EMANUEL CUSSINS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, September 29, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN CYPHERT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

MARTIN CASTNER—Mustered in March 14, 1862. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged January 18, 1863. Died March 27, 1902, at North Pine Grove, Pa.

ISAIAH K. DALE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JAMES O. DELP—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM J. DUNLAP—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded with loss of right eye at Petersburg, Va., November 1, 1864. Captured November 1, 1864. Served three months in Libby Prison. Discharged July 29, 1865.

PHILIP DAUM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died May 10, 1863, at Potomac Creek, Va.

JACOB I. DELO—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862. Taken prisoner July 1, 1862. Died November 28, 1862, at Wilkinsburg, Pa.

SHUGART J. ELDER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 22, 1862. Died since the war.

FINADY ESHELMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Washington, D. C., en route home on sick furlough, April 25, 1863. Buried in Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C., grave 4303.

WILLIAM ELDER—Enlisted September 1, 1862. Mortally wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died May 30, 1864, and buried in National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 600.

BERNARD FAROUST—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, September 16, 1863. Died since the war.

THOMAS M. FRAZIER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died in camp near Yorktown, Va., April 15, 1862.

MICHAEL FERGUSON—Enlisted March 28, 1864. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN GILFORD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM GREENAWALT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed in action near Fair Oaks, Va., June 25, 1862.

ANTHONY GREENAWALT—Enlisted November 15, 1861. Wounded with loss of arm near Fair Oaks, Va., June 25, 1862. Discharged August 8, 1862. Died at Clarion, Pa., November 17, 1892.

PHILIP D. GRIFFIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded near Fair Oaks, Va., June 25, 1862, and at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Transferred to Company H, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Volunteer Reserve Corps. Discharged on account of wounds, May 20, 1864. Died National Military Home, Ohio, December 15, 1903. Grave 28, section N, row 19.

ALPHEUS A. GEORGE—Enlisted April 13, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 17, 1862.

JOHN GILCHRIST—Enlisted January 28, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

CHARLES HARBST—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 18, 1863. Died at Clarion, Pa., December 27, 1889.

HENRY L. HIGHBERGER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died September 3, 1862, at hospital near Fort Monroe, Va.

JOHN JOHNSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded, with loss of arm, near Fair Oaks, Va., June 25, 1862. Discharged August 8, 1862. Died at Strattanville, Clarion county, Pa., February 14, 1865.

JONAS HIGHBERGER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Mortally wounded and missing in action at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

ELIPHAS HIGHBERGER—Mustered in October 15, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged April 7, 1863, on surgeon's certificate.

ARCHY JONES—Enlisted November 2, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., March 25, 1865. Died April 25, 1865. Buried at National cemetery, Arlington, Va.

DAVID S. KEISER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured sick at hospital, near Meadow Station, Va., June 30, 1862. Released September 1, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 4, 1863.

JOHN LAWHEAD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded in eye in line of duty at Camp Johnston, Va., November, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 28, 1862. Died since the war.

GREGORY LAWRENCE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died at Jamestown, N. Y., about 1884.

JAMES R. LOUDON—Enlisted February 25, 1864. Wounded May 5, 1864, at Wilderness, Va. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JACOB MENTZER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, November 21, 1862.

WILLIAM MINSER—Enlisted February 1, 1862. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died September 29, 1901, at New Rimersburg, Pa.

JAMES McCAMMON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 22, 1862. Re-enlisted July 5, 1863, in Company A, First Battalion, Pennsylvania Cavalry. Discharged December 26, 1863. Re-enlisted March 28, 1864, in Company B, Second Pennsylvania Veteran Artillery. Wounded June 17, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va. Died April 20, 1906, at Clarion, Pa.

WILLIAM McCASKEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate at Philadelphia, June 20, 1862. Re-enlisted in Second Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, February, 1864. Died in service, September 30, 1864.

FRANCIS P. McCLOSKEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Died at Washington, D. C., August 1, 1862. Buried in Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C., grave 2963.

MARCUS J. McLAUGHLIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Harrison's Landing, Va., July 3, 1862. Buried National cemetery, Glendale, Va., grave 5, section D.

GEORGE W. McMICHAEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured sick, near Meadow Station, Va., June 30, 1862. Died at Richmond, Va., September 20, 1862.

BARNEY McCANN—Enlisted January 30, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 2, 1862. Re-enlisted June 26, 1863, in Company D, Second Battalion, Six Months' Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died in 1902 at Brookville, Pa.

ROBERT McBRIDE—Enlisted February 25, 1864. Died near Brandy Station, Va., April 8, 1864.

ANDREW McDONALD—Enlisted February 21, 1862. Captured at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Released September 13, 1862. Transferred to Company G, Second United States Cavalry, November 5, 1862. Discharged with rank of Sergeant. Died at Black's Corners, Clarion county, Pa., March 9, 1883.

JOHN McDONALD—Enlisted February 25, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died at Beverly, N. J., October 27, 1864.

DAVID McKIBBEN—Enlisted February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

THOMAS McMUNN—Enlisted February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

PETER NUGENT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 26, 1862.

DANIEL O'NEILL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Mustered out with company. Died in the west about 1875.

PETER O'NEILL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Fifth Corporal and to Second Sergeant. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 9, 1862.

WILLIAM A. PAUP—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at hospital, near Meadow Station, Va., June 12, 1862.

ALFRED T. RENCE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 14, 1864. Discharged August 8, 1864. Died at Duke Centre, Pa., 1885.

JOHN REED—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died in hospital, near Meadow Station, Va., June 24, 1862.

GEORGE W. REMEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Prisoner from June 30 to July, 1862. Deserted November 16, 1862. Died in Fayette county, Pa., 1887.

GEORGE W. RHEES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

SAMUEL K. RICHARDS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Battery B, First New Jersey Artillery, September, 1862. Re-transferred to this company April, 1864. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Mustered out with company.

JOHN G. RICHARDS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 10, 1862.

ANDREW E. RUSSELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detached on signal service, January 8, 1862. Mustered out with company.

JACOB RINARD—Mustered in November 25, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 21, 1862. Died since the war.

HENRY SHOUP—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed in action at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

ALDEN SLOCUM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged June 23, 1862, for disability. Died Forest county, Pa., May 5, 1867.

CHRISTIAN SMATHERS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Alexandria, Va., March 18, 1862.

SYLVESTER STRAUB—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., while on sick furlough, April 28, 1863.

JOHN A. STROUP—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged May 8, 1862, for disability. Died since the war.

JAMES W. SHAWL—Enlisted February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN THOMPSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862. Killed in action at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

WILLIAM M. THOMPSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died September 8, 1894.

ANTHONY TORRY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded with loss of foot at Petersburg, Va., September, 1864. Died at Clarion, Pa., April 22, 1884.

JOHN TYLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to First Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, September 30, 1863. Died at Washington, D. C., January 12, 1864.

JOHN VOERHAUER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Detailed for duty at Brigade Headquarters, October, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died Beaver Falls, Pa., September 22, 1890.

ABRAHAM WILES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 21, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM WILKINSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 3, 1862.

DAVID WOODRUFF—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died June 11, 1862, at hospital, near Meadow Station, Va.

CONSCRIPTS.

The following conscripts, drafted in Western Pennsylvania in July and September, were assigned to this company in September, 1863:

ANDREW ALDERMAN—Drafted September 9, 1863. Died of wounds received in action at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864.

JOHN F. AMMENT—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

CONRAD BARSTOCK—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JAMES BRINE—Drafted September 9, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROBERT H. BRUCE—Drafted July 13, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

THOMAS BRYANT—Drafted September 9, 1863. Captured at Locust Grove, Va., November 27, 1863. Died at Richmond, Va., December 17, 1863.

HARRISON CALLEN—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Died at Fredericksburg, Va., May 17, 1864.

JAMES CURTIN—Drafted September 5, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN DONLEY—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ADAM (OR ANDREW) FRY—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SHADRACH FULLER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Deserted September 27, 1863, near Culpepper Court House, Va.

JAMES GALLAGHER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Killed in action at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

ARCHIBALD GILCHRIST—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE B. HARTZELL—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Wounded and captured at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864. Died at Salisbury, N. C., January 28, 1865.

JOHN HEFFELFINGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died December 10, 1863, near Brandy Station, Va. Buried National cemetery, Culpepper, Va. Grave 350.

JONA P. JOHNSON—Captured 1863. Died at Andersonville, Ga., September 20, 1864.

WILLIAM KLINK—Drafted ——————. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN LEECH—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died January 11, 1864, near Brandy Station, Va.

JAMES McGEARY—Drafted ——————. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

PHILIP SUTTON—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOSEPH ORBIN—Drafted ——————. Wounded in front of Petersburg, June 22, 1864.. Died at Washington, D. C., July 20, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 5603.

SILAS SCHALL—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died January 16, 1864, at Convalescent Camp, Va.

GEORGE SHIVERS—Drafted ——————. Deserted September 27, 1863.

ADAM WENTZELL—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., August 14, 1864.

JAMES WILSON—Drafted July 11, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

RECAPITULATION.

Commissioned officers on roll	7
Non-commissioned officers on roll	30
Privates on roll as volunteers	80
Privates on roll as conscripts	25
Total officers, non-commissioned and privates	142
Killed in action	13
Died of wounds received in action	12
Wounded in action	51
Wounded in two or more actions	13
Discharged for wounds received in action	23
Died in service, of sickness	25
Discharged for disability	18
Missing in action and fate unknown	1
Captured sick at hospitals	4
Captured in battle	10
Re-enlisted in this company as veterans	15
Re-enlisted in other commands after discharge	6
Mustered out with company, September 12, 1864	12
Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, September 19, 1864.	37

ORIGINAL ROLL OF CAPTAIN B. J. REID'S COMPANY. MUSTERED INTO THE SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, AS COMPANY F.

Captain—Bernard J. Reid.
First Lieutenant—J. G. McGonagle.
Second Lieutenant—Lawrence Egan.
First Sergeant—Joshua H. Delo.
*Second Sergeant—C. C. Zink.
Third Sergeant—George W. Fox.
Fourth Sergeant—J. R. Guthrie.
Fifth Sergeant—G. W. McCulloch.
First Corporal—John Kuhns.
*Second Corporal—R. Sloan Elgin.
Third Corporal—James Walley.
Fourth Corporal—D. R. Dunmire.

Fifth Corporal—David Irvin.
Sixth Corporal—T. H. Martin.
Seventh Corporal—Adam Potter.
*Eighth Corporal—John Stewart.
First Musician—A. Whitehill.
Second Musician—B. P. Hilliard.
Teamster—Preston H. Moodie.

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*Indicates second squad sent forward, September 17, 1861.

PRIVATES.

James Barr, Andrew Basom, *John Baumgarden, *Henry Beer, *William Blair, Thomas Bolton, *Franklin Cathers, *William Campbell, John S. Crooks, *Emanuel Cussins, John Cyphert, Isaiah K. Dale, *Philip Daum, James O. Delp, Jacob I. Delo, John B. Denslinger, William J. Dunlap, *Shugart J. Elder, *Finady Eshelman, Isaac W. Fenstermaker, *Bernard Faroust, Thomas M. Frazier, *John Gilford, Andrew Goble, William Greenawalt, *Phillip D. Griffin, *John A. Griffin, *James Hamilton, William L. Hall, Charles Harbst, Henry L. Highberger, Jonas Highberger, John Johnston, *David S. Keiser, *Michael Lemp, *John Lawhead, *Gregory Lawrence, *Joseph Loll, *Jacob Mentzer, *Francis P. McCloskey, *James McCammon, William McCaskey, *James McBride, *James McDonald, *Hugh P. McKee, Marcus J. McLaughlin, *George W. McMichael, John Newhouse, *Peter Nugent, Daniel O'Neill, *Peter O'Neill, *William A. Paup, Alfred T. Rance, John Reed, Anthony P. Refner, *George W. Remel, George W. Rhees, Samuel K. Richards, *John G. Richards, Andrew E. Russell, *James Sample, Henry Shoup, *Alden Slocum, *Christian Smathers, Sylvester Straub, John A. Stroup, *John Thompson, *William M. Thompson, *John Tyler, *John Vourhaur, Abraham Wiles, *William Wilkinson, David Woodruff, *Anthony Torry.

KILLED.

Andrew Basom—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Corporal William Blair—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Harrison Callen—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Jacob I. Delo—Glendale, June 30, 1862.
First Sergeant Joshua H. Delo—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Corporal R. Sloan Elgin—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
William Elder—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Fourth Sergeant J. R. Guthrie—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
James Gallagher—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
William Greenawalt—Orchards, June 25, 1862.
James Hamilton—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Jonas Highberger—Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
David Irvin—Yorktown, April 9, 1862.
Archy Jones—Petersburg, March 25, 1865.
Francis P. McCloskey—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
G. W. McCulloch—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
George H. Rhees—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Henry Shoup—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
John Thompson—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.

First Sergeant James Waley—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
James Wilson—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Joseph Orbin—Skirmish, June 22, 1864.

WOUNDED.

Martin Castner—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
John Cyphert—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; jaw.
John B. Denslinger—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; head.
James O. Delp—North Anna, May 23, 1864; left leg.
William J. Dunlap—Petersburg, November 1, 1864; eye.
J. Shugart Elder—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
Isaac W. Ferstermaker—Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Stewart A. Fulton—Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Adam Fry—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; left leg.
Michael Ferguson—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; right arm.
Philip D. Griffin—Orchards, June 25, 1862; Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
John Griffin—Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Anthony Greenawalt—Orchards, June 25, 1862; arm.
Andrew Noble—Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27, 1864; leg.
Eliphas Highberger—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
Benjamin P. Hilliard—Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.
William Hall—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; right arm.
George B. Hartzell—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; right ankle; October 24, 1864, wounded and captured.
Charles Harbst—Glendale, June 30, 1862; leg.
Archy Jones—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; right foot.
John Johnston—Orchards, June 25, 1862; arm.
Joseph Loll—Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864; both legs.
Gregory Lawrence—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; North Anna, May 23, 1864.
James R. Loudon—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; right shoulder.
Thomas H. Martin—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862; arm.
Jonathan McCurdy—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862; captured.
James McDonald—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862; captured.
Andrew McDonald—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862; captured.
James McCammon—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
G. W. McCullouch—Fair Oaks, May 3, 1863.
James McBride—Wilderness, May 5, 1864; left leg.
Hugh P. McKee—Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Peter Nugent—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Peter O'Neil—Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862.
Daniel O'Neil—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
Adam Potter—Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Corporal Anthony P. Refner—Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Alfred T. Rance—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
John G. Richards—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
James Sample—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
David Shields—June 30, 1862, right leg; July 3, 1863, right shoulder; February 6, 1864, through body and foot.
William H. Thompson—Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, captured; Wilderness, May 5, 1864, wounded.
Anthony Torry—Wilderness, May 5, 1864, right hand; Petersburg, September, 1861, right arm; June 1, 1865, loss of leg.

First Sergeant James Waley—Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
Adam Wentzell—Skirmish, August 14, 1864.
Andrew Alderman—Petersburg, October 27, 1864.
Thomas Bryant—Mine Run, November 27, 1863; captured.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Henry L. Highberger—September 3, 1862, hospital, near Fort Monroe.
John Kuhns—September 26, 1862, Philadelphia, Pa.
Curtis C. Zink—August 10, 1862, Harrison's Landing.
David R. Dunmire—May 31, 1862, Meadow Station.
John Baumgarden—June 30, 1862, near Fair Oaks, Va.
Franklin Cathers—April 22, 1862, Yorktown, Va.
Thomas M. Frazier—April 15, 1862, near Yorktown, Va.
Marcus J. McLaughlin—July 3, 1862, Harrison's Landing.
Finady Eshelman—April 25, 1863, hospital, Washington, D. C.
Phillip Daum—May 10, 1863, Potomac Creek, Va.
Sylvester Straub—April 28, 1863, Pittsburgh, while on sick furlough.
John P. Crooks—June 3, 1865, Potomac Creek, Va.
Robert McBride—April 8, 1864, near Brandy Station, Va.
John Leach—January 11, 1864, near Brandy Station, Va.
William A. Paup—June 12, 1862, near Fair Oaks, Va.
John Reed—June 24, 1862, Meadow Station, Va.
Christian Smathers—March 18, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
David Woodruff—June 11, 1862, near Fair Oaks, Va.
John Tyler—January 12, 1864, Washington, D. C.
John G. McGonagle—June 21, 1862, Meadow Station, Va.

DISCHARGED ON SURGEON'S CERTIFICATE.

Corporal John Stewart—June 21, 1862.
John Lawhead—May 28, 1862...
James Barr—December 10, 1862.
William Wilkinson—February 3, 1863.
Henry Beer—October 31, 1862.
Thomas Bolton—February 11, 1863.
William Campbell—September 25, 1862.
Emanuel Cussins—September 29, 1862.
Alpheus George—August 17, 1862.
Isaac W. Fenstermaker—July 23, 1864.
David S. Keiser—February 4, 1863.
Jacob Mentzer—November 21, 1862.
William McCaskey—June 20, 1862.
Bernard McCann—October 2, 1862.
Jacob Rinard—June 21, 1862.
Alden Slocum—June 23, 1862.
John A. Stroup—May 8, 1862.
Abraham Wiles—February 21, 1863.

DISCHARGED ON ACCOUNT OF WOUNDS.

James McDonald—August 28, 1863.
Charles Harbst—February 18, 1863.
George W. Fox—March 1, 1863.
William L. Hall—October 25, 1864.

Thomas H. Martin—October 31, 1862.
Joseph Loll—February 6, 1865.
Adam Potter—October 10, 1864.
Martin Castner—January 18, 1863.
J. Shugart Elder—November 22, 1862.
David Shields—June 9, 1863.
Phillip D. Griffin—May 10, 1864.
Anthony Greenawalt—August 8, 1862.
Eliphas Highberger—February 7, 1863.
John Johnston—August 8, 1862.
James McCammon—September 22, 1862.
Peter Nugent—September 26, 1862.
Alfred T. Rance—August 8, 1864.
John G. Richards—January 10, 1863.
Peter O'Neil—November 9, 1862.

MUSTERED OUT WITH COMPANY.

Expiration Term of Service.

Ami Whitehill, John A. Griffin, Benjamin F. Hilliard, John Cyphert, Isiah K. Dale, John Gilford, Gregory Lawrence, Hugh P. McKee, Daniel O'Neil, Samuel K. Richards, Andrew E. Russell, William M. Thompson, John Vorhaur.

TRANSFERRED TO ON HUNDRED AND FIFTH REGIMENT, COMPANIES H AND K.

Michael Kempf, Anthony P. Refner, James McBride, Stewart A. Fulton, Joseph Lichenberger, William J. Dunlap, Michael Ferguson, Alexander Goble, Archibald Gilchrist, Jonathan McCurdy, Thomas McMunn, John McDonald, John Newhouse, James Sample.

TRANSFERRED TO VETERAN RESERVE CORPS.

Bernard Faroust—September 16, 1864.

MISCELLANEOUUS.

William Mentzer—Mustered out February 27, 1865.
Andrew McDonald—Transferred to Company G, Second United States Cavalary, November 5, 1862.

HISTORY OF COMPANY G.

Company G was organized in Venango, Armstrong and Indiana counties. The Venango county squad of forty-six was composed of the following, the first three to be the commissioned officers of the company in the order named:

George C. McClelland, Hugh Hunter, S. Hays Cochran, Wales D. Ashton, Milton J. Adams, John C. Brookbank, Samuel D. Barnett, Chauncey G. Cooper, William Cooper, David W. Coursin, Christian Diem, Samuel C. Dewoody, Asa O. Douglass, James D. Douglass, Robert H. Daily, Charles France, William H. Green, Curtis C. Griffin, Daniel M. Gardner, James S. Gates, Aaron W. Gilmore, Robert Houston, Frank H. Johnston, Alfred B. Lupher, Robert C. Law, James Lindsay, John T. McCoy, Robert B. McCoy, Thomas Martin, Charles Moore, Cyrus J. Moore, David K. Mitchell, William Magee, Clark Neer, William B. Peiffer, Ithmar Porter, Samuel C. Rhodes, Simon Shall, John Stittz, Edson E. Sheppard, George W. Taylor, Solomon Vensel, James S. Williams, Edward Wachschmidt, George Wolfkill, William S. Whittman.

On the 14th of August, 1861, they embarked on a flat boat at Franklin and floated down the Allegheny River to Camp Wilkins, Pittsburgh, where they remained until August 25th, when they were mustered into the service of the United States by H. O. Ormsby.

The Armstrong county contingent was represented by forty-seven men, as follows:

Simon Blystone, Peter Boyer, Robert M. Brown, John R. Cox, James N. Coulter, John Cessna, William L. Calhoun, J. H. Fulton, William Frailey, William J. Graham, Jacob Gardner, Henry R. Gress, David R. George, Joseph Gardner, John Henderson, Ralston Hoover, William C. Hoover, James M. Johnston, John F. Jones, John Kelly, Hugh McConnell, Jacob Miller, Thomas H. Martin, Robert W. Martin, David C. Martin, Isaac Moorhead, John Pickle, Loben Russell, Matthew A. Rankin, Joseph P. Rankin, John G. Robinson, William H. H. Sloan, Jacob Sadler, John A. Sell, David Shirey, Andrew J. Smeltzer, John St. Clair, Thomas Smith, Adam F. Smith, Simon Steffey, Benjamin H. Smith, William M. Smith, John M. Thomas, A. H. G. Wilhelm, A. W. Wilhelm.

Other men from various locations, were—Charles W. McHenry, W. R. Nicholson, George A. Cook, John Hassinger, Philip O'Sullivan.

Of the ninety-seven original members, the following eighteen were killed in action:

S. Hays Cochran, Isaac Moorhead, Benjamin H. Smith, Simon Steffey, Matthew A. Rankin, Thomas L. Martin, Simon Blystone, David W. Coursin, Christian Diem, Charles France, William Frailey, David R. George, Jacob Gardner, John Kelly, Cyrus J. Moore, Robert B. McCoy, Hugh McConnell, Clark Near.

Four died of wounds—George A. Cook, William J. Graham, Henry B. Gress, A. W. Wilhelm.

Seven died of disease—James N. Coulter, Ralston Hoover, John Hassinger, Philip Hassinger, Jacob Miller, Andrew J. Smeltzer, Robert W. Martin.

Four were taken prisoners; two transferred and three deserted; twenty-six were discharged on account of disability or for other causes; fourteen absent and twelve present at muster out, leaving four prisoners to be mustered out. Four remained on account of re-enlistment, and one was absent without leave.

There were forty-two recruits or drafted men joined the company at later dates, as follows:

Peter Amsberger, George Blystone, William Blystone, John Bleakney, Jesse Cole, Robert Davidson, R. A. Fulton, Thomas S. Frue, Benjamin W. Hill, Andrew Henderson, Cornelius Hoffman, Josiah M. Hays, Samuel S. Hays, Samuel S. Jack, Wilder Jackson, Henry Klugh, William R. Keppel, Sylvis Leasure, George W. Martin, Andrew J. Moore, Samuel G. Moorhead, Samuel Mulberger, James Markel, James S. Myers, Noah W. Porter, Isaac L. Rearick, Robert Rager, John Q. Ritchey, Joseph Rudler, Alexander Rupert, William C. Smith, George Schick, Harrison Stopp, Martin Schermerhorn, Wilson M. Stills, David F. Sheets, Samuel Sharp, John Salada, William Thomas, David J. Thomas, Hampton Thomas, Charles Warner.

Of the recruits and drafted men, three were killed, one died of wounds, two died of disease, four were discharged, one transferred to western department, one deserted, one absent sick, twelve absent wounded, but nine being present at muster out, one of whom was detailed as division teamster.

Jacob Gardner, shot on out-post, near Pohick Church, November 7, 1861, was the first man killed in the regiment.

Total enlistment		140
Killed in action	21	
Died of wounds	5	
Died of disease	11	
Discharged for disability	30	
Transferred	36	
Deserted	4	
Mustered out at expiration of term	33	
Total	140	

ROSTER.

CHARLES W. McHENRY, Captain—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant Major, August 20, 1861. Discharged November 13, 1862. Died at Janesville, Wis., February 9, 1874.

S. HAYS COCHRAN, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed near Richmond, Va., June 25, 1862.

ISAAC MOORHEAD, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, June 27, 1862; to Captain, May 19, 1863. Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.

JAMES S. WILLIAMS, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, June 27, 1862; to First Lieutenant, May 19, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, and at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM R. NICHOLSON, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant, May 19, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, July 13, 1864. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM B. PEIFFER, Second Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged February 20, 1863. Died August 11, 1890.

WILLIAM H. H. SLOAN, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

ROBERT M. BROWN, Fifth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Mustered out with company.

GEORGE A. COOK, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died July 4, 1862, of wounds received in action.

WILLIAM M. SMITH, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds, September 17, 1862.

AARON W. GILMORE, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, February 20, 1863; to First Sergeant, July 13, 1864. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862, and at Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863. Mustered out with company.

ALFRED B. LUPHER, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 17, 1863.

ROBERT HOUSTON, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant, June 27, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, May 19, 1863. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 9, 1864. Died since the war.

FRANK H. JOHNSTON, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. Discharged account of wounds, May 16, 1863. Died at Franklin, Pa., March 25, 1907. Buried there.

SIMON STEFFEY, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Taken prisoner and died of wounds on Belle Island, Va.; date unknown.

WALES D. ASHTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Prisoner from June 22, 1864, to November 24, 1864. Mustered out December 3, 1864. Died February 20, 1895, at Finley's Lake, Pa.

JOHN HASSINGER, Musician—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died at Washington, D. C., December 25, 1862.

JOHN STITZ, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted July 26, 1863, and dropped from the rolls, August 8, 1863.

JOHN SILLIBERG, Wagoner—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged September 25, 1863.

MILTON J. ADAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Captured June 22, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN C. BROOKBANK—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, May 19, 1863. Wounded at Mine Run, Va., November 27, 1863. Mustered out with company.

PETER BOYER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 16, 1862.

SIMON BLYSTONE—Mustered in January 4, 1864. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

SAMUEL D. BARNETT—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted June 30, 1863. Returned November 22, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN R. COX—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged March 26, 1863.

JOHN CESSNA—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, June 1, 1864. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JAMES N. COULTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died April 12, 1864.

CHAUNCEY G. COOPER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM L. CALHOUN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged October 9, 1862.

DAVID W. COURSIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. Died on account of wounds in Libby Prison.

CHRISTIAN DIEM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

SAMUEL C. DEWOODY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured June 22, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ASA O. DOUGLASS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged; date unknown.

JAMES D. DOUGLASS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1863. Discharged December 24, 1863, on account of wounds.

ROBERT H. DAILY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent wounded in hospital at muster out.

JOHN A. FRAILEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged April 26, 1863. Died National Military Home, Santa Monica, California. Grave 4.

CHARLES FRANCE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

WILLIAM D. FRAILEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

HENRY FRAILEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 22, 1862.

JOSEPH H. FULTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Absent sick at muster out.

WILLIAM H. GREEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES S. GATES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds, September 16, 1862.

CURTIS C. GRIFFIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

DAVID R. GEORGE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862.

WILLIAM I. GRAHAM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February 24, 1863. Died of wounds, May 24, 1864, in Fredericksburg, Va. Buried in Washington House church-yard, Fredericksburg.

JACOB GARDNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed near Pohick Church, Va., November 7, 1861.

JOSEPH GARDNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

DANIEL N. GARDNER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company Died July 9, 1903, at Emlenton, Pa. Buried in Rockland cemetery.

HENRY R. GROSS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at New Haven, Conn., July 3, 1862, of wounds.

PHILIP HASSINGER—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Died near Alexandria, Va., October 25, 1861.

JOHN HENDERSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Absent sick at muster out. Died since the war.

RALSTON HOOVER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Baltimore Cross Roads, Va., June 13, 1862.

WILLIAM C. HOOVER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES M. JOHNSTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged February 20, 1863.

JOHN F. JONES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JOHN KELLY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JAMES LINDSAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged May 1, 1862. Died since the war.

ROBERT C. LAW—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged; date unknown. Died at Franklin, Pa., aged 82 years.

JOHN T. McCOY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged September 26, 1862. Died at St. Louis, Mo., February 24, 1900.

ROBERT B. McCOY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

HUGH McCONNELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

WILLIAM R. MAGEE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted; date unknown.

JACOB MILLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died March 6, 1863, near Falmouth, Va.

THOMAS L. MARTIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February 1, 1864. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

DAVID C. MARTIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died April 23, 1888. Buried at Apollo, Pa.

ROBERT W. MARTIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Discharged February 12, 1863. Died since the war.

CHARLES MOORE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

DAVID K. MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged December 25, 1862.

THOMAS MARTIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged; date unknown.

CYRUS J. MOORE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed near Pohick Church, Va., March 6, 1862. Buried Alexandria, Va., National cemetery, grave 1456.

CLARK NEAR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

ITHAMAR PORTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Absent sick at muster out. Died July 16, 1864, from kick of horse. Buried at Franklin, Pa.

JOHN PICKLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, July 4, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JOSEPH P. RANKIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

MATTHEW A. RANKIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February 1, 1864. Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864.

JOHN A. ROBINSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

LOBEN RUSSELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged December 1, 1862, on account of wounds.

SAMUEL A. RHOADES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds, September 29, 1862.

SIMEON SHALL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, December 15, 1863. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 7346

EDSON E. SHEPARD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN ST. CLAIR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged on account of wounds, September 22, 1863.

ADAM F. SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged April 26, 1863. Died since the war.

THOMAS SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged October 1, 1862. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN H. SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, February 20, 1863. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

DAVID SHIREY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died near Yorktown, Va., May 25, 1862. Buried in National cemetery, Annapolis, Md. Grave 17.

A. J. SMELTZER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Captured. Died at Richmond, Va.; date unknown.

JACOB SADLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JOHN A. SELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died January 23, 1896, near Avonmore, Pa.

PHILIP O. SULLIVAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted November 5, 1862, taking gun and equipment with him.

JOHN M. THOMAS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, February 24, 1863. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862; at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, and at the Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Captured and taken to Libby Prison. Absent wounded at muster out.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died at New Alexandria, Pa., March 17, 1905. Buried U. P. cemetery there.

SOLOMON VENSEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Yorktown, Va., May 15, 1862.

ABSALOM W. WILHELM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Philadelphia, Pa., of wounds received in action.

AUGUSTUS H. G. WILHELM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Malvern Hill, Va., June 30, 1862. Prisoner from May 12, 1864, to March 1, 1865. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

EDWARD WACHSMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Discharged April 25, 1864. Died at Tracy, Cal., October, 1907.

GEORGE WOLFKILL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died in 1899.

WILLIAM S. WHITMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

PETER ARMBERGER—Drafted September 2, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM BLYSTONE—Mustered in March 31, 1864. Died June 25, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Buried National cemetery, City Point, Va., grave 985.

GEORGE BLYSTONE—Mustered in January 18, 1864. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN BLEAKNEY—Drafted July 17, 1863. Wounded before Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died January, 1896, at Elderton, Pa. Buried there.

JESSE COLE—Mustered in February 19, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM COOPER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged; date unknown. Died since the war.

ROBERT DAVIDSON—Mustered in September 2, 1863. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ROBERT A FULTON—Mustered in September 9, 1862. Discharged February 14, 1863. Died January 14, 1893, at Yates City, Ill.

THOMAS FRUE—Mustered in October 15, 1862. Killed at Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

ANDREW HENDERSON—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 24, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOSIAH M. HAYS—Drafted July 16, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

CORNELIUS HOFFMAN—Drafted September 2, 1863. Wounded October 26, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN W. HULL—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

SAMUEL S. HAYS—Mustered in February 22, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died October 9, 1864, at Beverly, New Jersey.

SAMUEL S. JACK—Drafted July 17, 1863. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.

WILDER JACKSON—Drafted September 2, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died National Military Home, Leavenworth, Kansas, November 18, 1907.

HENRY KLUGH—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died at Washington, D. C., February 24, 1864.

SYLOIS LEASURE—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM R. KEPPEL—Mustered in February 23, 1864. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

GEORGE W. MARTIN—Mustered in February 15, 1864. Died August 15, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Varina Grove, Va., grave 105.

SAMUEL MULBERGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died July 15, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 5350.

SAMUEL G. MOORHEAD—Drafted September 5, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES MARKAL—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ANDREW J. MOORE—Mustered in March 21, 1862. Died May 15, 1864, from wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Buried in Wilderness, Va., near Second Corps Field Hospital.

JAMES S. MYERS—Mustered in March 31, 1864. Killed at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

NOAH W. PORTER—Mustered in December 29, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Captured by Mosby's Guerillas. In Libby Prison three months.

ROBERT RAGER—Mustered in August 30, 1862. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ISAAC L. REARICK—Drafted July 18, 1863. Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN RITCHEY—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOSEPH RUDLER—Drafted September 2, 1863. Discharged September 23, 1864.

ALEXANDER RUPERT—Mustered in February 23, 1864. Died near Brandy Station, Orange & Alexandria Railroad, Va., April 1, 1864.

WILLIAM C. SMITH—Mustered in February 2, 1864. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE SCHICK—Mustered in February 15, 1864. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HARRISON C. STOPP—Drafted September 2, 1863. Wounded at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

M. SCHEMERHORN—Drafted September 2, 1863. Wounded October 23, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

DAVID F. SHEETS—Mustered in March 9, 1862. Discharged January 14, 1863. Died since the war.

WILSON M. STILLS—Drafted July 13, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN SALADA—Drafted July 13, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL SHARP—Drafted September 7, 1863. Deserted May 5, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

WILLIAM THOMAS—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DAVID J. THOMAS—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

HAMPTON THOMPSON—Drafted July 20, 1863. Transferred to Western Army, October 1, 1863.

CHARLES D. WARNER—Drafted September 8, 1863. Transferred to Company G, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HISTORY OF COMPANY H.

Organized at Pittsburgh by Captain Maurice Wallace, and known as the "McCullough Guards." Enrollment dated August 6, 1861.

Mustered into the United States service near Washington City, D. C., October 9, 1861, with a full complement of men.

Captain Wallace being promoted to major of the regiment, First Lieutenant C. B. McCullough was made captain of the company; Second Lieutenant H. P. Fulton, first lieutenant; and Orderly Sergeant W. H. Jeffries, second lieutenant.

ROSTER.

MAURICE WALLACE, Captain—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Major, August 6, 1861. Died about 1899.

CHARLES B. McCULLOUGH, Captain—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted from First Lieutenant, August 6, 1861. Resigned December 15, 1861. Died about 1866 from accident.

HUGH P. FULTON, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Captain, April 14, 1862. Died December 20, 1862, of wounds received at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862. Buried St. Mary's cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILLIAM H. JEFFRIES, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, April 14, 1862; to Captain, December 21, 1862. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Discharged May 21, 1863, on account of wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va. Re-enlisted in 1864 in Second Division Sheridan's Cavalry. Died Bellwood, Pa., April 2, 1906. Buried Long Run Presbyterian Church, Circleville, Pa.

JAMES WHELAN, First Sergeant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded while on picket, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 25, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM KEENAN, Second Sergeant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Captain, December 16, 1861. Discharged April 14, 1862. Died June 14, 1904, at National Military Home, Hampton, Va. Buried there. Grave 8679.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Third Sergeant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant and to Second Lieutenant, April 20, 1862, and to First Lieutenant, February 27, 1863; to Captain, July 1, 1863. Died June 19, 1864, of wounds received at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864. Buried St. Mary's cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILLIAM DEAKERS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out of company. Fell out of window at Pittsburgh, Pa., and killed about 1870.

WILLIAM W. WEEKS, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant; to Second Lieutenant, December 21, 1862. Died May 19, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

WILLIAM H. MARSHALL, Fifth Sergeant—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, January 28, 1864. Died Allegheny, Pa., since the war.

CHARLES McMAHON, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, December 16, 1861; to Second Lieutenant, July 5, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES McGEE, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

JAMES JONES, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, August 1, 1863.

JAMES REDMOND, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged by special order, January 26, 1864.

PATRICK FISHER, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, May 20, 1863. Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died National Military Home, Ohio, since the war.

MICHAEL CARROLL, Ambulance Driver—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JOHN CANNON—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Captured. Returned. Deserted March 16, 1864.

DANIEL CANNON—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

DANIEL CONNELLY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Died October 4, 1862.

WILLIAM DOUGHERTY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Promoted to Corporal, April 29, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES DOUGHERTY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Deserted May 4, 1862.

JAMES DOONER—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

SIMON P. DILLMAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged October 31, 1862, on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN DOOLEY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Deserted March, 1863.

PATRICK DOUGGERY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent at muster out. Died at National Military Home, Ohio, since the war.

JAMES DOWLING—Mustered in November 1, 1861. Discharged December 31, 1862, on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES EGAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

ANDREW EMERETT—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

PATRICK FARRELL—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

SAMUEL WILSON, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, March 15, 1862; to Sergeant, February 1, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JOHN W. F. JOHNSTON, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged September 16, 1862, of wounds received at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862. Died since the war.

THOMAS KIRK, Corporal—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

CHARLES C. KING, Musician—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

PRIVATES.

JAMES McMANUS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM BRACKEN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Deserted October 12, 1862.

JAMES BELL—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 26, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN A. BUCH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Transferred to United States Army, November 1, 1862.

PATRICK COLLINS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

PETER CHURCH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

EZEKIEL CRANE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged December 26, 1863, for wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Died since the war.

HENRY CAMPBELL—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Died May 24, 1864, of wounds received at North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864.

RICHARD COCHRAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862.

CHESTER H. CLARK—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862.

THOMAS CRAMPTON—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 31, 1862.

PHILIP FARRELL—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Died at Dispatch Station, Va., June 3, 1862, from wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JAMES FREIL—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged December 31, 1862, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Re-enlisted. Killed August 2, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 6937.

HUGH GIBBONS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., since the war.

PETER GILLESPIE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Chester, Pa., September 4, 1862.

PHILLIP GALLAGHER—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Died at Washington, D. C., October 9, 1862, of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Buried Chester, Pa.

PATRICK GORMLEY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

DAVID GRIFFITHS—Mustered in September 9, 1861. Discharged December 31, 1862, on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

PATRICK HOGAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Transferred to Battery E, Sixth Rhode Island Artillery, July, 1862.

HUGH HAGAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged December 10, 1862, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.

JOSEPH HAGAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Absent at muster out—in confinement by sentence of General Court Martial. Died October 26, 1862, at Fort Jefferson, Florida.

JOHN HOPKINS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JOHN HILL—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Died September 10, 1862, of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Buried in Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C., grave 3695.

NICHOLAS HARTIE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JOHN HENNESSEY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, September 30, 1863.

JAMES E. JONES—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Kelly's Ford, Va,. November 7, 1863.

HUGH KINNEY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, January 2, 1862; to Sergeant, April 29, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died National Military Home, Ohio, since the war.

MICHAEL KELLY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regimen, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Missing at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1863.

MATTHEW KANE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal; to Sergeant, May, 1862: to First Sergeant, February 18, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES KIERNAN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 8, 1863. Mexican Veteran. Died since the war.

WILLIAM LEONARD—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged July 29, 1864, for wounds received at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1863. Died 1895, National Military Home, Ohio.

LAWRENCE LYNN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged September 13, 1862, for wounds received at Oak Grove, Va., June 25, 1862.

PATRICK LARKINS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 1, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM R. MARTIN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

FREDERICK MARKS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 5, 1863. Mexican Veteran.

JOSEPH MARKLE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

SAMUEL MOORE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, October 8, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JAMES MASON—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, October 8, 1863. Mustered out with company.

FRANCIS MOONEY—Mustered in November 1, 1861. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM MYER—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Transferred to Company K, 1862.

PHILIP McDERMOTT—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JAMES McGRAW—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Deserted June 25, 1862.

JAMES McMANUS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

FRANCIS McWILLIAMS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 5, 1863. Died since the war.

EDWARD McGINNISS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

PATRICK McNICHOLS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 9, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN McCULLOUGH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JOHN McANULTY—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged August 13, 1862, for wounds received at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN McGUIRE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 9, 1862.

EDWARD O'NEILL, SR.—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 9, 1862. Died since the war.

EDWARD O'NEILL, JR.—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died National Military Home, Ohio, about 1877.

JOSEPH O'BREIN—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Deserted July 23, 1863.

WILLIAM O'ROURKE—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, October 8, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN A. ROGERS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

WILHELM ROTH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, December 31, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN SHIELDS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, October 8, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JACOB SCHUYLER—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged December 16, 1862, on account of wounds received at Charles Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862.

JAMES SMITH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged August 29, 1862, on account of wounds received at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862.

JOSEPH H. WEEKS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Died May 15, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

JAMES H. WIGGINS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 8, 1862. Died 1876.

JOHN WOODS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Died at Philadelphia, Pa., since the war.

SAMUEL R. WOODS—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

PETER WEAVER—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, March 15, 1862; to Sergeant, March 4, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

WILLIAM WHITESIDES—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, January 24, 1864. Died since the war.

MICHAEL WELSH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 13, 1861. Died since the war.

LEVI ALLSHOUSE—Drafted July 17, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN ANDERSON—Drafted July 11, 1863. Killed at North Anna River, Va., May 24, 1864.

FRANKLIN J. ADAMS—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died November 26, 1863. Buried National cemetery, Culpepper Court House, Va., block 1, section A, row 3, grave 99.

JOHN W. BENNETT—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN BURKHEIMER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 23, 1861. Died since the war.

JOHN BARTMAN—Drafted September 4, 1863. Deserted September 30, 1863.

JOSHUA BROWN—Recruited February 27, 1864. Not on muster out roll. Died since the war.

RICHARD COOPER—Drafted July 11, 1863. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 28, 1864. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN F. COURSIN—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

MICHAEL CALLIN—No record of joining regiment. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., December 12, 1862, and discharged April 28, 1863, for wounds received there. Died since the war.

PATRICK CONNOR—Drafted July 11, 1863. Captured June 3, 1864. Died at Annapolis, Md., November 27, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Annapolis, grave 1609.

ALEX. CAMERON—Drafted September 7, 1863. Transferred to Company K, and to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers later. Died National Military Home, California, March 6, 1903. Buried San Barnadino, Cal.

PATRICK DEAN—Recruited January 3, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ANDREW DOUGLASS—Drafted July 17, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILFRIED S. DADY—Drafted September 8, 1863. Captured at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

DANIEL J. DELANEY—Drafted July 17, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM FIERST—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died September 1, 1902, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

GEORGE W. FISHNELL—Joined March 21, 1862. Died near Fair Oaks, Va., June 28, 1862.

PATRICK FORD—Mustered in February 25, 1864. Not on muster out roll. Died since the war.

WILLIAM GEORGE—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

LEBANAH H. HETRICK—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOSEPH HOLMES—Drafted September 8, 1863. Deserted September 26, 1863.

JACKSON JONES—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company F, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN JOHNSTON—Mustered in August 28, 1862. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JOHN JACO—Drafted July 16, 1863. Died June 17, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried at National cemetery, Arlington, Va., grave 6138.

THOMAS KELLY—Mustered in January 16, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE H. KING—Drafted July 13, 1863. Died at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., June 15, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

JOHN W. LYNN—Mustered in September 2, 1861. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., March 23, 1862; at Mine Run, Va., December 24, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company F, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM MANN—Mustered in January 16, 1863. Transferred to Company F, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Killed at Petersburg, Va

DAVID MAKOWN—Drafted July 17, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

THOMAS McDERMOTT—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 31, 1861. Died since the war.

ESCEL PALMER—Drafted September 3, 1863. Died at Alexandria, Va., October 12, 1863. Grave 991.

PETER QUINN—Mustered in March 18, 1863. Died at Philadelphia, Pa., August 5, 1863.

CHARLES ROGERS—Drafted September 9, 1863. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN REYNOLDS—Drafted September 8, 1863. Deserted May 5, 1864.

ISAAC SMITH—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company F, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

FRANCIS SNYDER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company C, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JAMES SMITH—Mustered in August 6, 1861. Discharged August 29, 1862, on account of wounds received at Charles City Cross Roads, Va., June 30, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. STANLEY—Mustered in September 8, 1862. Captured at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Died in prison; date unknown.

JAMES STEVENSON—Drafted July 21, 1863. Deserted June 18, 1864.

CORNELIUS TOBIN—Mustered in March 17, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM H. THOMPSON—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

PETER WHEELAN—Mustered in November 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company H, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., February, 1903.

NEWTON WILSON—Drafted July 16, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Transferred to Company F, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Killed or died, of wounds	28
Died of disease	9
Discharged	32
Deserted	11
Transferred to other regiments	39
Mustered out	25
Total enrolled	144
Wounded in action	38

HISTORY OF COMPANY I.

At a meeting called August 12, 1861, in Alliquipa Hall, foot Market street, McKeesport, Pa., for the enrollment and enlistment of a company, Rev. D. I. K. Rine a very stirring and patriotic speech, and at its close some sixty-one young men enrolled their names. Two days after they left on the steamer Bayard for Camp Wilkins, near Pittsburgh, under command of James F. Ryan, who was the unanimous choice as captain.

Within a week after enlisting, one hundred having been recruited and added to the company, we were mustered and sworn into the United States service by Captain Hays, U. S. A., and immediately, via Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in box cars, went to Washington, D. C., remaining over night and part of next day in a large barracks known as "The Soldiers' Rest," when we were sent out to our first camp, Georgetown, D. C., and assigned to the Sixty-third Regiment, without tents, uniforms or guns, sleeping for the first time on the ground without covering, but beautifully refreshed about midnight with a heavy rainfall. A few days later we were marched to the United States arsenal to receive guns and ammunition. Will we ever forget the guns that fired from both ends? Took boat at Washington to Alexandria, Va., went into Camp Johnston, Arlington Heights, Va. Here George W. Gray, of McKeesport, having recruited some eighteen men which completed the full complement of one hundred and one men which was added to Company I, Color Company. James F. Ryan was commissioned as captain; George W. Gray, first lieutenant; James M. Lysle, second lieutenant; James M. Lysle being September 1st promoted to regimental quartermaster, was killed six months later at Pohick Church, Va. James F. McMullen, commissioned to fill vacancy of second lieutenant September 1, 1861, vice Lieutenant Lysle, resigned July 26, 1862. David C. Crawford was commissioned September 1, 1864, second lieutenant, vice James F. McMullen, resigned. First Lieutenant George W. Gray promoted as captain Company C, transferred September 1, 1862. Andrew C. Critchlow promoted September 1, 1862, to first lieutenant, vice George W. Gray, transferred to captain Company C. Captain James F. Ryan promoted major, December 19, 1863. William McIntosh was commissioned January 3, 1864, captain, vice James F. Ryan, promoted to major.

At the close of the three years' service, the company was mustered out September 19, 1864; those of the company re-enlisting as Veterans, were transferred to the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. The enrollment of the company, including recruits, drafted, etc., numbered 131.

ROSTER.

JAMES F. RYAN, Captain—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Major, December 19, 1863. Discharged April 1, 1864. Died since the war at McKeesport, Pa.

GEORGE W. GRAY, First Lieutenant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Captain Company C, July 26, 1862. Resigned November 10, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES F. McMULLEN, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged July 26, 1862.

JOHN H. COOPER, Sergeant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 7, 1863, on account of disability. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., January 3, 1906. Buried in Versailles cemetery, McKeesport, Pa.

GEORGE W. MANSFIELD, Sergeant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862.

WILLIAM STACY, Sergeant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.

DAVID C. CRAWFORD, Sergeant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, September 1, 1864. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, and at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Transferred as Captain, to Company E, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Veteran Volunteer.

JOHN H. WEST, Sergeant—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant, September 4, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, as First Lieutenant. Died since the war.

ANDREW C. CRITCHLOW, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant. Resigned January 9, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN H. HOFFMAN, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Promoted to Sergeant, May 3, 1863. Mustered out with company.

JOHN MUNKITTRICK, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 6, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM SAMPLE, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged October 25, 1862, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

CHRISTOPHER C. FAWCETT, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and at Petersburg, June 19, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

JOSEPH WALTHOUR, Musician—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM McINTOSH, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, May 3, 1863; to Captain, January 3, 1864. Wounded May 22, 1864. Absent at muster out. Died at Esplen, Pittsburgh, Pa., January 28, 1902.

JOHN BELLAS, Corporal—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, September 30, 1863. Died since the war.

W. P. WAMPLER, Musician—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died McKeesport, Pa., January 24, 1907. Buried Varsailles cemetery.

WILLIAM BROWN, Wagoner—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Discharged February 20, 1863. Died January 23, 1896, at Stewart Station, Pa. Buried Union cemetery, Penn township, Allegheny county,

PRIVATES.

PHILIP ALLEBRAND—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Died June 21, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.

JOHN ALLEBRAND—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

WILLIAM ATWATER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, September 1, 1862. Died July 6, 1886, McKeesport, Pa.

WILLIAM BROWN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES BICKERSTAFF—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died May 6, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va. Grave 302.

BAILEY COOK—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at New Market Cross Roads, June 30, 1862. Discharged November 19, 1862. Died since the war.

THADDEUS F. CLYMER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Discharged February 22, 1864, for wounds received at Mine Run, Va., November 27, 1863.

JOHN CONWAY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Deserted August 15, 1862.

STACY CRAIG—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died July 19, 1862. Buried Cypress Hill cemetery, Long Island. Grave 239.

ROBERT W. CLARK—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Deserted October 9, 1862.

GEORGE DOUGHERTY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate. April 30, 1862. Died since the war.

JOHN G. DOUGHERTY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 30, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM DAY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died June 14, 1862, of wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

SANDY C. DRENNAN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va.

WILLIAM DIAS—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 10, 1863.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged December 5, 1862, for wounds received at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JOSEPH L. EVANS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, August 14, 1862. Wounded at Groveton, Va., August 29, 1862; at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864; in front of Petersburg, Va., October 2, 1864; and at Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company D, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, as First Lieutenant.

ALBERT G. FASOLD—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died June 24, 1862.

SAMUEL FIELDS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 10, 1863. Died at McKeesport, Pa., June 12, 1905. Buried Versailles cemetery.

HENRY F. FREIMANN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Hospital Steward United States Army, March 16, 1863.

ALEXANDER D. FOSTER—Mustered in September 19, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, August 15, 1862, and April 15, 1864. Wounded at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862, and June 18, 1864. On detached service in Battery B, N. J. Artillery September 6, 1862, to April, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

WILLIAM P. GILBERT—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN N. GAMBLE—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862, and at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Promoted to Corporal and to Sergeant. Absent at muster out.

PETER GALLITAN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 26, 1863.

JAMES GALLITAN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862, with loss of arm. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 15, 1863. Died August 15, 1905, at McKeesport, Pa.

SAMUEL GRUBAUGH—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

ROBERT F. GOULD—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

THOMPSON HOAK—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died August 15, 1905, at Manor, Pa.

THOMAS L. HUNTER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Promoted to Corporal, May 6, 1864. Mustered out with company.

SAMUEL JAMESON—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Died May 8, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

WALTER JONES—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 27, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES IRWIN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged October 29, 1862, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

JAMES L. KING—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died in McKeesport, Pa., since the war.

JOHN KEOUGH—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged September 16, 1863, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

PETER LAFFERTY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN LAPE—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

URIAH MAINS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 22, 1862. Died since the war.

JACOB MAINS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, May 6, 1864. Participated in every engagement in which his company took part; was never wounded, sick or absent a day during his three years' term of service. Mustered out with company. Died insane ward, Allegheny County Home, Pa., April 28, 1907.

FAUNTLEY MUSE—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged November 28, 1862, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862; loss of arm. Died since the war.

JAMES McKELTY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 13, 1862. Died since the war.

JOSEPH McCAULEY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 4, 1862. Died since the war.

LUTHER McMAINS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company.

DANIEL P. McINTYRE—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JOHN O'NEIL—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Captured at Manassas Junction, October 26, 1863. Died in Andersonville Prison, Ga., July 12, 1864. Grave 3199.

PATRICK O'NEILL—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

JOHN PRITCHARD—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged November 29, 1862, for wounds received at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE W. PASSMORE—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war, at McKeesport, Pa.

SAMUEL PERKINS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va.

JOHN PACKER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 15, 1863. Died since the war.

JOEL T. PAINTER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, May 6, 1864. Wounded in front of Richmond, Va., 1862; at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; and at Petersburg, Va., September 19, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

WILLIAM PACKER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, September 1, 1863.

ISRAEL PANCOST—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES PARKS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged by order General Court Martial, January 17, 1863.

JOHN C. PATTERSON—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Buried in National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va.

JOHN REILLY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died May 18, 1862, at Yorktown.

JOHN RAMPP—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died April 5, 1863.

JOHN RHYME—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Captured and died at Andersonville Prison, June 4, 1864. Buried National cemetery there. Grave 1599.

JAMES D. REYNOLDS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 16, 1862.

RANDOLPH R. REYNOLDS—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 16, 1862.

ALEXANDER ROBINSON—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died May 6, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

ISAAC SHARP—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 26, 1862. Died since the war.

LEVI B. SCOTT—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged September 24, 1862, for wounds received at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Died since the war.

ARCHIBALD SCOTT—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863. Absent at muster out. Died since the war.

CLEMENT SMITH—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 26, 1862. Died since the war.

GEORGE SOLES—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded Nelson's Farm, June 30, 1862. Mustered out with company. Died Braddock, Pa., April 5, 1904.

OLIVER R. SMITH—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Captured May 31, 1862. Died at Belle Isle, Va., prison, September 2, 1862.

CHRISTIAN SNYDER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 24, 1862. Died since the war.

ALEXANDER E. TRICH—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Deserted and returned. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

FRANCIS M. TAYLOR—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 31, 1863.

CHARLES TAYLOR—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 9, 1862. Died at Elizabeth, Pa., since the war.

WESLEY WOOD—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died January 23, 1862.

ROBERT WIPER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 14, 1862.

JAMES WIPER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, April 26, 1862.

ALEXANDER WIPER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Transferred to Second United States Cavalry, January 6, 1863.

PETER WRAY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 26, 1863. Died since the war.

ARCHIBALD WATSON—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Veteran Volunteer.

JOHN S. WOLF—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged December 10, 1862, for wounds received at Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. Died since the war.

THEODORE C. WALKER—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged February 3, 1863, for wounds received at Fredericksburg, Va., December 14, 1863.

JOHN WHITESELL—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862.

JAMES WHITESELL—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Killed at Nelson's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862.

WILLIAM WHIGHAM—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

GEORGE BARNETT—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

STEPHEN BENNETT—Drafted July 11, 1863. Wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

STEPHEN BOSSINGER—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died June 10, 1907.

JAMES H. BRISCO—Drafted September 9, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN BURNWORTH—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

SAMUEL BIDDLE—Drafted July 11, 1863. Deserted May 5, 1864.

MATTHEW CANNON—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

MILTON COYAN—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 11, 1862.

THOMAS G. DOUGLASS—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died October 15, 1903, at Boston, Pa.

JACOB DAVIS—Drafted July 18, 1863. Died at Alexandria, Va., October 15, 1863. Grave 1010.

JOHN DITMAN—Drafted July 12, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

JOHN DENNEY—Drafted September 3, 1863. Deserted November 27, 1863.

THOMAS H. EVANS—Mustered in August 3, 1864. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DAVID FREDERICK—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM GEORGE—Drafted July 18, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

WILSON GOULD—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Died September 29, 1861. Buried Military Asylum cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 2377.

COLEMAN C. HUEY—Mustered in August 19, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 18, 1861. Died since the war.

ISAAC H. JONES—Drafted July 10, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOHN LOTZ—Drafted July 13, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM A. MAHAFFEY—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died McKeesport, Pa., March 11, 1898.

THOMAS MOORE—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

BENJAMIN MEREDITH—Drafted July 11, 1863. Died May 6, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

NATHAN M. McLELLAND—Drafted September 9, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

JOSEPH McMURRAY—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

WILLIAM C. ORRIS—Drafted September 3, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

SAMUEL G. PENNEY—Enlisted August 19, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant United States Army, November 1, 1861. Died since the war.

HENRY SHERRY—Drafted July 18, 1863. Captured at Petersburg, January 22, 1864. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HENRY YOUNT—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

ISAAC YOUNT—Drafted September 5, 1863. Transferred to Company I, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Killed in front of Petersburg, Va., at Fort Hell.

JACOB YOUNT—Drafted July 18, 1863. Deserted May 3, 1864.

Killed or died of wounds	19
Died of disease	11
Discharged	36
Deserted	5
Transferred to other regiments	33
Mustered out	24
Resigned	2
Total enrolled	130
Wounded in action	37

HISTORY OF COMPANY K.

Known as the Hays Guards.

Company K, Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, was organized as follows: Charles Wesley Chapman was raising a company in Pittsburgh, Pa., the demand was so great for troops at Washington that he joined the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers at Washington, D. C., with fifty-four men; a man named Lightner also came to the regiment with fifty-two men from Mercer county.

These two squads were consolidated and elected Charles W. Chapman as captain; William Hays Brown as first lieutenant, and Theodore Baggaley as second lieutenant. The officer that recruited the squad from Mercer county being well along in years, retired.

The company thus organized was given the position of left centre company and designated as Company "K;" the colors of the regiment had position on right of company.

The majority of the company were native born; the only German being Augustus Moots; but there were several of German parentage; four Scotch and ten Irish, and the average age was about nineteen.

The history of Company "K" is the history of the regiment, as they were never detached, and participated in all the engagements of the Sixty-third.

ROSTER.

CHARLES W. CHAPMAN, Captain—Mustered in September 23, 1861. Killed on picket, March 5, 1862.

WILLIAM HAYS BROWN, First Lieutenant—Mustered in September 23, 1861. Promoted to Captain, March 5, 1862. Died at Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1862.

THEODORE BAGGALEY, Second Lieutenant—Mustered in September 23, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 5, 1862; to Captain, May 15, 1862. Wounded with loss of arm at Malvern Hill, Va. Discharged December 15, 1862, on account of wounds. Died since the war.

ROBERT G. MOWRY, First Sergeant— Mustered in ————, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, March 5, 1862. Dismissed July 26, 1862. Died since the war.

WILLIAM McCLEERY, Fourth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant, December 16, 1862. Discharged May 6, 1864, on account of wounds.

GEORGE B. CHALMERS, Second Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, May 15, 1862; to Captain, December 16, 1862. Wounded in upper left arm at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, and at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Discharged on account of wounds, August 6, 1864.

THOMAS W. BOGGS, Third Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Second Sergeant, July 26, 1862; to First Lieutenant, December 16, 1862. Wounded at Bristoe Station. Dismissed March 4, 1864. Died since the war.

ROBERT STANFORD, Fifth Sergeant—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to First Sergeant, December 25, 1863, to First Lieutenant, April, 1864. Not mustered. Wounded with loss of arm at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Veteran Volunteer. Died August 1, 1903, at Philadelphia, Pa. Buried Westminster cemetery.

DANIEL GROSCOST, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

FREDERICK PATTERSON, Corporal—Mustered in September 6, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, 1862. Absent sick at muster out.

JAMES M. MENOLD, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged February 7, 1863, on account of wounds. Died since the war.

JAMES CLARK, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 1, 1862. Died since the war.

MARTIN CLARK, Captured—Mustered in ————————. Died in prison, Richmond, Va.; date unknown.

JONAS J. PIERCE, Corporal—Mustered in October 9, 1861. Discharged December 16, 1861, and appointed First Lieutenant One Hundred and Eleventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES EGGLESON, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN D. WOODS, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES PERKINS, Corporal—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

REUBEN BEARCE, Musician—Mustered in Augus 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

GEORGE W. FITZGERALD, Musician—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, and at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JOHN M. BAIR—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died January 7, 1908, at Bassett, Neb. Buried there.

WASHINGTON BELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

DAVID W. BEATTY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died February 7, 1863. Buried Soldiers' Home cemetery, Washington, D. C., grave 3344.

JOHN HARVEY, Wagoner—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JASPER BENTLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died December 19, 1861.

JEREMIAH S. BUNCE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Buried Soldiers' Home cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 1729.

EDMUND BRINDLEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate. Died since the war.

DAVID BRAINARD—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died 1862.

JAMES CARNEY—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

JOHN CRAIG—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES CONNOLLY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Prisoner from June 22, 1864, to November 26, 1864. Discharged February 16, 1865. Died since the war.

ELIPHALET CROW—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Yorktown, Va.

JOSEPH COXEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., October, 1864.

WILLIAM DRAKE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds, March 26, 1863.

JAMES DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died of wounds, February 16, 1864.

DAVID A. DAVIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died at National Military Home, Milwaukee, Wis., June 17, 1906. Buried there.

PATRICK DELANEY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

ROBERT DUNHAM—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of wounds received November 27, 1862. Died since the war.

SAMUEL DUNHAM—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Mustered out with company.

JOHN DOUGAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 1, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM EVANS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, account blindness, April 13, 1863. Died since the war.

HENRY W. EBERMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died May 3, 1862, at Yorktown, Va. Buried in National cemetery there, grave 228.

MORGAN EATON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Harmony Hospital, September 8, 1862. Buried National cemetery, Arlington, Va. Grave 11,999.

I. HAYS DEAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died December 29, 1900, at Beaver Falls, Pa. Buried Grove cemetery, New Brighton, Pa.

ROBERT FERGUSON—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Discharged September 15, 1862, on account of wounds received March 5, 1862.

JOHNSON FULLER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died since the war.

HENRY FRITSCH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with with company. Died at National Military Home, Ohio, July 5, 1899. Buried there.

THOMAS FARRELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES O. FLOWER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 22, 1862. Died Pittsburgh, Pa., November 8, 1906.

JOHN G. GREEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JAMES GRACE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 18, 1862. Died since the war.

REUBEN GEORGE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged November 4, 1862, on account of wounds. Died since the war.

ROBERT GASKILL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Petersburg, Va., January 18, 1864.

HENRY HARRIS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Wounded at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862.

NATHAN P. HOFFMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

ROBERT HODGE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JAMES Q. HODGE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. Absent sick at muster out.

THOMAS HOLLABAUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died December 19, 1861, at Camp Johnston, Va. Buried Soldiers' Home cemetery, Washington, D. C. Grave 4262.

STEWART HODGE—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Deserted December 13, 1862.

GEORGE W. HILDERBRAND—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded. Discharged February 24, 1862, on account of wounds. Died since the war.

ANDREW JONES—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on account of disability.

JACOB KEITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

FREDERICK LATHERS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864. Promoted to Corporal, July, 1863. Mustered out with company. Died at New Castle, Pa., October 4, 1906. Buried Oak Park cemetery.

JAMES KENNEDY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 2, 1863. Died since the war.

EDWARD KELLY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Yorktown, Va., May 13, 1862. Buried in National cemetery there. Grave 352.

JOHN F. LINN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Discharged November 27, 1863, on account of wounds.

MICHAEL MURRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 25, 1863. Died since the war.

MICHAEL MURRAY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died 1862.

WILLIAM MYERS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 19, 1863. Died since the war.

JOHN MULLIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JAMES MORAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.

ALFRED MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Buried National cemetery, Fredericksburg, Va. Grave 4144.

JAMES McKELVY—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

MART McGRAW—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Deserted.

HIRAM MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Yorktown, Va., June 2, 1862. Buried National cemetery there, grave 1133.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

JAMES M. MITCHELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. No record.

ROBERT H. MARTIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 25, 1862. Died since the war.

AUGUSTUS MOOTZ—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

GEORGE MULHOLLAND—Mustered in October 9, 1861. Deserted December 13, 1862.

WILLIAM M. McGRANAHAN—Mustered in 1861. Promoted to Sergeant Major, May 12, 1862; to Adjutant, November 12, 1862. Died May 30, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

HUGH McCANN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died at Yorktown, Va., June 16, 1862.

SAMUEL McDOWELL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN McKAYE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1863.

DAVID L. McQUISTON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Absent wounded at muster out.

ROBERT D. McKEAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 27, 1863. Died since the war.

MILES McCULLOUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, September 29, 1863. Died since the war.

WILLIAM A. McMILLIN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died May 16, 1864, from wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

WILLIAM C. MIMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Regular Army.

ROBERT ORR—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862. Promoted to Corporal, October 30, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WALTER J. REED—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Promoted to Corporal. Mustered out with company.

SAMUEL C. RUST—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certifiacte, March 17, 1863.

WOODS REED—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died in hospital, April 21, 1862.

JOHN M. SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WILLIAM SMITH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 10, 1863.

THOMAS SCULLY—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Discharged January 21, 1863, on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

SAMUEL R. STAMBAUGH—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company.

WILLIAM H. SHANER—Mustered in September 5, 1861. Promoted to Corporal. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. Mustered out with company.

JOHN STEISTER—Mustered in ————————. Died at Chesepeake Hospital, September 12, 1862.

JOHN STOFF—Mustered in ————————. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 30, 1861. Died since the war.

ROBERT WESTERMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Killed at Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JAMES WHALEN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

JOHN WILLIAMS—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

AMOS F. WADDLE—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Died June 13, 1862, at Yorktown, Va. Buried National cemetery there, grave 1210.

DANIEL B. YOUNG—Mustered in August 10, 1861. Killed Second Bull Run, Va., August 29, 1862.

JEREMIAH HETZEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Mustered out with company. Died since the war.

THOMAS JACKSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 20, 1861. Died since the war.

JOSEPH JACKSON—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 17, 1863 Died since the war.

HENRY HETZEL—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Right arm amputated. Discharged March 21, 1863, on account of wounds. Died since the war.

DEXTER GREENMAN—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Transferred to Invalid Corps. Died 1908.

FRANK RAFTER—Mustered in August 1, 1861. Wounded at Second Bull Run and Hatcher's Run. Re-enlisted. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Peennsylvania Volunteers.

THOMAS SHANER—Mustered in February 21, 1863. Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

DARIUS ANTHONY—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

THOMAS BEIL—Joined February 24, 1862. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Transferred to One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JAMES BUZZARD—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died January 3, 1865. Buried in National cemetery, Annapolis, Md, Grave 276.

ELIJAH BERCE—Mustered in February 22, 1864. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JACOB BARNHART—Drafted July 18, 1863. Deserted November 23, 1863.

ROBERT R. BEATTY—Drafted July 14, 1863. Wounded in front of Petersburg, Va. Transferred to Company K, One Hundered and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

H. J. CHRISTMAN—Mustered in February 27, 1864. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

LUTHER L. CALKINS—Drafted July 7, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ALEXANDER CAMERON—Drafted September 7, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Died March 6, 1903, at San Bernandino, Cal.

REYNOLD CUMMINGS—Drafted September 7, 1863. Captured. Died Andersonville Prison, September 27, 1864. Buried National cemetery, grave 9823.

FUNK FREEL—Drafted September 4, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volun- Volunteers.

DANIEL J. HASS—Mustered in February 24, 1862. Re-enlisted. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN HECKMAN—Mustered in February 24, 1862. Re-enlisted. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

LEMUEL KEMP—Drafted July 16, 1863. Deserted September 23, 1863.

WILLIAM HARPER—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN L. KEAGY—Drafted July 16, 1863. Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

THOMAS KELLY—Drafted September 3, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

GEORGE MYERS—Drafted July 11, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

GEORGE H. REEDY—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

DAVENPORT REILY—Drafted September 7, 1863. Deserted October 14, 1863.

JAMES H. RAMESBURG—Drafted July 16, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

RUSSELL WELLER—Mustered in February 24, 1862. Veteran Volunteer. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

JOHN WELLER—Mustered in March 7, 1864. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ALEXANDER WALLS—Drafted July 18, 1863. Transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Killed or died of wounds	18
Died of disease	19
Discharged	33
Deserted	6
Dismissed	2
Transferred to other regiments	27
Mustered out	31
Total enrolled	136
Wounded in action	31

VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

Partial list of members of the Sixty-third Regiment who re-enlisted for three years as Veteran Volunteers:

Squad enlisted by Captain W. P. Hunker, of Company A, and mustered in near Culpepper, Va., February 25, 1864, by Lieutenant William P. Shrere:

Jacob Lonerbock, John Lefevere, Richard Warden, Matthew Schafer, George Warden, George D. Funkhauser, Henry Hamma, William Hamma, John R. Osborn, Byron Cowan, Harrison Lacy, Joseph Loll, Joseph Lichtenberger, Anthony Torry, William R. Nicholson, William J. Graham, Samuel C. Derwoody, Robert B. McCoy, George W. Taylor, Simen Blystone, Thomas L. Martin, William S. Whitman, Patrick Dean, William Dougherty, William Zimmerman, William Gilbert.

Squad mustered in at Brandy Station, Va., January 4, 1864:

Robert Orr, John M. Bair, Joseph Coxen, George Colston, Ivester Hays Dean, Johnston Fuller, Daniel Haas, John Heckman, James M. Kincaid, Joseph Markle, Jonathan McCurdy, George Stokes, Russell Wellar.

DRAFTED MEN.

Squad of one hundred men drafted and mustered into service in the Sixty-third Regiment, by Captain Fielding, One Hundred and Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers:

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
Peter Amberger,	27,	Farmer,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
Levi Aras,	20,	Laborer,	July 22, Allegheny, Pa.
Levi Alshouse,	20,	Farmer,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
John F. Amment,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Robert H. Bruce,	25,	Carpenter,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
Henry Bowers,	28,	Laborer,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
James F. Blancett,	22,	Boatman,	July 17, New Brighton,
Stephen Bossinger,	32,	Carpenter,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Robert K. Beaty,	24,	Laborer,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
George A. Brown,	25,	Sawyer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Matthew Cannon,	37,	Farmer,	July 16, Allegheny, Pa.
John C. Church,	23,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
William Conboy,	23,	Sailor,	Sept. 1, Waterford, Pa.
Levi Claypole,	38,	Farmer,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
Henry Cornwall,	21,	Laborer,	Sept. 3, Waterford, Pa.
John Campbell,	34,	Furnaceman,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Craige Carney,	24,	Farmer,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
James Devane,	22,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Robert Davidson,	21,	Laborer,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
John Darby,	33,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Daniel J. Delaney,	21,	Carpenter,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
Jacob Davis,	21,	Miner,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Denny,	29,	Laborer,	Sept. 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Alex. J. Dies,	30,	Miner,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
Andrew Eicher,	28,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Jacob W. Eyman,	29,	Blacksmith,	July 7, Allegheny, Pa.
Calvin Ehriger,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Flemming,	21,	Rolling mill Hand,	July 10, Pittsburgh, Pa
Frank Freely,	24,	Laborer,	Sept. 4, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Andrew S. Fry,	23,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Shadrach Fuller,	36,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
William Godfrey,	25,	Printer,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
Adam Garries,	18,	Laborer,	Sept. 2, Waterford, Pa.
Michael Gleason,	27,	Steward,	Sept. 1, Waterford, Pa.
Charles B. Gardner,	21,	Clerk,	Sept. 3, Waterford, Pa.
James Gallagher,	30,	Miner,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
William George,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
George Hinchliffe,	37,	Wool dyer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
John Hagan,	22,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Charles Higgins,	20,	Boatman,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
Cornelius Hoffman,	23,	Carpenter,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
Edmund Hill,	23,	Cotton spinner	Sept. 3, Waterford, Pa.
Christ Heliger,	31,	Laborer,	July 10, Pittsburgh, Pa
William Harper,	33,	Blacksmith,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Isaac H. Jones,	28,	Blacksmith,	July 10, New Brighton,
Wilder Jackson,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
John M. Jones,	22,	Laborer,	Sept. 2, Waterford, Pa.
Charles Jones,	37,	Boatman,	Aug. 4, Allegheny, Pa.
Robert Johnston,	24,	Farmer,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
William Kline,	25,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Samuel S. Kemp,	26,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Thomas Kelly,	30,	Laborer,	Sept. 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.
George H. King,	27,	Blacksmith,	July 13, New Brighton,
John L. Keagy,	30,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
John Lutz,	23,	Farmer,	July 13, New Brighton,
Smith Lydrick,	22,	Laborer,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
Aaron Linderman,	20,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
John Leech,	33,	Blacksmith,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John W. Lynn,	30,	Papermaker,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Edwin Marquis,	37,	Carpenter,	July 24, New Brighton,
Samuel G. Morehead,	21,	Laborer,	Sept. 5, Allegheny, Pa.
Daniel Miller,	31,	Farmer,	July 7, Allegheny, Pa.
George Metz,	22,	Coachmaker,	July 10, Pittsburgh, Pa
Thomas Moore,	23,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
William Milligan,	24,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Jeremiah McMullen,	21,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
	29,	Farmer,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
	23,	Farmer,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
	39,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Frank Nichols,	25,	Shoemaker,	July 23, New Brighton,
William C. Orris,	19,	Boatman,	Sept. 3, Allegheny, Pa.
James O'Neil,	27,	Laborer,	Sept. 4, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Joseph O'Brien,	32,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Albert Papka,	30,	Coppersmith,	Sept. 4, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Asel Parmer,	19,	Laborer,	Sept. 3, Waterford, Pa.
Joseph Rudler,	29,	Farmer,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.

Charles F. Raymond,	29,	Laborer,	Sept. 3, Waterford, Pa.
J. P. Rossenberger,	25,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John H. Romesburg,	28,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Phillip Sutton,	35,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
John Shupe,	20,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
James Smith,	25,	Farmer,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
H. C. Stopp,	27,	Brakeman,	Sept. 2, Meadville, Pa.
M. Schermerhorn,	19,	Laborer,	Sept. 2, Waterford, Pa.
Samuel K. Shipley,	20,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Wilson M. Stills,	20,	Laborer,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
Matthew Smith,	26,	Laborer,	July 28, New Brighton,
Herman Sperger,	34,	Shoemaker,	Sept. 4, Meadville, Pa.
James Stevenson,	21,	Laborer,	July 21, Allegheny, Pa.
C. W. Smallman,	44,	Shoemaker,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
David Slagle,	33,	Miner,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Francis Snyder,	34,	Blacksmith,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Samuel Sharp,	20,	Laborer,	Sept. 7, Meadville, Pa.
Hampton Thompson,	33,	Laborer,	July 20, Allegheny, Pa.
H. D. Thompson,	34,	Coachmaker,	July 16, Allegheny, Pa.
William Williams,	22,	Moulder,	Sept. 3, Meadville, Pa.
Isaac Yount,	24,	Laborer,	Sept. 5, Allegheny, Pa.
David T. Watters,	22,	Laborer,	Sept. 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Newton Wilson,	20,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Yens P. Yohanson,	26,	Blacksmith,	Sept. 8, Allegheny, Pa.

Squad of one hundred men drafted and mustered into service in the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, by Captain W. A. F. Stockton, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers:

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
John Ashbough,	22,	Farmer,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
David Ashton,	25,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Franklin J. Adams,	21,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Levi Bush,	19,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Allegheny, Pa.
George Barnett,	28,	Coal digger,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Samuel Biddle,	24,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Andrew J. Brown,	24,	Laborer,	July 10, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Stephen Bennett,	25,	Railroader,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Brine,	18,	Boatman,	Sept. 5, Meadville, Pa.
John Bartman,	29,	Laborer,	Sept. 4, Waterford, Pa.
L. S. Brown,	23,	Cooper,	Sept. 4, Waterford, Pa.
James W. Babcock,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
John Becker,	23,	Laborer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
John Bennett,	20,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
Jacob Barnhart,	43,	Shoemaker,	July 16, Allegheny, Pa.
John Biggerton,	26,	Miner,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Boger,	21,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Robert Barr,	30,	Gardner,	July 10, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oliver P. Boyd,	32,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Conrad Barstock,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Bleakney,	39,	Farmer,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
Daniel Bailey,	35,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
James Curtin,	22,	Laborer,	Sept. 5, Waterford, Pa.
Ronald Cummings,	24,	Laborer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
Patrick Conner,	24,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Luther Calkins,	18,	Cooper,	Sept. 7, Meadville, Pa.
Alexander Cameron,	30,	Watchmaker,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
Harrison Calen,	33,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Anthony M. Creyton,	34,	Shoemaker,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
Benj. F. Coursin,	22,	Shoemaker,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Samuel Cassady,	32,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
John Dittman,	34,	Laborer,	July 12, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Dandly,	21,	Laborer,	Sept. 4, Meadville, Pa.
Riley J. Davinport,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
Ferdinand W. Diehl,	27,	Laborer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
James Day,	27,	Plasterer,	Sept. 8, Meadville, Pa.
Thomas C. Douglas,	25,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mathew Egleson,	29,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
David Frederick,	21,	Railroader,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ezra Funk,	33,	Farmer,	July 11, Allegheny, Pa.
William George,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Daniel Geerhart,	22,	Farmer,	July 11, Allegheny, Pa.
William S. Grier,	24,	Gas fitter,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
Robert J. Gaskell,	19,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
James Gracey,	37,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Hefflefinger,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Labannah H. Hetrick,	25,	Miner,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Lee Hileman,	19,	Farmer,	Sept. 10, Allegheny, Pa.
Ami Hager,	26,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Joseph Holme,	21,	Engineer,	Sept. 8, Meadville, Pa.
Isaac Harr,	23,	Laborer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Samuel Himes,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Allegheny, Pa.
Josiah M. Hays,	20,	Farmer,	July 16, Allegheny, Pa.
Andrew Henderson,	21,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
George P. Hartzel,	27,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Francis M. Hull,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
John Hendersou,	23,	Sailor,	Sept. 9, Waterford, Pa.
Peter Jacob,	35,	Shoemaker,	Sept. 5, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
Samuel S. Jack,	21,	Shoemaker,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
Jackson Jones,	33,	Miner,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Jaco,	30,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
John Isaman,	41,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Henry Klugh,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Henry H. Keener,	22,	Farmer,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
John C. F. Keys,	23,	Miner,	Sept. 8, Meadville, Pa.
David Lanker,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Allegheny, Pa.
Samuel Livengood,	20,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
William Long,	22,	Clerk,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
Jacob W. Leech,	26,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Benj. F. Meredith,	23,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
William Mehaffey,	28,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
George Meyers,	28,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Henry Marquet,	40,	Farmer,	Sept. 4, Waterford, Pa.
George Morrison,	19,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
John Marsh,	35,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
Samuel Mulberger,	29,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John C. Moore,	26,	Cooper,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
Joseph McMunn,	22,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. D. Prosser,	18,	Clerk,	Sept. 4, Waterford, Pa.
Abraham S. Riggle,	26,	Laborer,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
John W. Rike,	20,	Farmer,	July 14, Greensburg, Pa.
John Reynold,	33,	Plasterer,	Sept. 8, Meadville, Pa.
Isaac L. Rearick,	28,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Emery E. Stitt,	23,	Carpenter,	July 17, Allegheny, Pa.
George Shive,	18,	Boatman,	Sept. 5, Meadville, Pa.
George C. Smith,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
Harmon Sneer,	25,	Laborer,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
Jacob Sheckengost,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
George W. Shick,	18,	Shoemaker,	Sept. 9, Allegheny, Pa.
John C. Short,	26,	Bricklayer,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.
William Thomas,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Fayette Thorn,	26,	Baker,	Sept. 7, Waterford, Pa.
David J. Thomas,	31,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Isaac Smith,	21,	Shoemaker,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
William Stewart,	24,	Sadler,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Joseph Schrack,	23,	Farmer,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
Alexander Walker,	33,	Sailor,	Sept. 4, Waterford, Pa.
Henry B. White,	24,	Carpenter,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Charles Warner,	20,	Farmer,	Sept. 8, Meadville, Pa.
Martin L. Willets,	22,	Farmer,	July 13, Greensburg, Pa.

Squad of fifty men drafted and mustered into service in the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, by Captain George Weaver, of Company C:

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
Derius Anthony,	32,	Miner,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Andrew Alderman,	21,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
John Anderson,	28,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Buzzard,	29,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Bauer,	23,	Laborer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Thomas Bryant,	21,	Laborer,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
John Bammer,	19,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
John Burnworth,	24,	Shoemaker,	July 16, Greensburg, Pa.
R. K. Burchfield,	33,	Justice Peace,	Sept. 8, Waterford, Pa.
James F. Briscoe,	18,	Teamster,	Sept. 9, Waterford, Pa.
F. C. Burket,	25,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Waterford, Pa.
Chas. L. Brooks,	18,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Waterford, Pa.
Richard Cooper,	26,	Wagonmaker,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Martin Clark,	22,	Boatman,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
Andrew Douglass,	29,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wilford Dady,	23,	Cabinetmaker,	Sept. 8, Waterford, Pa.
Findley Edwards,	23,	Sailor,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
Archibald Gilchrist,	26,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Thomas Hollobough,	30,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Benjamin W. Hull,	23,	Boatman,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Thomas Johnson,	22,	Bartender,	Sept. 8, Waterford, Pa.
David Kiddie,	29,	Miner,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Elias Kunselman,	33,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Kunselman,	35,	Farmer,	Sept. 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Warren Kniffer,	22,	Cooper,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
Sylons Leasure,	30,	Laborer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
James Markal,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
N. H. McClelland,	21,	Cordwainer,	Sept. 9, Pittsburgh, Pa.
William Olinger,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Phillip Reesman,	25,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Isaac Rittinger,	23,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Rittinger,	23,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
George H. Reedy,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Rickey,	21,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Charles Rogers,	26,	Carpenter,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
William C. Smith,	25,	Farmer,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
William Snyder,	25,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
John Smith,	28,	Miner,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Solday,	25,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
H. Shreckenghost,	24,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
J. Shreckenghost,	24,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Date and Place Muster
Silas Schall,	20,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Henry Sherry,	32,	Carpenter,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Wm. W. Thompson,	22,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Charles Vanpelt,	19,	Carpenter,	Sept. 9, Meadville, Pa.
James Wilson,	27,	Farmer,	July 11, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Alexander Walls,	20,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Adam Wensel,	31,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Henry Yount,	31,	Farmer,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.
Jacob Yount,	28,	Carpenter,	July 18, Allegheny, Pa.

TITLES OF COMPANIES PREVIOUS TO BEING MUSTERED INTO THE SIXTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

Company A—"Kelly Guards."
Captain—J. M. C. Berringer.
First Lieutenant—William Smith.
Second Lieutenant—Wm. N. Haymaker.
First Sergeant—Wm. P. Hunker.

Company B—No title.
Captain—William Kirkwood.
First Lieutenant—T. L. Maynard.
Second Lieutenant—Samuel Taylor.
First Sergeant—Henry Hurst.

Company C—"Hanna's Light Guards."
Captain—Jason R. Hanna.
First Lieutenant—Jos. A. Schonlaw.
Second Lieutenant—C. W. Taylor.
First Sergeant—Henry Hurst.

Company D—"Pittsburgh Fire Zouaves."
Captain—Henry O. Ormsby.
First Lieutenant—B. F. Dunham.
Second Lieutenant—J. C. McAnninch.
First Sergeant—J. Henry Miller.

Company E—"Etna Infantry."
Captain—John A. Danks.
First Lieutenant—John McClelland.
Second Lieutenant—Wm. J. McElroy.
First Sergeant—W. J. Marks.

Company F—No title.

Company G—"Morgan Guards."
Captain—Chas. W. McHenry.
First Lieutenant—S. H. Cochran.
Second Lieutenant—Hugh P. Fulton.
First Sergeant—James Whelan.

Company H—"McCullough Guards."
Captain—Chas. B. McCullough.
First Lieutenant—Hugh P. Fulton.
Second Lieutenant—Wm. H. Jeffries.
First Sergeant—James Whelan.

Company I—"McKeesport Rifle Grays."
Captain—John F. Ryan.
First Lieutenant—George W. Gray.
Second Lieutenant—J. F. McMullen.
Orderly—John H. Cooper.

Company K—"Hays Guards."
Captain—Charles W. Chapman.
First Lieutenant—W. Hays Brown.
Second Lieutenant—Theodore Bagley.
First Sergeant—R. G. Mowry.

INTERMENTS IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

Partial list of interments of members of the Sixty-third Regiment, in National cemeteries and Military Home cemeteries:

Name.	Company.		No. Grave
Sarver, Daniel,	C,	Leavenworth, Kan.,	
Davis, David A.,	K,	Milwaukee, Wis.,	
Martin, George W.,	G,	Ft. Harrison, Varina Grove, Virginia,	105
Keenan, William,	H,	Hampton, Va.,	8679
McClarey, A. P.,	B,	Gettysburg, Pa.,	
Stoup, Corp. David,	E,	Gettysburg, Pa.,	
McCullough, G. W.	Major,	Arlington, Va.,	5225
Strachan, D. A., Lieut.,	B,	Arlington, Va.,	5207
Blair, Wm. Corp.,	F,	Arlington, Va.,	769
Stone, John, Corp.,	C,	Arlington, Va.,	10407
Eaton, Morgan,	K,	Arlington, Va.,	11999
Elder, Sugart J.,	F,	Arlington, Va.,	600
Friels, James,	H,	Arlington, Va.,	6937
Hull, Abner B.,	B,	Arlington, Va.,	10747
Jaco, John,	H,	Arlington, Va.,	6138
Mulberger, Samuel,	G,	Arlington, Va.,	5350
Orbin, Joseph,	F,	Arlington, Va.,	5603
Shall, Simon,	G,	Arlington, Va.,	7346
Cameron, Alexander,	H,	San Bardino, Cal.,	
Farrell, Thomas,	H,	Santa Monica, Cal., Section 4; Row F.	
Frailey, John A.,	G,	Santa Monica, Cal.,	4
Kincaid, James M.,	E,	Santa Monica, Cal., Sec. 12; Row H,	21
Adams, F. J.,	H,	Culpepper, Va.,	99
Claypool, Levi,	B,	Culpepper, Va.,	351
Hallfinger, John,	F,	Culpepper, Va.,	350
Marsh, John,	D,	Poplar Grove, Va.,	678
Kelly, Edward,	K,	Yorktown, Va.,	352
Eberman, H. M.,	K,	Yorktown, Va.,	228
Waddel, A. F.,	K,	Yorktown, Va.,	1210
Black, Robert,	E,	Yorktown, Va.,	1417
Mitchell, H.,	K,	Yorktown, Va.,	1133
Beatty, David W.,	K,	Washington, D. C.,	3344

Name.	Company.		No. Grave
Bliss, Wm., Corp.,	C,	Washington, D. C.,	1913
Brawdy, William,	D,	Washington, D. C.,	1520
Bunce, Joseph S.,	K,	Washington, D. C.,	1729
Eshelman, Finady,	F,	Washington, D. C.,	4303
Gould, Wilson,	I,	Washington, D. C.,	2377
Graham, Frank L.,	C,	Washington, D. C.,	4331
Gray, John C.,	D,	Washington, D. C.,	4355
Hill, John,	H,	Washington, D. C.,	3695
Holobaugh, Thomas,	K,	Washington, D. C.,	4262
Keys, J. C. F.,	C,	Washington, D. C.,	5263
McCloskey, Francis,	F,	Washington, D. C.,	2965
Stegmeyer, Lewis,		Washington, D. C.,	880
McLaughlin, M. J.,	F,	Glendale, Va.,	
Williams, Monroe,	A,	Glendale, Va.,	
Murray, Robert,	A,	City Point, Va.	2918
Blystone, W.,	G,	City Point, Va.,	985
Shiery, David,	G,	Annapolis, Md.,	17
Buzzard, J.,	E,	Annapolis, Md.,	276
Connor, Patrick,	H,	Annapolis, Md.,	1607
Cumming, Reynolds,	K,	Andersonville, Ga.,	9823
Deal, F.,	A,	Andersonville, Ga.,	6017
Doran, McEwan,	D,	Andersonville, Ga.,	1020
Haltzhouse, C.,	A,	Andersonville, Ga.,	9123
Keenan, Henry H.,	E,	Andersonville, Ga.,	3678
Kunselman, John,	E,	Andersonville, Ga.,	268
Painter, Samuel,	A,	Andersonville, Ga.,	3145
Rhyme, George,	I,	Andersonville, Ga.,	1599
Smallman, C.,	B,	Andersonville, Ga.,	10720

PART III.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT—BIOGRAPHIES—THE TWELFTH REGIMENT REGIMENTAL REUNIONS—DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG MONUMENT, AND MONUMENTS TO GENERAL HAYS — EXPLOSIVE BULLETS. —MUSIC, "BULLY FOR YOU," AND "BULLY OLD SIXTY-THIRD."

PLEDGE TO THE DEAD.

"From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
On the wind that is laden with roses
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystical ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of night—
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right!

They loved, as we loved, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Staring up to the pitiless skies;
Left the tumult of youth, the sweet guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from Fate—
Gave all for the agonized burden
Of death for the Flag and the State!

In that grim and relentless upheaval
Which blesses a world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil—
The garland of peace on the hearse!—
They were shattered, consumed and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn;
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

Oh, grander in doom's stricken glory
Than the greatest that linger behind;
They shall live in perpetual story,
Who saved the last hope of mankind!
For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night,
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!"

—Will Winter.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

COLONEL HAYS TO HIS WIFE OR FAMILY.

Camp Hays, September 18, 1861.

Dear Wife:

I am safe and sound, and if you had witnessed my reception you would be disposed to be jealous. This family of nine hundred children were frantic, and if ever a poor parent was hugged to death, I came near suffering that fate.

I am much pleased with my regiment, as I ought to be, for it pleases everybody else.

We are still engaged arming and equipping, which is tedious work.

Camp Hays, near Washington.
September 26, 1861.

I received yours by Robinson this morning, and I assure you it gave me great satisfaction, very great. It afforded relief from the incessant annoyance of my family of one thousand and forty-six children. Sometimes I think each one of them regards me as appointed for his own especial convenience, and I lose my constitutional equanimity of temper, but the poor fellows take my ebullitions so kindly that I feel sorry that I am obliged to scold.

I ought to be, as I am, very proud of my regiment. Already there is not in the service, a more subordinate, or better disciplined one. My word appears to be gospel to them, from the major down to the nigger cook. My intercourse with the various departments has been exceedingly pleasant. I find everywhere old friends, who welcome me back to my old trade. We—I mean the Sixty-third—are spoken of now throughout Washington as "the" regiment, and I am only afraid that too much will be expected from us. I must say that so far, my highest expectations have been realized. Though sadly deficient in drill, perfect order reigns everywhere. It is now after "taps," 10 o'clock, and I have just returned from an observation. Everything is as quiet and orderly as if the encampment was of veteran regulars. I rarely hear through the day a profane or improper word, and our guard tents have been almost wanting of occupants. Our equipment is progressing rapidly. The men are well fed, and a jollier crowd I never saw. This has been the President's fasting and prayer day. The only duty required of the men was to brush up, and most of them took advantage of the permission to do washing and ironing, at a small stream which runs about half a mile from the camp.

The camp is within view of the Capitol, and half a mile distant.

* * * *

We have already instituted a full-grown church, and Dr. Marks is also a trump. He has procured a very large tent, and services

are regular, whenever exemption from military duty permits the men to attend. Brother Danks leads off in evening prayer meetings.

The regiment is now entirely full, with a fine band of field music. I would like to have the children hear the fourteen drums and ten fifes roll of reveille. I have also nearly a full regimental band.

The country within sight is dotted white with the encampments of many regiments, and the roads are thronged with teams loaded with the material of war.

Occasionally we see the big balloon going up on its message of reconnoisance, and hourly hear the artillery of the forts beyond the river practicing for the coming ball. The Sixty-third will be there, and if Providence favors, it will tell a tale in history, or I am deceived.

Our guns are intended for close work, and we will be able to furnish our enemies with a treat of ball and buckshot, with a dessert of cold steel, for of such are the Sixty-third "Mud Sills."

Camp Shields, October 3, 1861.

The Sixty-third is now encamped on the "Sacred Soil of Virginia," about four miles from the Capitol. The ancient name of the location I find is Belleview, but we have rechristened it Shields. It is situated upon a high ridge overlooking the original slave mart of the Southern Confederacy (before it was born.)

Speaking of Shields, "Leet," (his horse, a gift from the Shields family of Sewickley), is acknowledged to be the finest horse in the service. The men of the regiment appear to be more proud of him than I am.

Altogether we have the best regiment in the service, and our friends need not fear of competition, although it may be a sorry day at home, the day we meet our enemy. I could not possibly ask more than I have realized from my regiment already, although they are far from perfect, but give evidence of a will and disposition to be whatever I wish.

No regiment has a better reputation than the Sixty-third, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the confidence between commander and command is mutual.

Camp Shields, October 8, 1861.

Reveille has finished, and the coffee mills indicate the progress of breakfast. It rained heavily all night, and my boys, in many cases, present the appearance of wet rats, but the morning is fine. It is election day, and the paymaster is here, so that the ills of last night are about forgotten, for cheer and song mingle with the rattle of camp kettles and mess pans.

I informed you that we were to enter Heintzelman's Division. It is not settled who will be our brigadier, but since the boys heard that Heintzelman was to command us, they expect work. I heard one man say that he had made his will before he enlisted with Alex. Hays and was now glad of it.

Camp Johnston, December 25, 1861.

Yesterday morning (Merry Xmas.) I was notified that the Sixty-third must march at 4 o'clock in the morning to repel a threatened

advance of the rebels. I was not well when we started, and it turned out a day of sad mishaps. In the first place I was badly swamped in one of the mire pits of Virginia, and when we reached our outer pickets in an attempt to pass along the regiment, Dan slipped and fell from a frozen bank and we got a pretty severe fall. Dan was not hurt, but my right leg was under him and I was severely bruised. I was well enough tonight to go around among the men and talk cross, but their sympathy when we fell, has more than repaid all my sufferings.

Camp Johnston, Va., January 19, 1862.

Recently on picquet I took McHenry and one hundred men to support my advance scouts of another hundred, under Captain Kirkwood. While awaiting and listening for a signal from our advanced friends, although we were exposed to a most raw and cutting wind, I never listened with more pleasure to a professional songster than I did to the sweet notes of McHenry, as he hummed the words of "Laurena," which in our regiment has become a "household word."

I wrote you on my return from picquet that we were safe, excepting Corporal John Thomas, who was wounded slightly by accident. It may be some satisfaction to his friends to hear from me that Corporal John Thomas is one of our color guard, and that Corporal John Thomas is a "perfect trump" of a soldier.

February 5, 1862.

Our troops are suffering from "hope deferred," and an advance will be hailed with joy. For my regiment I can speak with confidence; I believe I can rely on them in every emergency. I have tried them in march and on bivouac, and given them the smell of "battle afar off," which they snuffed as eagerly as Job's war horse. Our Austrian rifles have been tested, and throw a ball with terrible force to long distances, but the men have been taught and will rely mainly upon the four-ribbed bayonets, which are a splendid appliance for drilling holes into rebel carcasses.

We have severe frosts at night, and the ground is covered with snow to the depth of several inches. Today the sun is shining brightly and may give us mud in exchange for our snow. I hear no complaints among the men of suffering or want. All are in good health and comfortably housed. If we have a want it is for woolen mittens with no fingers.

February 27, 1862.

Last night an order was received "To hold the troops ready to march at a moment's warning, with two day's provisions (cooked) in the haversacks of the men." The announcement of the order was received by the Sixty-third with cheer after cheer, a prospect of change from the dull monotonous life they have led in camp since last September.

The troops march with the smallest possible amount of baggage, only four wagons being allowed to my regiment, which now numbers one thousand and twenty-four.

Camp Johnston, March 10, 1862.

I know you have been anxiously expecting to hear from me since the disaster (death of Captain Chapman and Quartermaster Lysle)

which befel my regiment. I might have essayed flying with as much success as to attempt to write, in the situation in which I have been placed for the last five days. You have heard of a tiger robbed of its whelps, and you can imagine what species of tiger I represent. I have not scolded anyone—the fault is too egregious to be within my jurisdiction, and I am patiently awaiting the action of higher authority.

* * * *

Thirty or forty rebels are permitted to pass our men in ambush, to conceal themselves in ambush against us, and three of us forfeit life. I can hear the expressed wish that "the old man" had been there, but there is no evil from which some good cannot be extracted. The regiment is determined upon vengeance, and confidence is stronger than ever that the colonel will be on hand next time.

The bodies were forwarded on the 7th to Pittsburgh. Before leaving, all were borne to the church tent, and I never knew the Doctor (Marks) more eloquent. "There was no dearth of woman's tears," for dear little Mrs. Jameson was present, and cried her eyes out.

Last evening at parade, promotions were made to fill vacancies. First Lieutenant McClellan, of Company E, to be captain of Company K, "for bravery and self-possession on the morning of March 5th, when a detachment of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers was waylaid by the rebels," vice-Captain Chapman killed in action.

Second Lieutenant Bagley, "for uniform good conduct as an officer and a soldier," to be first lieutenant of Company K. First Sergeant Mowry, "for his bravery and self-possession on the morning of March 5th, when a detachment of the Sixty-third was waylaid by the rebels," to be second lieutenant Company K.

I have several other promotions to make, but I thought the above was sufficient for one occasion. I think Sergeant Gross will be made a lieutenant. Second Lieutenant Haymaker to be quartermaster, vice Lysle, killed in action.

March 16, 1862.

Again has notice come that the Sixty-third will be required to march tomorrow morning with six day's provisions to ————————; nobody knows where. This evening at parade, as I looked along the line of my boys, I felt very proud, as I have never seen them look so well. This was our inspection day, and I found the guns in most excellent condition, although I was obliged to preach a good deal on the subject of packing knapsacks.

March 18, 1862.

Yesterday the Sixty-third embarked on board the "North America" and "Champion" for some unknown destination. Colonel Morgan commands the "Champion." This morning I paid him a visit and found the boat so much overloaded that I ordered her back to the dock. I have never seen the Sitxy-third in such good condition. Their march through Alexandria has been characterized and commented upon as a regiment which was either Regulars or else the best volunteer regiment that had passed through the town.

Union Camp, Yorktown, April 6, 1862.

We arrived here yesterday and are now encamped about a mile and a half from Yorktown, and within a mile of the advanced bat-

teries of the enemy. Yesterday one of our field batteries played ball with one of their's nearly all day, without any particularly marked results. Our position is concealed by a dense woods which protects us from the enemy's fire. Today I witnessed one of their attempts. Our men are filled with curiosity which is very difficult to restrain. A group had gathered upon an eminence in full view of the enemy who, waiting until at least fifty were gathered together, let fly a rifle shell which passed directly through the crowd, killing one and wounding another. About noon we heard upon our left, heavy musketry, which probably came from General Sykes' Regulars, who had turned the seat of one of the enemy's field works. The skirmish was distinctly visible from our picket lines, and the enemy's consternation was very considerable. Our balloon has been floating in the sky all day. Numbers of gun boats are in the river, and within a few days Yorktown will be completely invested. Our heavy guns are arriving and the music in the grand dance may be opened in the morning. It is surprising how many works the enemy had erected between this point and the fortress, and then after all their labor, to retire and give us undisputed possession.

Dismal discord just now reigns in camp, and is spreading over the plains for miles around. A young mule has awakened from his evening nap and expressed his disgust for the service by an unearthly bray, which is taken up and re-echoed by five thousand of his fellow beings, until one believes that all the asses in Christendom are here.

Camp Winfield Scott, near Yorktown, Va.,
April 23, 1862.

* * * *

Say that Captain McHenry will prove that he is the author of "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight." "Our own special artist" is now engaged in the illustration, which will soon be issued, under McHenry's name. See note on page 57.

May 11, 1862.

Knapsacks are slung, and we only await the order of "On to Richmond." The account of the battle near Williamsburg has been published and you know more of that affair than I do, for I know nothing except that the loss on both sides was fearful. The Sixty-third was not engaged, but it is admitted that a demonstration made by ours and two Maine regiments, and the Sixth Cavalry, upon the left wing of the enemy, decided the day, although we did not lose a man.

I am backed by a thousand men who will not fail me in the hour of need. The colonel and regiments have the entire confidence of our generals, and stand A-1 in Kearney's estimation.

The bugles are sounding the advance, and "Leet" and I must break for the head of the column, both in good spirits, and one very hopeful.

Near Battlefield of Fair Oaks,
June 9, 1862.

I cannot write to you the details of the fight or the incidents of the past seven days. The Sixty-third lost 150 killed and wounded, and the One Hundred and Fifth about equal numbers. The two

regiments are "Heroes of the day." Considering the numbers of each regiment that could be brought into action, the loss was terrible —about one in five. Supporting the troops of Casey's division, ours met the enemy flushed with success, but from the moment we met them the tide of battle turned, and we drove them like sheep. Western Pennsylvania has no competitors for the honors of "Fair Oaks," and the flags of others are lowered to ours as we pass. I feel thankful to a kind Providence for the preservation of my life thus far, and with a firm reliance still, I walk forward. I feel deeply for those who have been made to mourn, but proud that in no case has anyone to blush for their friends who belonged to the Sixty-third.

Still in Fair Oaks Battlefield,

June 14, 1862.

You find the Sixty-third still upon our last battlefield. We won it fairly and it is ours, although it cost us dearly, and has left "many a sweet babe fatherless, and many a widow mourning." As your father appears concerned about the horses, I will repeat that "Dan" is seriously wounded, but will recover, although General Kearney gave an order for him to be shot.

June 26, 1862.

Day before yesterday I received order to hold "The iron-clad Sixty-third" ready to take the lead in an advance towards Richmond. At 8:30 we were deployed as skirmishers in the pine woods in front of our line of defense, supported by the Twentieth Indiana in the rear. Children never felt more glee at a dancing school than my gallant three hundred exhibited when they knew their mission. They appreciated the post of honor, and we always obtained it. Steady as veterans they moved forward, and when we had passed our own pickets about one hundred yards, we came across those of the enemy. Steadily and regularly we drove them before us for a mile and a quarter, until we were opposed by the Fourth Georgians. The Georgians were dressed in a fancy French zouave uniform, which caused our men to hesitate. It was reported to me, and I was asked, "What will we do?" I told them, "Give it to them anyhow; they have no business to be there." Then our boys pitched in again, and in fifteen minutes the Georgians were on the road to Richmond. The rout was complete. The quality, elegance and taste of all their equipments bore evidence that they were all scions of the first families among the Georgia chivalry. By an infernal blundering order from a stupid brigadier, we were still ordered forward until we passed all troops of ours, at least half a mile. We were at least half a mile nearer Richmond than any other regiment of our division, and so near large bodies of the rebels that we could distinctly hear every command of their officers. After an hour we were drawn back to the camp of the Georgians, which we held during the day and next night. On our right and left the battle raged furiously at intervals during the day. Sometimes the small arms battled incessantly for an hour at a time, while shells from our batteries flew over our heads bearing death and destruction to the enemy beyond. Their batteries in return, replied and shot and shell flew and burst around us in all directions. Taking the whole day through, we have reason to congratulate ourselves and thank a kind Providence. Our success was perfect, and drew from General Kearney

the highest compliments before the regiment on the battle ground. Our small loss appears miraculous. Five killed and seventeen wounded.

In Bivouac, July 4, 1862.

I have concluded to terminate my celebration of "The Glorious Fourth" by writing through you to all my friends. What has preserved my life and limbs throughout the events and transactions of the last month I know not, excepting your combined prayers at home.

The glorious Sixty-third has a reputation unequalled by any regiment in the service; the best evidence of it is the acknowledgment of it all, without a show of envy, but never has it been better illustrated that "The paths of Glory lead but to the grave."

Imagine a quiet country house which a few hours before had been a peaceful home for happy children, made a "bone of contention" by two parties of infuriated men. The last I saw of that house, and round about it, in its outhouses, and in the green-swarded enclosure around it, it was piled with dead, dying and wounded, "A field of the dead rushes red on my sight."

For seven days it has been one continued battle, awfully severe to us, but doubly so to the enemy. The Sixty-third has covered itself with glory, but most dearly bought. We have lost in killed and wounded, every third man. For two days in succession we have supported regular batteries of artillery, and we are on the tongues of all men, "There goes the Fighting Sixty-third." The artillery has great faith in the Sixty-third.

I am writing this upon a cracker box, by candle light. My men are round and about me; everyone is sound asleep. For the last two days we have rested and fed, and we need it much, as little of "bed or board" had been known to anyone for a week before. There they lie, yet one single syllable from me, "Up!" the Sixty-third will in a moment start, everyone to his feet, and in less time than I write, the Sixty-third would be ready for action. God bless them, they are a gallant set of boys, and it pains me to scold them, as I did this evening for eating too much, and being selfish.

Camp Whitesell, 2:30 a. m., July 7, 1862.

Our division (Kearney's) had retired from before Richmond, and upon the 30th day of June lay taking rest at Nelson's Farm. Early in the day I received an order to support Thompson's Battery of Artillery. Our section (two pieces) was advanced beyond the general lines, and the Sixty-third silently took position near, in a small belt of young pines, to await coming events. Occasional shots were fired from the guns into the distant woods as often as some venturous scout of the enemy would appear upon the outskirts. About 2 p. m. the report of a rifled gun and the rushing of a round shot directed at our artillery, announced that Jeff Davis, with a large company of friends, had arrived from Richmond, and were inquiring about our whereabouts. The advanced section was withdrawn, and the Sixty-third flanked off and took a position in the rear of the now combined battery. Soon the roar and rattle on all sides announced one of the fiercest conflicts that ever raged between contending parties of men. Thompson opened upon the enemy at a distance and played away for an hour, while the Sixty-third lay upon its arms, inactive spectators of the fight, although fully warned of their

interest in the game going on, by the bursting around, over and among them, of every infernal missile invented by man.

Through the smoke, which was now rolling in cloudy wreaths from our guns, a mounted officer approached the Sixty-third with a waving sword and call to "Forward!" Believing that the time had come, I called the Sixty-third "Up and at them!" No order was ever better or more promptly obeyed by veterans. The low fence was cleared at a bound, and with caution, "Guide center, double-quick!" in less time than I write it, the bayonets of the Sixty-third were leveled in front of the guns. The smoke cleared away and I discovered a false alarm, and again retired to the fence. In half an hour afterward, however, Thompson announced danger to his guns, and at once the regiment sprang forward, passed the guns, lay down upon the ground fifty feet in front, and opened a perfect storm of rifles. The battery still played away overhead, and the enemy, secreted in the woods a hundred yards in advance and in and around a dwelling and outhouses half that distance, in advance. There we held them for more than an hour, until Thompson announced that his ammunition was exhausted and he must withdraw his battery. Again it was, "Up, Sixty-third, give them cold steel, charge bayonets, forward, double-quick!" In a flash, yelling like incarnate fiends, we were upon them, muzzle to muzzle. It was fiercely contested, through the palings and around Nelson's Farm. Such an onset could not last long, and towards dark we returned, having silenced the last shot.

From McClellan to the drummer boy, it is admitted to be the most brilliant thing in the war. Kearney is somewhat hyperbolical in his expressions, but says it was magnificent, glorious, and the only thing he ever saw that was like the pictures in the newspapers. He declares it was all there; the hopeless artillery, the man on horseback, and the fierce looking devils bearing forward on their bayonets, as though they were endeavoring to break the stock of each gun. General Berry yesterday said in my hearing, that others might boast but that theirs was no similar case, when a regiment had made such a charge and for so long a time kept up such an unremitting murderous fire upon an enemy.

Brown's Hotel, Washington, D. C.,

September 2, 1862.

After leaving home and as much search as Japhet had after a father, I found the Sixty-third Regiment on the 25th of August, at Warrenton Junction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, in the rear of the army of Virginia, there cannonading with the enemy on the Rappahannock, a few miles in advance.

I found the regiment much in need of my "moral suasion," although in other respects, in excellent health and spirits. They had just returned from a long and fatiguing reconnoisance. The vociferous cheers, as regiment after regiment marched past me, was evidence that my return was welcome.

The exemplary specimens of refractory subjects put through "rough shod," brought the Sixty-third all right again. "The ass knoweth his owner, the ox his master's crib."

The next evening I rode forward about five miles to see General Kearney. I found him in one of his crabbedest moods, much exercised. His servants had deserted, and all his valuable baggage left back at Alexandria. His reception of me was, however, extremely

cordial, with an invitation to take supper, which I found consisted of coffee made and served in a blackened tin cup, with hard bread to match, while his only servitor was, as the general expressed it, "a d—— miscellaneous, migratory contraband, who had fallen in the way, but in whom he had no confidence."

I returned late to camp, trusting to noble "Dan" (his horse) to find the way. Early next morning we received orders to hold the Sixty-third Regiment ready to march. The enemy had pierced our lines and were actually depredating our rear.

With light hearts and light feet, we tripped back to within four miles of Manassas Junction, synonymous with "Bull Run," memorable for our eternal disgrace without cause except total incapacity and ignorance of high officials, if not a taint of treason.

Here we were opposed by the enemy with artillery, and underwent some shelling by which the Sixty-third lost three men, one mortally and two severely wounded.

Approaching to the front in support of a battery, a rocket or some other infernal missile burst just in front of my horse, Dan's breast. For an instant I thought he was gone, but he bounded across it like a deer, and the fragments went whirling to the rear, entering the horse of our new surgeon across the crupper, inflicting a bad wound. Some wicked fighting was done upon our right and the enemy was repulsed.

We rested upon the field, but not until my regiment had occupied four different positions as outposts, but we were rewarded at last about 11 o'clock by a good position, and unmolested, "slept the sleep of innocence and peace," known only to the profession.

Next morning, bright and early, the "field and staff" breakfasted on good strong coffee, soft bread, and spring chickens, and again took up the onward march.

After a march of four miles we reached Manassas Junction and viewed the destruction made by the enemy on the preceding day and night. More than a mile in length, along the railroad the ground was strewn with ruins of locomotives, cars and army stores—such devastation I never witnessed. Onward we moved toward Centerville, feeling for the enemy at all points. Late at night we encamped among the old entrenchments of the rebels, and early next morning (29th) moved rapidly after them. In an hour's march we found the enemy awaiting us, and then began the stirring events which have thrilled the hearts of the whole North.

I cannot detail all of what I saw and part of what I was. About 4 o'clock p. m., after taking part in the earlier day's doings, I was requested by General Kearney to give the enemy a taste of the Sixty-third, several of our regiments having been repulsed. I gave the order to forward with trailed arms, and the boys answered with a deafening cheer! We drove them before us like sheep until they took shelter behind the railroad. We received here the most terrible fire I have ever experienced, to which the Sixty-third replied as hotly for some time. We were unsupported, but my regiment never wavered.

I have telegraphed you of my situation. A large ball struck the main bone between the ankle and knee, not breaking, but perhaps splintering it, glancing off and breaking the smaller bones. The entrance hole is as large as a half dollar. I assure you I have a sore shin, but the quarter of an inch variation would have cost me my leg.

Sitting in my little room on the fourth story, taking my tea and toast, the little tea pot and single cup recalled my old favorite, "The Pensioner"—

"In his narrow cell at Chelsea,
Sits a pensioner, old and gray."

And I wondered if my own lot might not be the same, but as I write and turn to look across the Potomac to the blue hills where tonight or tomorrow may be fought the bloodiest battle on record, and be the triumph or disgrace of the North forevermore, I regret that I will not be among my old companions to cheer them on, and again take my chances with them. If it had been permitted, I would have preferred to defer my present disability.

I have the loss as nearly as possible by telegraph, of the killed and wounded of the Sixty-third—one hundred and fifty—it is terrible.

My wound is painful and I must lie down to rest, besides if I write more this will not go by mail.

Major Kirkwood was twice wounded—not dangerously, I hope. Both my horses were shot.

Colonel Hays was promoted to Brigadier General, September 29, 1862, and assigned to the command of the Third Division, Second Army Corps.

Centerville, Va., May 18, 1863.

The glorious old Sixty-third has again met the enemy, and as usual suffered terribly. We hear nothing except from the newspapers, but we surmise that the list of our friends is abbreviated. If I am not permitted to live to write the history of the Sixty-third, it will be my last request of some friend competent to do the case justice, to write its history, and settle the question so long unanswered, "Can Volunteers Fight?"

On Battlefield, near Gettysburg, Pa.,

July 4, 1863.

Yesterday was a warm one for us. The fight of my division was a perfect success. Corts, Shields and myself are untouched. Dan (his horse) was killed, and Leet severely wounded. Corts and Shields each lost a horse. We are all sanguine of ridding our soil of the invaders.

Taneytown, Md., July 7, 1863.

I have written several times since the eventful 3rd, to assure you that all was well with us—I mean Corts, Shields and myself. Our fight with the rebels on the 3rd was the most terrific. I commanded the Third Division of the Second Army Corps. Opposing me were A. P. Hill, and George E. Pickett, besides several others of my old acquaintances.

They thought they were attacking raw militia. After cannonading us for an hour they advanced across the plain, and were met from behind our stone wall by a volley which swept them like a tornado. It will not be credited, but we, (I mean the Third Division), took double our own number of prisoners, killed twice our own number and took nearly three thousand stand of arms. It is called the decisive battle of Gettysburg.

I am untouched, as are also Corts and Shields, which is miraculous, although we lost our horses. Dave Shields had the shoulder of his coat blown off by a shell. Dan was killed by a cannon ball through the heart, just after I had exchanged him for Leet. Leet is shot severely in the breast—three balls—one has been extracted and will be sent to Leet Shields. Out of twenty mounted orderlies I have but five or six left. Of our acquaintances I have lost all my colonels. Lieutenant colonels command brigades, and lieutenants command regiments.

The battle cannot be described except as the most terrible fought between men.

My division has taken twenty banners or battle flags—more than all the balance of the army, and the Third division is at a high premium.

We may meet the enemy again, but they are totally disorganized.

Near "Jones Cross Roads," Va.,
July 13, 1863.

"The Cross Roads" are six miles, and equidistant from Hagerstown, Williamsport and Boonsborough.

My division is formed along the heights near the Hagerstown road. It forms one of the links of the anaconda, which holds Lee's army in its coils.

When I took command of it only two weeks ago it was considered large, since then, however, it has become more respectable, although its numbers have diminished. In the Battle of Gettysburg I lost one thousand two hundred and sixty-two men. We, however, can count five of the enemy to one of ours. The killed of the enemy alone, outnumber my whole division two to one. The arms we captured will give us three guns to each man. Our prisoners also outnumbered us two to one. I have sent forward to headquarters seventeen (17) of the enemy's standards, and know of at least five others which were surreptitiously disposed of. Such a capture of flags were never known before.

Until after the battle there was but one Hays in command, so there be no doubt of his identity. I claim all due to the name, and can prove it by evidence of an army corps.

The Second Corps justly claim the honor of the repulse of the enemy, and it is conceded that the Third division, (Hays), Second Army Corps, fought the decisive action. Killed, wounded, prisoners and banners speak convincingly of our claims. I have written of the loss of my horses. Noble old Dan died a soldier's death. A solid shot passed through his heart, just after I had dismounted from him, and he died without a struggle. He lies in an honored grave dug by Henry and the other servants. Leet was soon afterwards shot in the breast with three balls, and is totally disabled. He is now in hospital in Gettysburg, under care of Dr. Weaver. My third horse was one of "Uncle Sam's," and of little account. Corts' horse, as well as Shields', were killed. I had about fifteen mounted orderlies when the battle began. At the end only two. One of them lost his horse, and the other, my standard bearer, had his flag staff cut in two. The shoulder of Shields' coat was blown away. Corts had his knuckles skinned. I escaped totally unscathed, although all expected momentarily to see me go under. Once in the furor my pickets, (The Garibaldi Guards), who were posted near a

barn half a mile from my front, were repulsed by the rebel sharpshooters, and retreated in disorder.

Dan was then living, and on him I dashed over the plain, followed by my standard bearer (who is a reckless, devil-may-care Irishman). We rallied the runaways, put them in position again, retaking the barn. This was in full view of both lines, and fair range of the enemy's batteries. Our men held their breaths in suspense, and I have since been told by several generals that they expected to see me blown up each moment. The enemy appeared to have been surprised, for not a gun of theirs opened, until my mission was fulfilled, and then I had nearly reached our lines, when the rebel batteries opened upon me and stormed shot and shell around. Just as I entered our lines Colonel Dick Coulter came to congratulate me, when a shell struck a tree between us, glanced off, and killed several of our men who had been drawn from behind the defenses from curiosity.

My defenses were stone walls, and since Jackson is dead, I think I have a just claim to his title. Already there is shown a disposition to rob me of my rights, but it can't be done. You have heard that all the colonels of my old brigade were lost—two killed, and two severely wounded. "Harper's Ferry boys" have wiped out Harper's Ferry.

We are watching intently for our prey, though the haul will not be of "sucking doves." Sykes is on my right, and Webb's Division on my left. Last night I had two points fortified which will give us a cross-fire on any advance. We are very sanguine, but cautious. Yesterday it rained torrents, and today gives promise of more, which will keep up the Potomac.

You will understand that this is to be a strictly private letter, not to be bounded literally. Tell Shields' and Corts' friends that none stand higher in the army.

Warrenton Junction, Va.,
July 27, 1863.

You have heard so much of Gettysburg, that, as myself, you desire to hear no more. I was sorely pressed for aides, although the two I had (Corts and Shields) bore themselves most gallantly, performing the work of ten. Only that Providence protected us I cannot account for our escape. Women may lecture on the "Horrors of War," but such a scene of carnage I never imagined. Carnage himself, (if an artist), could not paint the picture. Dead horses, shattered carriages, dead and dying men, in all the last agonies of death, for two full hours, would have paralyzed anyone not trained to the "butcher trade." I was fighting for my native State, and before I went in, thought of those at home I so dearly loved. If Gettysburg was lost all was lost for them, and I only interposed a life, that would be otherwise worthless. What if we suffered? The poor rebels suffered ten-fold.

The night following the battle of the 3rd I rode out and over the battlefield at 2 o'clock a. m. I could scarcely find passage for my horse for the dead and wounded. In one road it was impossible, until I had them removed. The shrieks of anguish and prayers for relief, were heart-rending. I only feel that this is a trial, not a judgment upon our nation, and that we will come out of it as "refined gold," and that my children will be enabled to sing "Columbia,

Columbia, to Glory Arise, the Queen of the World, and the Child of the Skies."

Your united prayers have been answered, and with them I will live to see my country triumphant over all disaster, and able to compete with any foreign enemy.

Near Stevensburg, Va.,

March 25, 1864.

An attempt is being made to re-organize the army, and so far it has been worse than a farce. As I anticipated, and intimated in a former letter, absent officers, of higher rank than myself, have been ordered to the army.

The Third Corps has been broken up, but to complete the sacrifice, the Third Division, Second Corps, is called upon to disband. The noble old organization still survives, and I am still its commander, but in a few days I fear it will be "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

There has been considerable excitement on the subject. Many of the officers of the old division assembled at headquarters to await my return from Hancock. When I announced the dissolution of "our old pet," silence, and each lowered head, spoke louder than words, the disappointment, if not the mortification of all.

It was very touching to me, at the same time very flattering, as it tested the feeling of my subordinates.

Reports flew, from brigade to brigade. I was at first assigned to my Centerville boys, and they were very jubilant, cheering the news lustily. All except the Garibaldi Guards. One of them was heard to exclaim: "H—l! Old Hays is coming back, and there won't be a man of us left alive!"

At the same time my Kearney brigade, with the Sixty-third, laid claim to me. Birney solicited me, on their behalf, and his own, very urgently, and I accepted. I am, therefore, back where I began the war, and the Sixty-third is again under my command.

Camp Bullock, March 30, 1864.

As you will see by enclosed "Farewell address," I have parted with my old command and assumed a new one, much older than the last, although it is still the Third Division, Second Army Corps, which I am required to prefix with "Second Brigade." My fighting force at present numbers 3,600 men, and it will soon be increased to over 4,000, perhaps made 5,000.

The Sixty-third are nearly frantic, and their cheers of welcome are loud and long. The One Hundred and Fifth and Fifty-seventh were not much behind. All are well pleased, and I think no commander ever received a more welcome reception. It appears to partially reconcile them to the dismemberment of their corps.

We are all allowed to wear the old Kearney badge, which is a square (1"x1") of deep red merino cloth. My banner is of spotless white, of triangular shape, bearing in the center the square, and otherwise relieved by a dark blue stripe down the side, which attaches to the flagstaff. All are delighted with the change, Corts and Sullivan especially. I have three new aids in addition, and will be allowed three permanently.

Headquarters Third Division, Second Army Corps,
Camp near Stevensburg, Va.,
March 26, 1864.

Soldiers:—

General Orders No. 11, Corps Headquarters, temporarily dissolves the "Old Third Division," with which you have been so long associated. Consolidation was a military necessity, to accumulate a power which no enemy will be able to resist.

Although only nine months your commander, we have shared together the tiresome march, and cheerless bivouac. But within the same short period you have five times triumphed over your enemies. Your former services are recorded, and to them you have added Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe, Locust Grove and Morton's Ford.

You have distinguished yourselves, not only by your courage on the field of battle, but by evidences of your loyalty to your country, and subordination to the discipline imposed upon you.

It is trying upon the soldier to part with the badge, associated with his long service, and to see furled the banner under which there was always victory,—but it is a sacrifice exacted by your country.

It is my sincere hope and expectation, that within a brief period of time, "The Old Division" will be reorganized, and the blue tre-foil will once more wave over you.

Until then your banner will be sacredly preserved and restored to you, or otherwise it will be deposited where it will be a memento to the nation, of your triumphs and your sacrifices.

ALEXANDER HAYS,
Brigadier General Volunteers.

Official.
GEORGE P. CORTS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

MRS HAYS (IN CAMP) TO HER FAMILY.

Centerville, Va., June 18, 1863.

My Dear Father:

The general, with myself and escort, started to look for the Sixty-third soon after breakfast, and after riding some hours we came suddenly upon them encamped on the other side of Bull Run, near the old battlefield. "At once there rose so wild a yell," upon the arrival of their beloved colonel, that regiments ran in every direction to see what could be the matter. The men gathered around to shake hands, and get one word. I never saw the general so elated. He had something witty to say to all, and when Dougherty, of Company H, came pushing forward, Alex. (the general) raised his hands and said: "Why, is it possible that Company H is yet alive!" Such roars you never heard. We remained an hour, and on leaving they gave three cheers for "our general." I saw Ryan, Gross, Haymaker, Maynard, McClelland, etc., and Major Danks.

GEORGE P. CORTS, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT ON GENERAL HAYS' STAFF, TO FRIENDS IN PITTSBURGH.

Washington, D. C., May 18, 1863.

I am happy in being again in the military service, having received appointment of assistant adjutant general, and the additional good

luck of being ordered to duty with General Hays, and will enter upon my duties tomorrow.

The general says the Sixty-third No. 2 is now organized, and when opportunity affords the fame and glory of the "Iron-Clad" Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be fully sustained by the Third Brigade. General Hays is extremely popular with his troops; they have perfect confidence in him and know when it comes to fighting they will have to do their work.

It is sad to think of the loss of so many of our brave comrades, yet pleasant to know that all (with one exception) did nobly, and the Sixty-third looms up gloriously.

I am very respectfully,

Your friend,

GEORGE P. CORTS.

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN TO GOVERNOR CURTIN (PENNSYLVANIA.)

July 30, 1862.

No regiment in the army has been more distinguished than the Sixty-third.

JOE HOOPES, COMPANY C, TO HIS FAMILY.

Camp Johnston, February 15, 1862.

We went out Monday morning on picket about eight miles from camp, on the turnpike, (the road most of our men marched on to Bull Run). We amused ourselves during the day hunting rabbits, pheasants and partridges, which are very abundant. Our cavalry were out scouting when they came in sight of about 800 rebels, who yelled, "Send out the bloody Sixty-third if they want to get licked." They reported at headquarters, when Company I was started double-quick for Pohick, followed by one company of cavalry, and Companies E and C. Company I and the cavalry alone raced the rebels to their picket lines, capturing one. No one was hurt.

March 6, 1862.

Captain Chapman, Company K, Quartermaster Lysle and one private were killed in a skirmish while scouting night before last, and a private of Company K wounded. It was a disastrous affair for us, for we lost some of our best men.

Camp near Hampton, Va.,
March 25, 1862.

En route to Fort Monroe, we passed the Monitor. I was never more surprised than when I saw it. I supposed it to be a large boat all covered with iron, instead of which all you can see is something like a large tub floating around on a flat board.

November 10, 1863.

We now draw for rations soft bread, beans, fresh beef four times a week, salt pork three times a week, dried apples, potatoes, sugar, coffee, salt, vinegar, etc., so you see they are feeding us up for the slaughter.

Near Brandy Station, Va.,
January 19, 1864.

Samuel Miller, conscript, Company —, died last night.
Lieutenant Weeks, Company H, died in hospital this morning from wounds.

Camp Bullock, Va., February 1, 1864.

The Sixty-third has made its reputation without the aid of newspapers. One of Colonel (now General) Hays' rules was never to allow his regiment to be puffed, and once when it was, he was very angry. He always told us, deeds would speak for themselves, and that the "Old Ironsides" would take care of itself.

April 1, 1864.

General Hays says he thinks we will be mustered out about August 25th. Some say not until October 9th. I saw General Hays this morning; he was very pleasant, and shook hands very cordially, inquiring how I was getting along, and thought soldiering agreed excellently with me.

Thursday, June 2, 1864.

Very heavy volleys of musketry and cannonading from 4 to 5 a. m., which continued throughout the day. Left park near New Castle, at 7 a. m., crossed the Mattaquin Creek, and parked four miles from Cold Harbor, and fifteen miles from Richmond. Our forces are within six miles of Richmond.

Steamer Commodore, Annapolis, Md.,
June 4, 1862.

We came down with seven hundred and fifty men from Richmond, and arrived here yesterday. Lieutenant Hurst, of Rochester, our first lieutenant (Company C) was killed; George Gibson (Company C) had his leg blown off by a cannon ball; Colonel Morgan is shot through both hips; Lieutenant Maynard (Company B) wounded. Only fifteen of Company C and Lieutenant Taylor came out safe. Thirteen of Company A and second lieutenant came out safe. The regiment is stationed about two hundred yards in front of us, with the horses taken out, the guns unlimbered, and the artillery men lying on the ground beside their guns waiting for the ball to open.

WILLIAM McGRANAHAN TO MRS. HAYS.

Camp Shields, October 1, 1861.

The Sixty-third Regiment is the most effective regiment in the service during the war. This may seem mere boast, but time will prove what I now assert. Since we came to this side of the river we have been so very busy getting the camp properly arranged and the men made comfortable, that but little time could be devoted to drilling. From this time forward the entire attention of all hands will be at drill. With the imperfect drilling heretofore given, we can boast of having been highly complimented by the lookers-on, as we marched from Camp Hays to Camp Shields, for the general appearance of our regiment; this, too, when we were but partly equipped. Hard to tell what they would have said if all had been

fully uniformed and otherwise equipped—no doubt they would have expressed their feelings in the common and rather vulgar expression: "Ain't that a bully regiment," and then they would have told us only that of which we are fully aware, and mighty proud we are too.

The colonel (Hays) is constantly to be found looking after the comfort of the men; late and early he can be seen somewhere in the camp instructing in the many duties of officers and soldiers. Already he is loved by the men for his attention to their wants, and very soon they will worship him or I am mistaken in human nature.

Our brigade consists of the Sixty-third, (always first), Sixty-first and Thirty-second, McKnight's regiment. The Sixty-first is Rippey's, the Thirty-second a Philadelphia regiment.

We are not fully equipped, but expect to be in a day or two. The consolidation of the companies was accomplished, am glad to say, very agreeable to all. The Mercer squad and Chapman's make one company; McAninch and Ormsby one company; Venango and Armstrong one company. The others were recruited full. Our report this morning shows 1,038 men and officers, and when I tell you that 1,046 is a regiment, you know how near we are full, in fact we have all we want at present. Captains of companies, as they stand in line of battle: First, Berringer; second, Hanna; third, Danks; fourth, McHenry, (assigned to command the Venango and Armstrong squads, now the "Morgan Guards"); fifth, Ryan; sixth, Chapman; seventh, McCullough; eighth, Reid; ninth, Ormsby; tenth, Kirkwood.

The band instruments arrived on Monday and are very handsome, giving general satisfaction, and soon we will be able to report our band being A-1.

Fair Oaks, June 26, 1862.

Hardly have I done recounting the particulars of one engagement in which the Sixty-third participated, until I feel us driving the enemy and again hotly contesting the field with them. Yesterday morning we received an order to be under arms at 7:30 o'clock, and to "fall in promptly" as it was important on this occasion. We were on hand at the appointed hour, and an aide brought an order to the colonel to march out to the rifle pits, which we did, and were met by General Robinson, who gave the colonel some instructions, and away we went toward a wood in front of us in which were our pickets. Soon we came upon our pickets and formed a line on the same front with them. Colonel Hays then threw out skirmishers, and this was the first intimation we had of the intention to advance on the rebel pickets, but advance we did, and driving them before us, were supported by the Twentieth Indiana, a regiment recently attached to our brigade. We soon came upon the rebel reserve, however, and for awhile we were checked. Hooker's division on the right had a hard fight for the position they gained, and the volleys of musketry were equal to any heard on the day of the Battle of Fair Oaks. All day our line held the woods, and we were forced to maintain our position all night, and of course everybody had to remain awake to prevent surprise, which was attempted several times. In an alarm and firing about 1 o'clock a. m., Lieutenant S. Hays Cochran, of Company G, a native of Franklin, Venango county, was badly wounded and died today. Poor Cochran! He did his

duty and brought the company through the Battle of Fair Oaks, but fell in the comparatively small affair of today. We were considerably worn out this morning when we fell back to the rifle pits. The fatigue of yesterday, with the loss of sleep last night, told on us and all hands were glad to get to camp for dinner. We had a pretty severe little fight and if General Kearney's words can be believed, the Sixty-third has immortalized herself. He came up to Colonel Hays on the line last night just before dark, and said: "Colonel, I congratulate you! You have done well!" Upon which Colonel Hays replied: "Thank you, General." The general then announced: "THIS is the regiment that has covered itself with glory." He kindly inquired after the wounded, and this morning told Colonel Hays to send his report of the regiment's loss as soon as possible, "that the men might have due credit." The list of our killed, wounded and missing is slight in comparison with some of the regiments which assisted us in driving in the rebel lines.

This morning a terrible cannonading was opened far on the right, about 7 o'clock, and has been kept up ever since, and it is now 10 o'clock. What it means we do not know yet, but rumor says that McDowell has effected a connection with Porter on the right, and that they are swinging around on Richmond with all their forces. Terrific cheering has been heard for the last half hour, the cannonading has ceased, and we almost believe that Richmond has been taken.

Four Miles from James River,

July 5, 1862.

After lengthy, rapid and fatiguing marches, sundry desperate fights, and fearful exposures, we are at last at a place of rest. Here in a beautiful wood, some three or four miles from the James River, we have been since the afternoon of July 3rd, spending the "Glorious Fourth" in making up reports of late battles.

Only we, ourselves, know what we have suffered in this grand change in the base of military operations (modification of "hasty retreat"). We were informed on the evening of June 28th that a general move of the entire army would take place next day, and appearances indicated that it would not be a "forward" one, so we were in a measure prepared to "fall back," and report said that our final stand would be made at the James River. Shortly after daylight, on the 29th, the move commenced. Our brigade fell back to the second line of rifle pits and redoubts, held by us on the night of the Fair Oaks battle, May 31st. At noon our regiment was sent on picket to the front, some three-quarters of a mile, to watch and retard the advance of the rebel scouts and outposts. It was after 3 o'clock before we were withdrawn. All this time the retreat was going on, and as our division (Kearney's) had not moved, it became generally known that we were the rear guard, and would cover the retreat—a dangerous and honorable position—one which would cover us with glory if we performed our work well, and I am happy to say now that the work is over, that we have the glory, and the beauty of it is that it is conceded by the entire division that to the Sixty-third belongs the laurels of the fight of the 30th, the Battle of Nelson's Farm.

General Kearney is loud in his praise of the colonel and his regiment, and General Berry, commanding a brigade in Kearney's divis-

ion, declares he never saw a regiment behave so cool under fire, or deliver more deliberate volleys of musketry into an enemy. The Sixty-third has now a lasting fame, but at a sacrifice of many of its brave members.

Our loss on the 30th was 11 killed, 64 wounded and 23 missing, the greater part of the "missing" supposed to be killed or badly wounded and prisoners.

Yesterday regimental bands played all day, and the national salutes were fired in every division. General McClellan rode through the entire army, and at each corps headquarters, a major general's salute was fired. The demonstration sounded little like the enemy were lying in force scarce one mile and a half from us.

Our regiment is coming up wonderfully; from 150, the number present July 1st, we have increased to 400. Soon we hope to have the Sixty-third almost up to its old Camp Johnston standard.

We have a Pittsburgh volunteer surgeon attending our regiment now—Dr. Whitesell, a splendid man and one who is doing more for our men than any surgeon we ever had.

Camp near James River, July 29, 1862.

Nothing of importance has transpired in camp recently. "All quiet along the lines," and we are now occupied as when at Camp Johnston, drilling, reviewing, inspecting, parading, etc., and it seems like old times, but that we miss so many familiar faces that now "lie deep in the sacred soil," inhabit the walls of Richmond Tobacco Prison, or swelter in the close atmosphere of some hospital. Ah, dear friend, the Sixty-third is not the Sixty-third you left last winter. That long line of well-equipped and neatly-uniformed men has been lessened dreadfully, and of the thousand and six originally forming the gallant Sixty-third, only five hundred and thirty are now with us. Such is life! Such are the fruits of this wicked and most unholy war. If our loss is a fair average of the balance of McClellan's army, the reduction in his forces by killed, died of disease, missing in action, absent at the hospitals, sick and wounded, must have been tremendous.

Camp Pitcher, near Falmouth, Va.,

March 2, 1863.

We make a short move tomorrow with this brigade—change of camp some two and a half miles to the left, on account of the scarcity of wood where we are now; we have cut and burned nearly every tree within one and a half miles. It is now too far to carry wood, and we cannot get wagons just when we require them. It is astonishing what a vast quantity of wood the army consumes in two or three months. When we came here, about the last of November, thick pine forests shielded us from the wind on every side, and ran down almost to the river bank. Now the steeples of Fredericksburg can be seen plainly from where I write, although they are a mile and a half away.

From just above my tent the famous "Crest" Burnside speaks of in his report of the battle, is distinctly visible. I wish you were here to go with me and survey the scene of the terrible carnage of December 11, 12, 13 and 14, the scenes of Burnside's Fredericksburg disaster. It is quite interesting and novel to go down to the Rappa-

hannock and watch the wretched rebs promenade the streets of the city, within a stone's throw of you, and looking across, one can scarcely believe that that narrow stream forms a boundary (at present) of more importance than the vast ocean between Europe and the United States. It is the division line here between the Northern and Southern Confederacies, and a fearful one it is. The pickets upon the opposite shores are forbidden to hold any conversation with each other now, it having been noted that frequently quite noisy quarrels, wars of words, were carried on, sometimes political debates, and it was feared that some day they might open a little engagement across the river without authority, to try the range of their guns on the "Butternuts."

Let me give you the result of this morning's report:

Present for duty, officers and men	392
Sick, officers and men	34
Total present	426
Officers absent, sick, with leave and on detached duty	9
Men with and without leave	2
Men on detached service	58
Men sick and wounded in hospitals	113
Aggregate present and absent officers and men	608

Out of 113 absent sick and wounded, there are probably 30 that have been discharged from service at hospitals on account of disability, reducing the average to 578. Five hundred and seventy-eight left out of 1,046 Pennsylvanians the colonel brought across the Potomac one year ago, upon the 29th of September. The colonel said, as we moved up toward Fort Ellsworth, "Now, boys, we are upon the sacred soil of Virginia." Alas! how many of them never got off it?

Those reported "present, sick," are in the majority, but slightly ill; colds from exposure, etc.; several of them are just recovering from measles—big boys to have measles.

Birney's Division Hospital,

May 20, 1863.

Dear Brother:—Hard job to write lying on my back, but I must scratch a few lines to relieve your anxiety. I am doing very well, although not yet out of danger. On Sunday morning, May 3rd, about 6 o'clock, I was shot through the left side by a minnie ball, the ball passing clean through and went on its way rejoicing, having entered the small of my back, about two and a half inches from the backbone, and coming out in the abdomen pretty well towards the side. Shot in the back, but no disgrace as I was mounted, and endeavoring to steady the men as we fell back to a position where we had the advantage of the "graybacks." Feeling myself wounded and unable to remain in the saddle, I checked up the horse and dismounted. The animal broke from me immediately, and I followed on after the regiment about fifty yards, but had to give it up as I was getting so weak. Down I went, face foremost, among some

bed clothes upset from a medicine wagon. There I lay while the battle raged around and over me, and the demon rebels came howling on. In half an hour the fierceness of the conflict ceased directly about me; the rebels went to the right and left into the woods. Then it was that I espied a Sixty-third boy who had come that far back to look for a wounded comrade. I hailed him and got a drink of water. He got me fixed more comfortably and I had, previous to that, turned over on my back, which I found a great relief. I now discovered that some portion of my insides had run out through the hole in my abdomen. This alarmed me considerably, and I gave up entirely, had no hope of ever getting away from there alive. A few moments after some two or three other "Yankees" gathered around me and, making a litter and placing some of the comforts on me, carried me inside our lines, some quarter of a mile. The fire now became very hot, shot and shell flew around us. I saw one or two of the boys waver and requested them to carry me to the side of a brook, about one hundred yards distant. This they did, and then all but the Sixty-third boy left me. While piling up knapsacks about me to keep balls and pieces of shell from striking me, he had his left hand struck off by a missile, and I made him leave me at once. After that I had rebel care entirely. They were very kind, but relieved me of several articles which they said I would not need, sword, belt, hat, etc. They put up a shelter to keep off the sun as it grew warm. Towards night a rebel surgeon came and gave me several powders of morphine to allay my suffering for the night. I passed the night very easy. The rebels made me some coffee for breakfast and wanted me to eat some of their biscuit, but I couldn't go them—all dough. About 10 o'clock I was carried back into the field where I had been shot, and taken to an old barn where a Federal hospital had been established. Here I was made pretty comfortable, and the surgeons, Drs. Zookly, Webster, Leet and others, (Federals), commenced to deliberate on the disposal of what had run out of the abdomen hole. The second day they decided that it was covering of the intestines. This they ligatured and cut off even with the surface of the abdomen. I felt much relieved after this, and got along pretty well on poor fare for twelve days, which I put in on my back. Finally the ambulances came, and my miserable ride commenced. The jolting and jarring nearly finished me. I got the ambulance to stop over night near our lines, Friday, the 15th, after we had crossed the river, as I was completely exhausted. Saturday we proceeded again slowly, and 4 p. m. brought me to this hospital, delivered almost safely from the hands of the Philistines.

The Sixty-third, as usual, did nobly, as their loss will testify.

(McGranahan died of his wound June 2, 1863.)

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.

"On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The Bivouac of the Dead."

Alexander Hays was born in Franklin, Pennsylvania, on July 8, 1819. He received a common school education in his native town, and later entered Allegheny College at Meadville. Subsequently he received an appointment as cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1844, and where he had been the fellow student of U. S. Grant and Winfield S. Hancock.

Immediately on leaving West Point, he was assigned to duty, with the brevet of second lieutenant, in the Fourth Infantry, to which Grant also belonged.

The Mexican war breaking out about this time, his regiment was among the first to advance upon the enemy's territory, and in the battles of Palo Alto and Reseca de la Palma, Lieutenant Hays captured, in connection with Lieutenant Woods, likewise a Pennsylvanian, the first gun wrested from the enemy. In this engagement he received a wound in the leg, and in recognition of his gallantry in these actions, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, and transferred to the Eighth Infantry. His wound unfitting him for active duty he was sent on recruiting service to Western Pennsylvania, where he soon enlisted a battalion of five hundred men from the hardy pioneers of that region, and rejoined the army at Vera Cruz, participating in all the engagements until the end of the Mexican war. His list of battles numbered twenty, ending at Zacultapan.

On the restoration of peace, Lieutenant Hays resigned his commission in the army and engaged in civil pursuits. His education at West Point made him a skilled engineer, and the country just then awakening to the importance of railroad construction, had need of his services. While engaged on an extensive work in bridge engineering for the Allegheny Valley Railroad, Fort Sumter was fired on. Without waiting to finish his work he laid it aside, saying to his wife as he did so, "That kind of work is now ended. My country calls, and I must hasten to the field."

He enlisted in a militia company in Pittsburgh, known as the City Guard, of which he was chosen captain. This company became part of the Twelfth Regiment, for the three months' service, and Captain Hays was commissioned major.

In the summer of 1861 he was appointed captain of the Sixteenth United States Infantry; at the close of the term of service of the Twelfth he returned home, and at once set about recruiting a regiment for the war. His companions of the old "City Guard" whom he had converted into real soldiers, followed him, and his regiment was designated the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Major Hays

General Alexander Hays' Monument and Grave, Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

being commissioned colonel. Its history is bright with laurels, and red with the blood of its decimated ranks.

In a severe engagement at Second Bull Run, Colonel Hays, in leading his men up a steep embankment occupied by the enemy, was shot in the leg, and that limb badly shattered. His services in this and subsequent actions did not pass without recognition from the government. He was appointed and confirmed brigadier general of Volunteers, and lieutenant colonel in the Regular Army.

Before General Hays had entirely recovered from his wound, he was assigned to the command of the Third Brigade of Casey's Division, Twenty-second Corps, in charge of the defenses before and around Washington. During this time he was preparing his brigade for the eventful days of July, 1863, when the Fourth of '76 was re-endeared to our heart's affection, in the new baptism of blood and tears.

On the third day of the Battle of Gettysburg, General Hays, commanding the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, finds himself opposed to General Pickett and others of General Hays' classmates at West Point, and comrades of the Mexican war, had been cannonading the opposing lines for some time, without effect; then moves his troops across the field, thinking, no doubt, that his veterans will derive these raw militia like chaff before the wind. But they meet General Hays and his veterans; he has put fight into them. He restrains himself and his men until the enemy is at close quarters. Then the word is "Up and at them!" His rapid well-directed firing sent the column reeling in confusion back upon its rear and centre. A hurricane, charged with lead and fire and death, consumes them.

The battle was won. This was the decisive charge; and General Hays was a hero among the heroes of Gettysburg. He takes from the enemy, that day, twenty-two regimental banners or battle flags, three thousand stand of arms, and captures about twice the number of his command. Out of sixteen mounted orderlies he has but two left. He has lost all of his colonels; lieutenant colonels command brigades; lieutenants command regiments. Two of his horses are killed under him; his entire staff is unhorsed. Their steeds lie dead where they fell, or are in their last agonies.

His men gather around their chief to congratulate him. Reeking with dust and sweat, and weary with the toil of the battle, they receive the commendation they deserve. How proud they are of their commander. How proud he is of his "boys." The war cloud has passed from his brow, and the hard-set features of a few moments before relax into his kind, familiar smile of love and affection.

A correspondent of a Buffalo newspaper, himself a soldier, and who was upon that fatal hill when the battle was at its height beholding the deeds of valor of this brave leader, and his fearlessness when the very air seemed freighted with danger, thus described him:

"I wish you could have seen the picture, just at the close of last Friday's battle, on the left of our centre, of which his splendid figure formed a prominent part. Our little brigade, which had been lying on Cemetery Hill, was ordered over to the position that was so valiantly but unsuccessfully charged by Pettigrew.'s rebel division We hurried there through a storm of shot and shell, but only arrived in time to see the grand finale, the tableau vivants, and, alas, morants, at the close of the drama. The enemy's batteries were still

playing briskly, and their sharpshooters kept up a lively fire, but their infantry, slain and wounded and routed, were pouring, prisoners, into our lines throughout their whole extent.

Then enter Alexander Hays, brigadier general United States Army, the brave American soldier. Six feet or more in height, erect and smiling, lightly holding in hand his horse—the third within an hour, a noble animal, his flanks be-spattered with blood, he seized a captured rebel flag, handing one to each of his aides, David Shields and George P. Corts, all three dashing along in front of our division line, trailing ignominiously in the dust the enemy's flags, now rushing out in the open field, a mark for a hundred sharpshooters, but never touched, now quietly cantering back to our lines to be welcomed with a storm of cheers. I reckon him the grandest view of my life. I bar not Niagara. It was the arch spirit of glorious Victory triumphing wildly over the fallen foe.

The night after, I met General Hays again. After the fight of Friday afternoon, we held the battlefield, our skirmishers forming a line on the outer edge of it. The field was strewn with rebel wounded. It was impossible for us to bring them in Friday night; every apology for a hospital being crowded, our own wounded, in many cases lying out all night. But on Saturday morning bandsmen were sent out with litters to bring in the poor fellows, and were fired upon so briskly by the rebel sharpshooters that it was impossible to help them. Stories similar to this I had often heard but never believed, but this came under my own observation. So all day Saturday the poor fellows lay there, praying for death. When night fell, another officer of my regiment and myself got a few volunteers to go with us thinking there might be some who could creep into our lines, supported on either side, by one of us. May God preserve me from such a position again! We could do almost nothing. Of a thousand wounded men we found one whom four of us could carry into our lines in a blanket. Other poor souls would think they could accomplish it, but at the slightest change of position, would fall back screaming in awful agony. Litters we had none. Then appeared General Hays in another light, less of the bravado perhaps, not less of the hero. He sent out two companies, who cleared the rebel sharpshooters from a position they held in a ruined building, busied himself in procuring litters and bearers, and before morning many of the poor fellows were safe within our lines. It is not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with this General Alexander Hays, but I wish everyone, as far as I can effect it, to honor him as the bravest of soldiers, and love him as the best-hearted of men. A true chevalier he must be, sans peur et sans reproche. It seems miraculous that General Hays escaped unharmed."

The character of General Hays was manifested in the letter acknowledging the receipt of a magnificent sword, presented him by the citizens of Pittsburgh, a few months after the Battle of Gettysburg, in which he says: "When the rebellion broke upon us like a tornado, in the desecration of our flag at Sumter, I took oath never to sheath my sword until honorable peace should restore us to one glorious Union."

General Walker, in his "History of the Second Army Corps," thus speaks of Generals Hays at Gettysburg:

"Here was to be seen the new division commander, General Alexander Hays, with his staff and his flag following him, dashing along the skirmish line, inciting his men to renewed activity, in the

eye of both armies. Such demonstrations which, with General Hays, were of frequent occurrence, were likely to give the impression that he was a mere hot-headed fighter; whereas, in fact, his extraordinary vivacity in battle was united with a soundness of judgment and firmness of temper which made him one of the most useful officers in the service."

Of the Confederate battle flags captured, General Hancock's Official Report of the Battle of Gettysburg, is quoted:

"There were undoubtedly thirty-three colors captured."

Of these General Alexander Hays' command, the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, captured twenty-two.

In all the subsequent battles of the Army of the Potomac, General Hays took an active part, with no less honors than he received at Gettysburg.

On the first day of May, 1864, the Army of the Potomac marched into the Wilderness, where after seven days of fighting they sacrificed almost ninety thousand men. This wilderness is a veritable jungle; of small undergrowth, so dense that it is almost impossible for a human being to pass through it.

Here was fought one of the most desperate battles of the war.

On the 5th of May, being the first day's fight in the Wilderness, General Hays, then being in command of the survivors of Kearney's old division of heroes, occupying the key to Grant's position, as was so fitting to these men, was shot through the head, from front to rear, not dying for three hours, so wonderful was his vitality. Of his death a few of the reports of officers who witnessed the battle are quoted:

In General Hancock's Official Report of the Battle of the Wilderness, he says: "General Alexander Hays, that dauntless soldier, whose intrepid and chivalric bearing on so many battlefields had won for him the highest renown, was killed at the head of his command."

General Grant, in his Personal Memoirs, speaking of the death of his old classmate, says "One of our most gallant commanders, General Alexander Hays, was killed. I had been with him at West Point, and had served with him through the Mexican war. He was a most gallant officer, ready to lead his command wherever ordered. With him it was 'Come, boys,' not 'Go.' "

The death of General Hays is thus described by General Walker, in his History of the Second Army Corps: "The losses had been heavy. Among the killed of that afternoon was General Alexander Hays. At Gettysburg, at Bristoe, at Mine Run, at Morton's Ford, this devoted officer rode, with his staff and flag behind him, the mark of a thousand riflemen, the admiration of the two armies, only to fall in a tangled wilderness, where scarce a regiment could note his person, and derive inspiration from his courage and martial enthusiasm. All the peculiar advantages of the Army of the Potomac were sacrificed in this jungle-fighting into which they were called to engage. Of what use here was the tactical skill and perfection of form; of what use here the example and the personal influence of a Hays or a Hancock?"

In his "Campaigning with Grant," General Horace Porter says: "The fighting had become exceedingly severe on that part of the field. General Alexander Hays, one of the most gallant officers in the service, commanding one of Hancock's brigades, finding that his line had broken, rushed forward to reorganize his troops, and was

instantly killed. * * * After remaining some time with Hancock's men, I returned to headquarters to report the situation to the general-in-chief, and carry to him the sad intelligence of Hays' death. General Grant was by no means a demonstrative man, but upon learning the intelligence I brought, he was visibly affected. He was seated upon the ground with his back against a tree, still whittling pine sticks. He sat for a time without uttering a word, and then, speaking in a low voice, and pausing between the sentences, said 'Hays and I were cadets together for three years. We served for a time in the same regiment in the Mexican war. He was a noble man and a gallant officer. I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead in battle.' "

What more fitting tribute could be paid the memory of General Hays than that in the formal official report of his death: "The fighting became very fierce at once, the lines of battle being so very close. The musketry continuous and deadly along the whole line. General Alexander Hays, an officer of distinguished gallantry, was killed at the head of his command."

The thoughts and feelings of General Hays just before entering upon that desperate conflict in the Wilderness, where he lost his life, were expressed in a letter written upon the morning on which the march commenced;

"This morning was beautiful, for
Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
As if the morn was a jocund one.

Although we were anticipating to march at 8 o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the regeneration of mankind; but it only brought to remembrance, through the throats of many bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps, before the setting sun, to lay down his life for his country."

The body of General Hays was brought to Pittsburgh ten days after his death, and buried from the First Presbyterian Church with all the honors of war. Business was suspended and the city paid homage to the memory of one loved and admired by all. As the funeral cortege passed from the church to the Allegheny cemetery in Lawrenceville, cannon along the hillside boomed forth honors to the dead soldier, while thousands of people lined the streets with uncovered heads as the funeral passed along.

In the presence of many of the men who followed him in battle, and a large concourse of people, his sacred remains were laid in the earth, mourned by a nation.

Soon after the close of the war a movement was inaugurated by the soldiers of General Hays' command to erect a memorial to his memory. In a short time sufficient funds had been collected to erect the monument which today marks his resting place.

The following is a list of battles in which General Hays participated:

Mexican War—Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Santa Fe, Pasco de Orejas, National Bridge, Huamantla, El Penal, Pueblo, Atlixco, San Augustin de la Palma, Tehuacan, Galaxca, Flaxcala, Orizaba Cordova, Tulancingo, Zacultapan.

Rebellion—1861-1865—Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Malvern, Bristoe (August, 1862), Bull Run, Groveton, Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe (October, 1863), Locust Grove, Mine Run Expedition, Morton's Ford and the Wilderness.

AT THE GRAVE OF GENERAL HAYS.

I stood today beside the tomb
Where sleeps a friend of other days,
And read upon the sculptured stone,
The name of "Alexander Hays."

Thereon was grouped in grand array
Those martial emblems which suggest
The pomp and pageantry of war,
And thrill the patriot soldier's breast.

On either side, a long array
Of battles fought and victories won,
In which the bravest of the brave
Was Pennsylvania's noble son.

While with uncovered head I stood,
And bent with reverential awe,
I only thought of "Aleck Hays,"
And not the record of the war.

I thought not of the chief today,
Nor of the sword he once did wield,
His stern, firm voice so often heard
Upon the bloody battlefield.

I only thought of him as friend,
His genial, gentle, pleasant ways,
Which shed a gleam of gladness on
Whoever spoke with Aleck Hays.

Once more methought I stood with him,
Apart from battle's wild turmoil,
And grasped again his honest hand,
On Old Virginia's sacred soil.

I thought of when I saw him last,
Beneath the sunny Southern skies,
Where rolls the bloody Rapidan,
And the grand old Blue Mountains rise.

Peace to his ashes—let him rest,
Type of true soldier, and true friend,
And let his memory cherished be,
And honored until time shall end.

—Edwin B. Houghton (of Seventeenth Maine Regiment, former member of his staff.)

COLONEL A. S. M. MORGAN.

Algernon Sidney Mountain Morgan was born at Morganza, Pa., May 9, 1831, his father being James B. Morgan, who at the age of 16 was a member of a company raised in Washington county, Pa., which marched across the mountains to meet the British. His grandfather was General John Morgan, who entered the army at an early age, and served as aid to General Butler, at St. Clair's defeat. Colonel George Morgan, his great-grandfather, served during the entire Revolutionary war, so it was but natural that the subject of this sketch should have a desire to enter military life, especially where it involved the national unity.

He graduated at the Western University of Pennsylvania in 1847, and was immediately appointed rodman on the Ohio & Pennsylvania Railroad, whose president was Geenral William Robinson, of Allegheny.

From here he entered the service of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, of which William Larimer, J., was president, and Oliver W. Barnes chief engineer, being in charge of the party that made the first surveys of that railroad from West Newton to Connellsville, his residence being in Fayette county during this period. Here he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Connellsville coal field which later led to his engaging in the coke business and retiring from civil engineering. At that time very little was known of this grade of coal which has since become famous, and Morgan was the first engaged in shipping Connellsville coke regularly to Pittsburgh and the west, and was engaged in this business when President Lincoln's first call for volunteers led him to enlist.

The firm of Morgan Company, which he had formed, was afterwards largely concerned in the manufacture and shipping of Connellsville coke.

At the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, he was among the first to tender his services to his country, being elected second lieutenant of the old City Guards, which became a part of the Twelfth Regiment, and served out the three months' term of service of that organization.

Although, without any previous military training, Lieutenant Morgan became proficient in military tactics, and the reputation of the Twelfth and Sixty-third Regiments as being among the best drilled and disciplined commands in the army, was largely due to his patient and efficient efforts.

Immediately on the expiration of the term of service of the Twelfth Regiment, Alexander Hays, who had been major of that regiment, was commissioned colonel with authority to raise a regiment, resulting in the recruiting of the Sixty-third, of which Morgan became lieutenant colonel, and in which he was materially interested in recruiting. His former experience as drill master proved a vital feature in the future of this fighting regiment.

In the terrific Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, Colonel Morgan, then in command of the regiment temporarily, was terrible wounded, and carried off the field, never to return to active service. For distinguished bravery in this and former actions he was promoted to colonel, September 29, 1862, vice Colonel Hays, promoted

to brigadier general, and was discharged April 16, 1863, while still confined to bed, on account of wounds received.

In December, 1863, Colonel Morgan was appointed military storekeeper of the ordinance department of the Allegheny arsenal, Pittsburgh, Pa., where he was stationed until he was retired for disability caused by a cataract, June 6, 1894, with the exception of the four years from 1875 to 1879, when he was stationed at Rock Island arsenal at ordinance storekeeper.

He is now a retired officer of the United States Army with the rank of major, and residing at Pittsburgh.

WILLIAM SPEER KIRKWOOD.

William Speer Kirkwood, colonel of the Sixty-third Regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1835, at Fairview, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. His father was Archibald Kirkwood, a native of Ireland; his mother Elizabeth (Sterrars) Kirkwood. He was, in boyhood, a farmer and ferryman, early developing a liking for naval life. He received a fair English education in the public schools of his native place, but had no military training. From youth he was steady and industrious; and it is remembered as a somewhat notable circumstance, that he never saw Pittsburgh until after he was fifteen years old. In person, he was nearly six feet in height, and stoutly built.

He recruited Company B for the Sixty-third Regiment, of which he was elected captain. During McClellan's campaign, Captain Kirkwood was contant at the post of duty, sharing with the humblest subaltern the privations and sufferings incident to a life in camp, amid the bogs and swamps before Yorktown and upon the Chickahominy; and in the Battle of Fair Oaks, where the regiment was closely engaged, bore himself with great gallantry, and fortunately, where so many of his comrades went down, he was preserved unscathed. Soon after that battle he was promoted to major. At Second Bull Run the regiment was again subjected to a fiery ordeal. Kearney's division, to which it belonged, was drawn up in line of battle near Groveton. Robinson's brigade was ordered to advance upon an old railroad bed, behind which the enemy's skirmishers had taken shelter. Before reaching it, two picked men from each company were sent forward to drive out these troublesome marksmen. The left of the line was already warmly engaged, when General Kearney rode up to Colonel Hays and ordered him to charge, saying, as he gave the order, "I will support you handsomely." No troops could have obeyed the order more gallantly, but as the line approached the embankment, it received, unexpectedly, a deadly fire from the concealed foe, which threw it into some confusion. Rallying, it again went forward, and again was it saluted by a fatally-aimed volley, by which Colonel Hays was wounded. Major Kirkwood promptly assumed command, and led his regiment on; but he had scarcely done so, when he also was severely wounded in the left leg, being twice struck. He was carried from the field, and his wounds found to be of a serious character. In September, 1862, he was commissioned lieutenant colonel and, in April following, colonel.

When it became apparent, near the close of this month, that Hooker was about to lead his army to meet the enemy, he manifested great impatience to lead his regiment, though

his wounds were still open. His surgeon remonstrated with him, but he declared that he must see his command fight and be with it. So crippled was he, when the army set out for Chancellorsville, that he had to be lifted upon his horse, and no representations of injury to his wounds by the surgeon could induce him to remain in camp. On the afternoon of the 2nd, a few hours before the Eleventh Corps was struck by "Stonewall" Jackson, Birney's division was pushed out nearly two miles in front of the main line of the army, where it was engaged with Jackson's rear guard, and when Jackson attacked, Birney was isolated and in danger of being cut off. But the rout of the Eleventh Corps having been stayed, Birney moved back, and after a midnight struggle, gained his place in line. On Sunday the battle was renewed, and though the Union troops fought with their accustomed heroism, they contended at a great disadvantage. The Sixty-third, standing on the left of the brigade, found its flank exposed and over-reached by the enemy. A galling fire was poured in upon it, and many of the brave fellows were laid low. Colonel Kirkwood, while conducting the fight and leading his men with unsurpassed bravery and skill, was stricken down, receiving wounds which proved mortal. He survived until the 25th of June, subject to intense suffering, when he expired, deeply lamented by his entire command.

COLONEL JOHN ANDERSON DANKS.

Born in Venango county, Pennsylvania, March 11, 1826, he lived on a farm until 1840, when his family removed to Pittsburgh, where he obtained a good common school education, attending for a short time the Magill Academy.

By occupation he was an iron worker, at the same time taking an active part in church work, exercising his gifts in the local ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1848 he married Anna Reese.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was living at Etna, and at once commenced recruiting a company for the war, which became Company E, of the Sixty-third regiment, his commission as captain of such dating from September 9, 1861. He remained in command of the company until the Battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, where he was wounded in the right leg, and sent to the General Hospital. After partial recovery he was granted a leave of absence, returning to the regiment with several recruits for his own company and regiment.

Colonel Hays having been wounded at the Second Battle of Bull Run and promoted to brigadier general, Lieutenant Colonel Morgan was promoted colonel, he having been wounded at Fair Oaks, and Major Kirkwood, who was absent on account of wounds, was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and Captain Danks was promoted major, his commission to date from September 22, 1862, and being the senior officer present, led the regiment in the Battle of Fredericksburg, Va. In that engagement he heroically headed a charge in which his own regiment, with the One Hundred and Fourteenth, rescued twelve pieces of artillery and saved them from capture, receiving thanks of General Stoneman.

At Chancellorsville he was taken prisoner and for weeks endured the privations of Libby Prison. Soon after his exchange he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, to date from June 26, 1863, and sub-

sequently to colonel, the latter commission to date from the second day's fight at Gettysburg, where he and his command elicited the highest praise from his superior officers for their conduct in the Peach Orchard, and the vicinity of the Sherfy House.

The regimental monument marks a spot on the west side of the Emmettsburg Pike, the advanced position of the corps on that day of fire and blood,—which they maintained until their ammunition was expended and they were ordered from the field.

He was warmly engaged at Auburn Mills on the 14th of October, 1863, where he led the regiment in a charge which resulted fortunately and won the approval of the division commander, the gallant Birney.

At the Battle of the Wilderness he was wounded in the left arm, but sufficiently recovered to participate in the battles before Petersburg. At the expiration of the three years for which the regiment was recruited, he, with a small remnant of his command, was mustered out and he returned to his home.

On account of wounds he was unfit to follow his former calling; starting a grocery in Etna—his heart was too big—it did not prove a success. At the same time he was supplying the pulpits of several young and weak churches for a mere pittance. In 1866 he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1870 he united with the Pittsburgh Methodist Episcopal Conference and did acceptable work at the various stations to which assigned, dying, as it were, in the harness.

As a Grand Army worker he had no superior and was known far and wide by his lectures on Gettysburg, his thrilling speeches and soul-inspiring songs, which have been listened to and appreciated by young and old, by veteran and civilian alike. These, with his church work, were a severe strain on his powers of endurance, but he never refused a call when within the limits of a possibility; his services were cheerfully given often at the expense of his strength.

He early identified himself with the Union Veteran Legion, and at the time of his death was chaplain in chief of the national organization.

John A. Danks was brave, honest and true; impetuous at times, positive in his manner—by some, deemed unyielding—when he thought he was right; impatient in dictation, yet he ever listened to the voice of reason.

No man, very few at least, ever realized more than he the weakness of our fallen natures, and many were his struggles, known only to himself, and to his Savior, in battling against his nature. His was a character full, both of solid convictions and good impulses, rugged in a degree, but permeated with the influence of gentleness.

He was generous to a fault, the glitter of wealth, the promptings of an ambition had no charm for him. "He went about doing good," content with a modest competence which he was ever ready to share with the less fortunate.

Colonel Danks died at Glenfield, Pa., July 25, 1896, and was buried at Allegheny, Pa.

Peace to his ashes, let him rest,
Type of true soldier and true friend,
And let his memory cherished be,
And honored until time shall end."

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE BLUE.

By John A. Danks.

For many years prior to 1861, political differences, individual opinions and interpretations, coupled with selfishness and ambition, kept the nation in a constant turmoil. Statesmen East, West, North and South grappled with those questions and differences, but no solution came to the nation. Indeed, their efforts seemed only to result in a widening of the breach, so that it was manifest that a storm was gathering in America. In 1860 dark political clouds were seen around our horizon. In 1861 they had spread over our national sky and war was declared in free America. The sun of peace and prosperity was darkened. The sound of the timbrel and harp gave place to the fife and drum, and war, cruel war, was in the land; but there was patriotism, virtue and honor in the people and they were sufficient for the occasion.

When the war cloud, dark and dreary,
O'er the nation spread its pall;
When Freedom's eagle, faint and weary,
Reeling, toppling, seemed to fall;
Then it was, with courage dauntless,
For the right, the good, the true,
There came in numbers almost countless,
Patriotic men in blue.

Bravely did our country's yeomen,
With our banner floating high,
Meet the foes of right and freedom,
Each resolved to win or die,
Some have fallen, and now moulder
In the grave oft wet with dew,
But the fame of Union soldier
Is immortal, like the blue.

April Ninth, at Appomattox,
Witnessed what words cannot say;
When our God, with Grant commanding,
Stamped defeat on all the gray.
Then it was our prayers were answered,
And our term of service through,
When old glory, unmolested,
Waved in triumph o'er the blue.

Wave it must while time is passing;
Wave it will when time is o'er;
From the womb of morning flashing,
Proudly gild the eternal shore.
But the gray to darkness driven,
All the ceaseless ages through,
While the pure and good in heaven,
Crowned with freedom, hail the blue.

Comrades, we should never falter,
But through life together stand;
All we have placed on the altar
Of this highly favored land;
Kindly caring for the widow,
And the orphan of the true,
Till the immortal Camp Commander
Says, 'Receive the white for blue.'

Then earth's bugle calls no longer
Can disturb our calm repose;
There we change by growing stronger,
Never overpowered by foes.
Wait, then, hero, wait the sequel
To this life of checkered hue!
Time will show God owns none equal
To the men who wore the blue!

MAJOR JAMES F. RYAN.

Major Ryan was a son of William Ryan, a native of County Claire, Ireland, who emigrated to Canada in 1823, and in 1826 located in Pottsville, Pa. He was one of a family of brothers, among which were numbered William, a Catholic priest, and Stephen B., bishop of the Catholic diocese of Buffalo, N. Y.

James F. Ryan in his early years learned the trade of a tinner and located in McKeesport in that business in 1848. To this he added hardware in the year 1853. In 1853 he married Mary, daughter of Michael and Rose McCluskey, of Pittsburgh. This marriage was a most happy one and to them were born seven children: Martin F., Katie and Margaret, deceased; Alice, Steven and William Ryan, and Rose, wife of Daniel G. Donovan.

When the war of the rebellion broke out Major Ryan was one of the first who volunteered his services in defense of the Union. He recruited Company I, Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and served with distinction throughout the war from Chantilly to Gettysburg, and from Gettysburg to Appomattox. He went out with his company as its captain and returned from the war with the rank of major. Company I was recruited and drilled in the old Alliquippa hall, near the foot of Market street. Afterwards encamped for a time at Camp Wilkins, near Pittsburgh. And it was a red letter day in McKeesport when Company I, fully equipped, made a visit to McKeesport for its final parade before proceeding to the front. As a sample of the general esteem in which Major Ryan was held by the citizens of this community it is sufficient to say that he was elected a member of councils and of the school board for many terms. That he was elected burgess of the town on three different occasions and would have been again elected for a fourth term had he not positively refused a re-election. He always took an active interest in the affairs of McKeesport, both civic and commercial. He was one of the organizers of the Commercial Trust Co., which was afterwards re-organized as the First National bank, and was vice-president of that institution at the time of his death. In his relations with his fellow men Major Ryan was the soul of business honor and integrity. Under an apparently austere exterior he had a most kindly heart.

He was rigorous, but just. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. He was at all times active and industrious and at the time of his death had accumulated a goodly portion of this world's goods. In religion he was a Catholic and in politics a Democrat, consistent and persistent in both. No man ever lived in the city of McKeesport who enjoyed in a greater measure the esteem of his fellow citizens than did Major Ryan.

A tragic death brought the career of this estimable man to a close in the 65th year of his age. About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 19th, 1887, he was fatally injured in a runaway accident near his home. The news of his sudden death was a very severe shock to the community. No citizen of McKeesport ever received greater honors than did Major Ryan on the day of his burial. All business was suspended. The burial services were conducted by his brother, Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and his funeral was the largest ever seen in the city of McKeesport. All classes turned out to do him honor.

REV. JAMES JUNIUS MARKS, D. D.

Born near Pittsburgh, Pa., January 10, 1809; died at Laguna Beach, California, August 10, 1899.

The death August 10, 1899, of this veteran minister, author, traveler, lecturer, philanthropist and patriot, at the ripe age of four score years and ten, was sad news to his many friends in many states of the Union, but was scarcely unexpected, as he had outlived by twenty years the ordinary span of human life.

Dr. Marks was born on the homestead farm on the Steubenville Pike, near Pittsburgh, three years before our second war with England, and only twenty-two years after the adoption of the American Constitution. He had seen Lafayette and heard him speak, and was contemporary with other great men of the revolutionary period who have long since passed away. He was a son of General William Marks, one of the early settlers in Allegheny county, widely known and influential in his day—a state senator and speaker of the senate in 1821.

General Marks sent James Junius to the old Jefferson College at Cannonsburg, Pa., where he was graduated with honors in 1830, and, feeling himself drawn to the ministry, he entered in 1831 the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny. He began the work of the ministry as a licentiate in 1834, and two years later responded to an urgent call to enter on special work at Marion College, Missouri. He was soon after called to the church at Hannibal, Mo., where, in 1838, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Palmyra. In 1840 he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church of Quincy, Illinois, where he labored with great zeal and efficiency for sixteen years. Stephen A. Douglas was a member of his congregation, and during his residence in Illinois, Dr. Marks made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, and afterwards often called upon him at the White House.

During the last two years of his pastorate at Quincy, his health, having become impaired by his arduous labors, Dr. Marks traveled extensively in England, Scotland, France and the Holy Land. On his return he resigned his charge at Quincy and spent some time in giving a series of interesting lectures descriptive of the scenes of his travels, particularly in the Holy Land.

At the breaking out of the Civil War his ardent patriotism

prompted him to accept the chaplaincy of the Twelfth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, of the first call for a service of three months. At the close of his term, on August 25, 1861, he was commissioned chaplain of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers—our own beloved organization—commanded by his warm personal friend, Colonel (afterwards General) Alexander Hays. However brilliant and useful was his career in other lines, in our opinion as his comrades, it was his service as chaplain that has made him best known and given him his most enduring fame.

After his resignation on account of ill health, in December, 1862, and a period of rest and recuperation, he had charge of churches in Washington, D. C., Brookville, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo. In 1876 he removed from St. Louis to California, and had various charges in that state until within about a year before his death, when he was retired on account of the growing infirmities of age, after laboring for more than sixty years with great zeal and ability in the holy calling he had chosen in the spring-tide of youth. His death was peaceful and beautiful.

"How beautiful it is for a man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! To be called,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off and rest in heaven."

He is survived by one son, James Marks, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and one daughter, Miss Sarah E. Marks, of Santa Monica, California, who was a ministering angel of comfort to her father in his last years. His wife, who had been his beloved companion for sixty-one years, was called from him in February, 1896. Of her, in a letter to a friend, written soon after her death, he touchingly said, "I grope in the dark for the touch of a hand I never reach, and listen for a voice I never hear, but I know the spiritual world is very near, and it may be she is even now ministering to me. She dwelt for years much of her time at the gate of heaven ,and our Lord gave some rays of His divine beauty "to her face, and I see her hand beckoning to me." In a little over three years the beckoning hand was answered, and the bonds that were broken by death were reunited, to be separated no more.

In 1864 Dr. Marks wrote and published a graphic History of the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia, and late in life he wrote and published "Dr. Nelson and His Times," a book of interest more especially to the student of ecclesiastical history in this country. His style, both as a speaker and writer, was lucid and forcible, and his diction smooth and elegant. His powers of description could hardly be excelled.

Gentleness and dignity of manner were among his striking characteristics, and they were not artificial, but were born of an innate love of and respect for his fellowmen.

As already indicated, it was in the performance of his duties as an army chaplain that the nobleness and gentleness of his character and his self-sacrificing love for his fellowman, were brought out in all their fullness and beauty. Deeply loyal to the flag, he was not in the military service for lucre or glory, but as a minister of religion to win souls to Christ, and as a friend of humanity to administer to the sick and wounded in field and camp and hospital. When our army made its change of base from the York to the James River in

the summer of 1862, many of the sick and wounded in the divilson hospitals, being unable to be moved to the hospital boats, fell into the hands of the enemy and were taken to Richmond as prisoners of war. Dr. Marks had been for some time most devoted in ministering to them, before their capture, and rather than abandon them to the tender mercies of their captors, he willingly shared their imprisonment and continued there his noble and untiring efforts for their spiritual well being, and their physical comfort too, as far as it was in his power to do so.

Dr. John Swinburne, an eminent volunteer surgeon from Albany, New York, who frequently came in contact with Dr. Marks in the hospitals, where he found him indefatigable in his errands of mercy, in his introduction to Dr. Marks' History of the Peninsular Campaign, says of him:

"Even before we had encountered half the harrowing scenes through which a Divine Providence guided us each in safety, I learned to look up to him and love him for himself. A more useful man was not connected with the army at that time. No man came within the sphere of his duties who was not most favorably impressed by his presence, and the thousands of soldiers now living, who, from time to time, during those days of blood, were the recipients of his goodly counsels and most kind attentions, will, in after years, when the name of Dr. Marks is mentioned, rise up and call him blessed."

We, too, his comrades of the gallant Sixty-third, learned "to love him for himself," and can attest that Dr. Swinburne's prediction has been verified and will continue to be so, as long as any of us survive. We shall ever revere his memory. Full of years and of honors, and rich in the goodness of his heart and the love and admiration of so many to whom he was a benefactor and bright exemplar, his grand and gentle spirit breathed itself away peacefully on the shores of the Pacific, like a mild autumn sun setting in the golden west, leaving behind him the sweet aroma of a life well spent.

"Now, now we measure at its worth,
His gracious presence gone forever."

But the benediction of his good deeds, in their ministry of hope and love, remain. Yes, thousands, when they hear his name mentioned, will still "rise up and call him blessed."

Knowing and loving him as we did, and grieving for his departure as we must, may we not fitly say to him in bidding him farewell,—

"Sleep thou, at length, the all embracing sleep;
Long was thy sowing day; rest now and reap."

MAJOR BERNARD J. REID.

Major Reid was born at Youngstown, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, April 24, 1823, his parents being Meredith and Eleanor (Hanlon) Reid. His father was a pioneer teacher and surveyor, and from him he acquired a thorough knowledge of mathematics and civil engineering. He was educated in the subscription and common schools of the vicinity and at St. James's Academy, Brown county, Ohio, which was founded by his uncle, Rev. James Reid.

At the age of 16, Major Reid taught the district school at Pleasant Unity, in his native county, being succeeded in that position by

John W. Geary, afterward governor of Pennsylvania. When he was 17 years old he came to Pittsburgh, walking here from his home, and procured employment as clerk in a Market street dry goods store. An opportunity presenting soon after, he taught the Dunlevy school, Chartiers township, and afterward a term of select school in the old Niagara engine house. At the age of 19 he removed to the new and growing town of Clarion, Pa., where, in 1842, he organized and taught a select school in the academy.

In connection with his brother, John C. Reid, Major Reid, about 1843, founded and was the editor of the Iron County Democrat, but soon after disposed of the paper and turned his attention to civil engineering, being for several years thereafter engaged in surveying and mapping the then wild lands of Clarion and adjoining counties. He was elected county surveyor in 1845, this being the only civil office he ever held.

Major Reid began the study of law about this time, but in 1847 suspended his studies to accept an important clerkship in the office of the United States Surveyor General at St. Louis, Mo., his duty being to inspect the reports of all the surveyors in that district engaged in the field. He remained in St. Louis until May, 1849, when he joined in the rush to the California gold fields, leaving Independence, Mo., May 9, in a wagon train that was scheduled to reach the mines in sixty days, but being actually en route one hundred and twenty days, owing to cholera, scurvy and other diseases that weakened and delayed the party.

Mining, trading and other occupations engaged Major Reid in California until 1851, at which time he became professor of English and mathematics in Santa Clara College, then founded upon the ruins of the old mission of that name near San Jose. In 1852 he returned to the "States" via the Isthmus of Panama, and resumed his law studies with Robert and Thomas Sutton, at Clarion, where he was admitted to the bar December 9, 1853, since which date, to within a few days of his last illness, he was engaged in active practice with undiminished powers. After his admission he at once took a leading place at the bar and for more than fifty years was engaged in nearly all the important litigation of Clarion county and in much of that in the adjoining counties of Jefferson, Forest and Venango.

Major Reid was married February 21, 1854, to Letitia M. Farran, daughter of John Farran, a merchant of Pittsburgh, his wife being a sister of Rev. John C. Farran, pastor of St. Columbia's church, Johnstown, Pa. His wife died September 30, 1902.

Upon the breaking out of the rebellion Major Reid recruited Company F, Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Alexander Hays, and was commissioned captain, taking part in McClellan's campaign in the Peninsula and participating until August, 1862, in all the engagements of the regiment, including the Seven Days' battles about Richmond, in one of which he commanded the regiment during the temporary disability of the colonel. The preservation of an important trust estate committed to his care compelled him to resign his commission, August 1, 1862, but in July, 1863, during the invasion of Pennsylvania, he recruited Company D, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Militia, of which he was commissioned captain, and was soon thereafter promoted to major. He served with this regiment in the pursuit of Morgan in West Virginia and Ohio, and until the organization was mustered out.

In 1865 Major Reid formed a law partnership with J. H. Patrick, which continued under the name of Reid & Patrick until 1870. In 1871 he removed to Titusville, Pa., where he associated himself with Joseph A. Neill, and the firm of Reid & Neill will be remembered by the oil men of that period as a leading one in the important litigation of Crawford county. Disappointed in his expectations that Titusville would become a county seat he removed in 1874 to Erie, Pa., where he practiced, besides attending the courts of Crawford, Clarion and Forest counties, until 1877.

At this time, Clarion county having become the principal oil-producing field, Major Reid returned to Clarion and resided there until 1900. After the admission to the bar of his son, A. B. Reid, the firm of B. J. & A. B. Reid was formed, continuing until the removal of the latter to Pittsburgh in 1890, when F. J. Maffett became his partner, the firm of Reid & Maffett thus formed being continued until very recently. In 1900 his children having left Clarion, he, with his wife, removed to Pittsburgh, where he had since been engaged in practice, having been admitted to the bar of Allegheny county December 15, 1900. He was associated with the firm of Watterson & Reid. He established early reputation at the bar through his defense of Charles Logue, the first person tried for murder in Clarion county, and whose conviction of murder in the first degree he reversed in the Supreme Court. He was the leading local counsel for the defense in the celebrated prosecution of the officers of the Standard Oil Company for conspiracy in Clarion county in 1879, in which he was associated with D. T. Watson, Lewis C. Cassiday and S. C. T. Dodd. He was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1875.

Major Reid was a past commander of John B. Loomis Post, No. 205, G. A. R., of Clarion, and was judge advocate of the department of Pennsylvania. In 1901 he transferred his G. A. R. membership to McPherson Post No. 117, of Pittsburgh. He was a member of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, the Society of California Pioneers and the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society, in all of which he took an active interest. He was active in religious, educational and charitable work. He had, in addition to his knowledge of classical languages, a good command of German, French and Spanish.

Major Reid was a consistent and devout Roman Catholic, a pioneer in the establishment and support of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Clarion. In Pittsburgh, before the demolition of St. Paul's cathedral, he was a member of that parish, but since then attended the Church of the Sacred Heart, East End.

Full of years and honors, mourned by a host of friends, beloved and admired by his comrades-in-arms, Major Reid passed into the life eternal at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday, November 15, 1904, and was buried in Cavalry cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAPTAIN ROBERT HOWARD MILLAR.

Died in the city of Pittsburgh on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1899, Robert Howard Millar, late captain of Company E, Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the 62nd year of his age.

He was born near Glenshaw, (then called Shawtown), in Shaler township, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, March 16, 1837, on the family homestead farm, which had been patented to his grand-

father, Robert Millar, in 1817. His father was John Millar, and his mother's maiden name was Rosanna McCauley.

When the war of the rebellion broke out he was engaged in teaching school, but his patriotic spirit impelled him to give up his peaceful calling to enter the service of his country, where stout arms and brave hearts were sorely needed to defend the Union and the flag of our fathers. He enlisted in Colonel Danks' Company E, of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by that brilliant soldier, Colonel (afterwards General) Alexander Hays. On the organization of his company he was commissioned first lieutenant, and was afterwards promoted to captain. He served faithfully, as a gallant soldier and efficient officer, always beloved and respected by his men, and winning the commendation of his superior officers. He was wounded at the siege of Petersburg, Va., and received honorable mention from President Lincoln for gallantry.

Shortly after the close of the war he was put in the transcribing room in the office of the recorder of deeds in Allegheny county, and held that responsible position until his death.

In 1869 he was married to Miss Richmond Hagan, of Pittsburgh, who died in 1891, leaving no children. His only brother, Cornelius Wilson Millar, was killed in battle at the age of 19 years.

From the organization of the Regimental Association of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers until his death, Captain Millar was its secretary, and faithfully and lovingly performed the duties of that office. He joined Encampment No. 1, Union Veteran Legion, of Pittsburgh, soon after its organization, and was an honored comrade of Abe Patterson Post No. 88, G. A. R., of Allegheny. He was a member of the Fourth Presbyterian church of Pittsburgh, and took an interest in all church work. His remains were interred in Greenwood cemetery, near the family homestead.

It would be difficult to find many men of his generation with more excellent and amiable qualities than were possessed by our deceased comrade. He was truly a noble character,—intellectual, brave, honest, truthful, generous, genial and affectionate,—a chivalrous soldier, a faithful friend, a good citizen and a pure, upright man. Few officers in camp or field were more beloved by their men than was Captain Millar, and few men in civil life commanded more sincere regard.

THE CITY GUARDS.

About one year previous to the presidential election of 1860, James H. Childs, of Pittsburgh, proposed to his friends that they form a military company. When asked why he didn't join the old Duquesne Grays, a prominent organization then existing in the city, he replied: "Oh, no, let us get up a new company composed of our own personal friends." At his solicitation a sufficient number of prominent young men were secured, and the company organized with Captain T. B. Brereton, a graduate of West Point, as captain. Maurice Wallace, who had also served in the United States Army, was engaged as drill master. Drilling was carried on without public demonstration for some months, when the Civil War began, with President Lincoln's call for volunteers for three months' service.

Captain Brereton decided that he would not enter the service, and as the company decided they had played soldier long enough they would tender their company, and offered the command to Alexander Hays, then a resident of the city. As soon as it was known that Captain Hays was in command the company was rapidly filled and organized with the following officers:

Alexander Hays, captain; James H. Childs, first lieutenant; A. S. M. Morgan, second lieutenant. The company was accepted, and was mustered in as Company K of the Twelfth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel David Campbell. Captain Hays was made major, which necessitated the selection of another captain, and Childs proposed the name of W. C. Denny, who had previously been appointed first lieutenant, as one having more age and experience than himself. This was done, and on entering the Twelfth Regiment the company was made up of the following officers: Captain, W. C. Denny; first lieutenant, James H. Childs; second lieutenant, A. S. M. Morgan; first sergeant, Benjamin Bakewell; second sergeant, Charles W. Chapman; third sergeant, John O. Phillips; fourth sergeant, A. B. Bonnifon.

TWELFTH REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

A number of men who enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, for three months' service, were mustered in April 25, 1861, and served out their term of service, on their return home re-enlisted in the Sixty-third as original members. Among these were the following, whose rank given is that held in the Twelfth:

Major—Alexander Hays.

Chaplain—J. J. Marks.

COMPANY B—"DUQUESNE GRAYS."

William R. Nicholson.

COMPANY C—"FIREMEN'S LEGION."

First Sergeant—William Thompson.
Fourth Sergeant—James Fowler.
Musician—Edward T. Saint.
Privates—William J. Draher, Thomas Glass, John Harvey, George J. Hall, John Kirkpatrick, Robert McAdams, Alexander McConkey, William J. McElroy, William J. Robinson, William H. Worden.

COMPANY I.

First Lieutenant—Henry Ormsby.
Privates—William W. Peters, Samuel P. Gamble.

COMPANY K—"CITY GUARDS."

Second Lieutenant—A. S. M. Morgan.
Second Sergeant—Charles W. Chapman.
Fourth Corporal—George P. Corts.

Privates—Theodore Bagley, George B. Chalmers, James Creighton, William H. Dyer, Edward Kelly, James B. Kiddoo, John Lafever, Robert G. Mowry, Augustus J. Moots, Robert Stanford.

The Twelfth Regiment was recruited and organized at Pittsburgh, under the supervision of Brigadier General James S. Negley. The Duquesne Grays and the Independent Blues, the oldest and among the best drilled companies in the city, many of whose members were veterans of the Mexican war, formed the basis of the organization. The Zouave Cadets, a company composed of young men, was formed at Pittsburgh in 1860, during the prevalence of the military furore, occasioned by the visit of the Chicago Zouaves, under Captain Ellsworth. The City Guards had been but a short time organized, and had never made their appearance on public parade. The remaining companies were formed de novo. An election of field officers was held on the 22nd of April, which resulted in the choice of the following: David Campbell, of Pittsburgh, colonel; Norton McGiffin, of Washington, lieutenant colonel; Alexander Hays, of Pittsburgh, major. Daniel Leasure, from captain of Company H, was appointed adjutant, and subsequently also acted as adjutant general to General Negley.

The regiment left Pittsburgh on the 24th of April, and arrived in Harrisburg on the 25th, where it was quartered in churches, and in the Capitol. On the afternoon of the same day, the Twelfth, together with the Thirteenth, was reviewed in the public grounds by Governor Curtin, and was mustered into the service of the United States. Immediately afterwards, the Twelfth departed by the Northern Central Railroad for Camp Scott, near the town of York. Here it remained for several weeks, engaged in drill. The camp was not a comfortable one, being at this season of the year, a field of mud. The men soon became impatient for active service. On the 19th of May the regiment was clothed, equipped, and furnished with camp equipage.

The bridges on the Northern Central Railroad, which were destroyed immediately after its abandonment, had been re-built and trains commenced running regularly between Harrisburg and Baltimore, on the 9th of May. On the 25th, the regiment was ordered to move and take position on this road, from the State line to the city of Baltimore, relieving the First Pennsylvania, Colonel Yohe. The order was hailed with delight, opening to the men a prospect of activity. It was posted along the road, with headquarters at

Cockeysville, where two companies, I and K, were stationed. The guard duty was very heavy, and soon became irksome, but not attempt by force or stealth, was ever made to interfere with the line. The companies were so much scattered that no opportunity was afforded for regimental drill after leaving Camp Scott. The two companies at Cockeysville were, however, regularly and thoroughly instructed, and soon acquired the proficiency of veterans. In the manual they were daily exercised by Sergeant Major Bonnafon, an experienced soldier, and in the school of the company by their officers. The men were impatient to be with the advancing column, but were obliged to remain to the end of their term of enlistment in this position.

The service rendered by this regiment was devoid of stirring incident, but was, nevertheless, exceedingly laborious, was faithfully performed, and was of great moment to the government. The highest expectations were entertained of its heroic conduct in the face of the enemy; but no enemy was seen, and no occasion presented for the firing of a gun. It was a noiseless and inglorious campaign, but a highly useful one, for not only was an important and vital line of communication with the National Capitol preserved and protected, but a fine body of men was thoroughly drilled and perfected in the school of arms, and many, who here received their first instruction, afterwards led with great skill in the most deadly encounters. The field officers had all received a military training. The regiment was mustered out of service at Harrisburg August 5, 1861.

REGIMENTAL REUNIONS.

At the first reunion of the regiment, held in the armory of the Fourteenth Regiment, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 24, 1879, a permanent organization of the surviving members was effected, under the title of the 'Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers' Regimental Association," a banquet being held the same evening at the Seventh Avenue Hotel. Other reunions were held as follows:

New Brighton, Pa., September 1, 1881.

Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 2, 1882, jointly with the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment.

Gettysburg battlefield, July 2, 1886.

Gettysburg battlefield, September 11, 1889, on dedication of the Sixty-third Regiment monument.

Sewickley, Pa. (Company D only) September 17, 1890.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Union Veteran Legion Hall, 1894, G. A. R. encampment.

Clarion, Pa., July 30, 1895, jointly with the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment.

Shields, Pa., September 22, 1896.

Shields, Pa., August 29, 1898.

Pittsburgh, Pa., October 10, 1899, in Union Veteran Legion Hall.

Sewickley, Pa., September 21, 1900, in Edgeworth club house.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 30, 1901, dedication of monument to General Hays in Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sewickley, Pa., September 27, 1901, Edgeworth club house.

Sewickley, Pa., September 18, 1902, Edgeworth club house.

Pittsburgh, Pa., (Carrick) September 27, 1906, Point View Hotel.

Pittsburgh, Pa., (Carrick) August 29, 1907, Point View Hotel.

ADDRESS BY MAJOR B. J. REID.

To the Survivors of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, at the First Reunion Banquet, Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 25, 1879:

The duty your committee has allotted to me is not an esay one,—that of making, in a few words, a suitable response to the toast just announced. True, the theme is an inspiring one, but it is at the same time so fruitful, so expansive, that it is hard to crowd into a few minutes what a whole evening would not be sufficient for. The history of Kearney's division would be a history of the Army of the Potomac; and the difficulty I feel is not so much in determining what to say, as to leave unsaid.

Kearney's division! The "Red Patch" division! The grand old fighting division! led by the chivalrous and accomplished soldier whose presence on the battlefield was an inspiration of heroism among his followers, and whose very name was a talisman and a watchword amid the din of conflict. Is there any need of telling to this audience of veterans the story of its deeds? No, comrades of

the Sixty-third, not one of you but know that story as well as I do, and even better, for most of you served longer in the division than I did. But though you know the story well, and are not likely to forget it while life lasts, it is fit and proper, as well as pleasant, on occasions like this, to call up reminiscences of the old division, and the glorious part it took in the campaigns of the Potomac Army.

During the first fall and winter, in front of Washington, under Heintzelman, its first commander, by constant drilling and discipline, frequent picket duty, and by occasional forced marches to re-connoiter the enemy, the officers and men of the division were fitted for the severer work that was to follow. And in that preparatory training, so valuable in its results, our own regimental commander, the veteran Hays, rich in the honors and experience of an older war, and ably seconded by Lieutenant Colonel Morgan, took care that the Sixty-third should not fall behind any regiment of the division in martial bearing, powers of endurance, or proficiency in every soldiery quality.

That, however, was only playing soldier. But when spring came and the scene was shifted to the Peninsula, soldiering in earnest began. When we embarked for Fortress Monroe we left all dress parade behind us—all but one. You will all readily recall that one—the last dress parade of the war. On Saturday afternoon, the fifth day of April, after a muddy march of a day and a half, the division, then commanded by General Hamilton, arrived before Yorktown with the rest of the army. We stacked arms in plain sight of the rebel fortifications and waited patiently an hour or two, probably for the rebels to come and invite us in out of the wet, but they did not come, and we pitched our shelter tents in the open fields, within about a mile of the principal fort. Some of our batteries began their target practice to get range, and the rebels answered back in kind, but tired, both took their coffee and crackers, crept into their little beds, and slept soundly to the lullaby of shot and shell.

The next morning the clouds had broken away, the air was delightful, and all nature was radiant with sunshine and bright verdure. The guns on both sides were silent, keeping truce on God's holy Sabbath. Nothing but an occasional bugle call interrupted the song of birds throughout the day. And when the sun was setting in peaceful splendor, Colonel Hays ordered out the regiment for dress parade. Promptly the line was formed, and our excellent brass band played successively the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." The whole regulation ceremonial was carried through. With a wave of the colonel's hand the parade was dismissed, and all was over. No, not quite all. For the rebels who had been watching the performance, were struck with its cool audacity, and thought it deserved some recognition. Presently a white puff went up from an angle of the fort, a loud report followed, and whizz! came a large conical shell directly over us and fell crashing among the timber half a mile beyond our camp. The compliment was a handsome one, and handsomely was it earned. The honors were then easy, and we had no more dress parades.

The third day afterwards our regiment had its first baptism of musketry fire on a recogin in which Sergeant Irwin of my company was killed. The same day our camps were moved back a mile in the swampy woods, to get out of range, but even then the enemy's shells frequently reached us or fell beyond us. It was here that General Kearney was placed in command of our division. For nearly four

weeks we lay in that pestilential swamp, doing our share of picket skirmishing, trench digging, redoubt building, and road making, for the heavy siege guns that were to blow Yorktown and its fortifications into York river. That terrible halt was harder on the army than twenty battles, for during it our effective force was cut down one-half by disease and death.

At last, all was about ready, and the grandest bombardment of modern times was to begin at an appointed hour. To complete the preparations, some regiments had been ordered, on Friday night, the 2nd of May, to advance to a point previously selected by field-glass observation, on the crest of a low ridge within 500 yards of the principal rebel fort, and dig a rifle pit for some of our sharpshooters to occupy so as to silence the enemy's heaviest guns when the bombardment would open. The regiment selected, attempted it, and were driven off. On Saturday, the 3rd, General Jameson was general of the trenches, and was charged with the duty of digging the pits and placing the sharpshooters that night, as the bombardment was to begin the next day. The general chose the Sixty-third for the work. When the moon went down at midnight he sent the right wing under Major Wallace on some duty toward the right, and led the left wing in person, under Lieutenant Colonel Morgan, to the spot selected. Three companies were left a little below, as a reserve, and Companies B and F were taken to the crest. In whispered orders I was directed to deploy twenty picked men of my company, push forward a hundred paces beyond the crest, and hold the ground while Company B noiselessly dug the pits in the sandy soil. When, as we started forward, General Jameson was heard to say in a hoarse whisper, "My God, it is hard, but it must be done," so certain was he that we would have bloody work before we got through. Meanwhile, and all through the night, the rebel guns were sweeping the horizon in our direction with the fiercest cannonading of the whole siege. When we lay in our advanced position we could distinctly hear the words of command given the gunners. To add to the grandeur of the scene our gunboats below the town were throwing heavy shells over us into the rebel works, which was probably intended by the commanding general as a diversion. When the pits were completed and disguised with cedar branches, we all silently withdrew, except the twelve doomed marksmen, who were supplied with water, food and ammunition, as a forlorn hope, and left to their fate. General Jameson's joy was unbounded in so successfully accomplishing the important and perilous task, and we all began to feel like heroes for our part in what was to contribute so largely to the reduction of the rebel stronghold, and to the surrender of the rebel army on the same historic field. On reaching camp we turned in to sleep, and dream of medals and promotions. Imagine our disgust on hearing at daylight that the whole rebel army had withdrawn during the night, and that all the cannonading was the work of a half a dozen men who remained behind till daybreak to make as fierce a showing as possible for a blind. Sic transit gloria. I never heard what became of the sharpshooters we left in the pits, but I have an idea they are not there yet.

How the division behaved at Williamsburg and Fair Oaks is a matter of history. I will only say that though it gets credit, as a division for its splendid fight at Fair Oaks, no historic account or official report that I have seen does justice to our regiment for its part in that battle. General Heintzelman's official report gives credit

to Berry's brigade alone, for holding the most advanced line on the left against great odds till night closed the scene, an honor that really belongs to eight companies of the Sixty-third, and a portion of the Third and Fifth Michigan.

Unfortunately Colonel Hays was that day on detached duty and was not with us in the fight, and Lieutenant Colonel Morgan, who gallantly led us to the front in the face of a terrific fusilade of artillery and small arms, was borne off the field, seriously wounded soon after we went in, and there was no one to report where we were or what we did. Colonel Hays was astonished when I showed him, three weeks afterwards, the position we had reached and held.

In the memorable Seven Days' fight, Kearney's division again covered itself with glory. We opened the ball on Wednesday, the 25th of June, by driving the enemy to a point nearer to Richmond than our forces occupied at any other time in their campaign. I remember a sharp, terse, characteristic thing said by General Kearney on that occasion. General Robinson, who had succeeded Jameson in command of our brigade, has driven the enemy's pickets a considerable distance and made a halt. Kearney came up, and said something, and we again advanced about half a mile farther, over hotly contested ground. For some unexplained reason we were soon after faced about, and marched back to the place Kearney had found us, or very near it. While holding that line during a lull, Kearney came up again, and said, "Well, general, what have you done?" "Oh, we have been driving the enemy," said Robinson. "Yes, but general, how far have you driven them? Have you driven them an inch?" The next two days, while McCall and Porter were fighting at Mechanicsville and Gaines Mill, our division was kept busy watching the enemy on our side of the Chickahominy, and marching here and there to reinforce threatened points. Porter and McCall having crossed over to our side on Friday night, after the hard fight at Gaines Mill, we were sent on Saturday to guard the bridges in their rear, while they were moving off towards James River, the retreat having already begun without our knowing there was going to be a retreat. But we saw signs of it when we got back in the evening to our own position on the extreme left front. Next day and the next I was in command of the regiment, as the senior captain present, the colonel being temporarily disabled by a severe neuralgia attack. Shortly after we reached camp that evening I received an order for every man to be provided with three days' rations and 150 rounds of ammunition. General Kearney came himself to the camp shortly after, and I inquired about the ammunition, thinking there might be some mistake. "No, no, no mistake, captain; see that every man takes 150 rounds." But, general, I suggested, where will they carry so many?" "Anywhere, captain, anywhere. Fill their cartridge boxes, and put the rest in their pockets, hats, anywhere. We are going on a journey, and it will come handy to have them." And the result proved he was right. It was there, too, that, as a precaution, in order to distinguish his own officers in the confusion of the retreat, he required every commissioned officer of his division to place on his cap the red diamond, since become so famous.

On Sunday we fell back slowly, making frequent stands to hold the enemy in check, but it was at Glendale, on Monday, June 30th, that the Sixty-third particularly distinguished itself. Kearney's official report gives the highest meed of praise to Colonel Hays and his regiment for his splendid support of Thompson's battery, at a critical juncture of the battle.

Then when the scene again shifted to the front of Washington in the last days of August, the division was hurried to the point of danger, where it suffered severely and bore itself most gallantly in the series of battles known as Second Bull Run. And among all the calamities of that ill-fated campaign, not one shocked and grieved the Nation so much as the death of Kearney at Chantilly. No more was his eagle eye to flash out light on the field of battle or his knightly plume to beckon his followers to victory, but his genius and bravery had made his name immortal, and though he fell, it remained as a precious legacy and as a mark of distinction to the division he had so nobly lead. And never did it prove recreant to that honored name it bore.

Under its subsequent commanders, Stoneman and Birney, at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and elsewhere, through the long struggle, the old division proved itself worthy of its antecedents and the chivalric fame of its former leader. And until the last survivor of the war shall have passed away it will ever be accounted an honor to have belonged to Kearney's division of the Third Army Corps.

And now, comrades, standing here with the thinned ranks in this first reunion of the regiment, let us drink in silence to the memory of the hero and patriot, Philip Kearney, and to the memory of that other hero and patriot, so much like Kearney, in all the elements of a true soldier, and who fell like him, in the very front of battle, in the service of his country, the first leader of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania, General Alexander Hays. And while thus reviewing these illustrious names let us not forget the honor due to all those comrades, heroes and patriots also, whether they carried muskets in the ranks or bore the ensign of office, whose lives were as dear to them and to their families as were the lives of any who wore a star, and whom we miss from our ranks here tonight because they too gave their lives for their country.

Yes, we miss them from our ranks tonight, but we should never permit their names or their deeds to perish from our memory.

GENERAL HAYS' MONUMENT.

Immediately after General Hays' death, steps were taken to erect a fitting memorial at his grave, in the Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa., officers and enlisted men of his command contributing to the project, and in 1866 the monument was completed, the lot upon which it was erected being contributed by the cemetery; the cannons which surround the lot donated by the United States Government.

A few years following its erection the monument began to show the effects of weather and smoke, and gradually disintegrated until much of the inscription was effaced, and it was deemed advisable to renew the design in Barre granite, which is practically indestructable. The original was taken down, broken up, and in its place erected the present memorial, which was unveiled on the morning of Memorial Day, 1901, under the direction of the surviving members of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, with the following program of exercises:

Dirge.....Second Regiment Band

Prayer.....Chaplain Alex. Hays' Post No. 3, G. A. R.

Quartette—"Roses, Strew Roses".....Nevin

Miss Henriett Keil, Miss Helen M. Keil, Mr. Peter Keil,Jr., Mr. Wm. J. Caton.

Unveiling of Monument.....Mrs. Martha Hays Black

Address.....Comrade Thomas H. Martin

Company F, Sixty-third Regiment.

Then followed the regular annual memorial services of the Grand Army of the Republic, By General Alexander Hays' Post No. 3:

Music.....Second Brigade Band

Commander's Address.....William J. Hamilton

Prayer.....Chaplain S. H. Cherlton

Quartette—"Rest, Soldier, Rest".....

Formal Placing of Flowers.....

Saluting the Dead.....Company F, Third Regiment, Boys' Brigade

Benediction .....

In the new monument the original design was preserved, with some minor alterations in the insignia on the front, showing the general's sword and scabbard crossed, with Second and Third Corps badges, surmounted by a wreath of oak and laurel. The front face reads:

General Alexander Hays,
Killed in the Battle of the Wilderness,
May 5, 1864.
Born July 8, 1819.

DEDICATION GENERAL HAYS' MONUMENT, WILDERNESS BATTLEFIELD, JUNE 3, 1905.

John S. Sullivan, David Shields (Aids to General Hays), Mrs. Agnes Hays Gormly, Alden F. Hays, George A. and Byers Hays (sitting), Samuel Gormly, David Shields Hays, James M. Hays, Gilbert A. Hays, Capt. George B. Chalmers, Agnes A. Black, Sidney F. Murphy.

This Monument was erected by the Soldiers of his Command.

On Fame's eternal camping ground,
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

On one side a list of the battles of the Mexican war in which he participated:

Palo Alto,
Reseca de la Palma,
Santa Fe,
Pasco de Orejas,
National Bridge,
Humantla,
El Penal,
Pueblo,
Atlixco,
San Augustine de la Palma,
Tehuacan,
Galaxca,
Flaxcala,
Orizaba,
Cordova,
Tulancingo,
Zacultapan.

On the opposite side—his battles of the Civil War:

Yorktown,
Williamsburg,
Fair Oaks,
The Orchard,
Glendale,
Malvern,
Bristoe, August A. D. 1862,
Bull Run,
Groveton,
Gettysburg,
Auburn,
Bristoe, A. D. 1863,
Locust Grove,
Mine Run,
Morton's Ford,
The Wilderness.

On the rear is the date of birth and death of Anna Adams McFadden, his wife.

THE HAYS MONUMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

Between the lines the smoke hung low,
And shells fell screaming to and fro,
While blue and gray in sharp distress,
Rode fast, their shattered lines to press
Again upon the lingering foe.

'Tis past,—and now the roses blow
Where war was waging years ago,
And naught exists save friendliness
Between the lines.

On the morning of June 3, 1905, in the presence of a vast concourse of Virginians, and a party of about one hundred from Pittsburgh, a handsome memorial, marking the spot where General Alexander Hays fell in the Battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, May 5, 1864, was dedicated with befitting ceremony. The exercises were remarkable from the fact that equal service on the program was rendered by Confederate and Union soldiers, the land on which the monument stands, having been presented by Major W. S. Embrey, a Confederate soldier.

The monument was erected by admirers and the family of General Hays, through Alexander Hays Post 3, G. A. R., and Davis Camp Sons of Veterans, of Pittsburgh, and is in the shape of a large cannon standing upright on a granite base, with a simple bronze tablet affixed to the cannon bearing the legend: "Here fell General Alexander Hays, Third Division, Second Army Corps, U. S. V., May 5, 1864." Upon the base is the inscription: "Erected by General Alexander Hays Post No. 3, Department of Pennsylvania, and Davis Camp Sons of Veterans." On the reverse: "This ground donated by Major W. S. Embrey, C. S. A." A substantial iron fence surrounds the monument.

The program of the exercises reads:

Song, "America".....Audience and Sewickley G. A. R. Quartette
Soprano, Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald; contralto, Mrs. John A. Roe; tenor, Mr. Robert J. Cunningham; bass, Mr. William C. Nevin,

Invocation.....Rev. John H. Light
Fredericksburg M. E. Church.

Presentation of Deed to Land.....Major W. S. Embrey, C. S. A.

Acceptance of Deed.....Captain David Shields
Personal Aide to General Hays.

Song—"Star Spangled Banner".....Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald

Presentation of Monument.....Rev. Nathan L. Brown, Pittsburgh

Unveiling.....Alden F. Hays, son of General Hays

Song—"Battle Cry of Freedom".....Quartette

Acceptance of Monument.....Thomas H. Martin
Company F, Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Song—"Falling Into Line".....Quartette

Original Poem—"Alex. Hays".....Dr. Thomas Culver

Song—"Dixie Land".....Quartette

Address.....Hon. John T. Goolrick, C. S. A.

Song—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground".....Quartette

Refreshments were served by the Ladies' Aid Society of Spottsylvania, an organization having charge of the Confederate cemetery at that place.

The Sixty-third Regiment was represented by Captain David Shields, Captain George B. Chalmers, E. T. Saint, C. C. Fawcett, Thomas Kirk, W. R. Nicholson, Robert Orr, W. H. Jeffries, Andrew G. Williams, John Vogle, James Truby, John M. Yahres, Samuel Dunham.

En route by vehicle from Fredericksburg to the monument, a brief stop was made at the monument which marks the spot where "Stonewall" Jackson was killed, when Captain David Shields placed a handsome wreath on the monument, followed by an address by Andrew G. Williams, of Company E, with music by the quartette.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

Under the act of legislature of the state of Pennsylvania, in 1887, a commission was created for the erection of monuments to mark positions held by the various Pennsylvania regiments or commands on the battlefield of Gettysburg. An appropriation of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was made, each regimental organization to be awarded not to exceed fifteen hundred dollars, with the privilege of adding any amount they chose toward the erection of suitable memorials. An additional act allowed transportation to all honorable discharged soldiers who participated in the Gettysburg fight, to and from the dedication of their respective monuments. Each organization was to have the selection of a design for their monuments, subject to the approval of the commission. Through lack of harmony on the part of the Executive Committee of the Sixty-third's Regimental Association, no design was agreed upon, and after much delay the State Commission chose a design and had erected the present monument, which met with the emphatic disapproval of the Sixty-third members, being facetiously dubbed "The Base Burner Stove," by a waggish member. However, there was no recourse, and after a flat refusal at first to accept the memorial, it was dedicated on the afternoon of September 11, 1889, with the following addresses:

COLONEL JOHN A. DANKS.

My Comrades of the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers:—

Very few people (comparatively speaking) attach as much importance to the Battle of Gettysburg as belongs to it. Very few think of it as the Calvary of American Freedom. But such it is in the history of the United States.

When we think of humanity as being crushed by sin and look for a remedy, we begin at the Garden and find the conclusion at Calvary. When we think and speak of the government of England as threatened with dismemberment and ruin, and look for the remedy, we find it Waterloo. So, when we think and speak of oppression, caste and class in America, and look for the remedy, we begin at Harper's Ferry with old John Brown, and find the answer in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. So we say: "For Humanity, Cavalry; for England, Waterloo; for America, Gettysburg."

What a thrilling recollection it must be to each of us that we

formed an important part of the army that rescued and saved the nation. Furthermore, that we discharged a duty on this line, more than twenty-six years ago, that has been increasing in interest and importance as the years go by. I had the honor to command the regiment in this battle, I, therefore, know whereof I speak and deliberately say, that never did twenty-four hours witness, or one-fourth of a mile measure, more earnest devotion to the Union, than you rendered here on this line July 2, 1863.

When the Battle of Gettysburg was joined, the Third Corps, in which we were serving, was near Frederick, Md.; we then marched to Emmitsburg, Md., stacked arms and were resting, when the word came: "The armies are fighting at Gettysburg and General Reynolds is killed—go at once to Gettysburg." We started at double-quick; we came in here about 8 o'clock on the night of the 1st. We halted for supper just to the right of Little Round Top; at about 10 o'clock that night we were ordered and led here on this line to do picket duty. Early on the morning of the 2nd, the enemy being in front, fired on the right of our line; this continued at intervals until about 9 o'clock. When a Maine regiment went out in front to test the strength of the enemy at this point, soon they and we became hotly engaged all along the line. But soon the enemy withdrew. Four times that day did the enemy come out, deploy a skirmish line as though they would bring on a general engagement. But you met them promptly and each time they retired. Between 4 and 5 o'clock p. m. I was informed by the company commanders that our ammunition was about spent and we would have nothing but the bayonet, should the enemy come again. This report I sent by an orderly to General D. B. Birney; soon a regiment wearing a white patch came up to relieve us, and a staff officer came with instructions for me to take the regiment and replenish the ammunition.

We crossed the ridge and when on the Tanneytown Road I noticed our brigade and division headquarters flags in front. We moved into our place in the line just to the right of Little Round Top; there we remained until after Pickett's charge, when we were taken at double-quick down the line, and halted in front of where Pickett had been repulsed. We remained in the line there until the morning of the 5th, when the army went in pursuit of the enemy.

Reviewing the time and work, I am prepared to say, surely no man or nation could ask or expect an organization to do better service than you did at Gettysburg in 1863.

HISTORICAL SKETCH BY R. HOWARD MILLER.

The movements of the First Division, Third Army Corps, from Falmouth, Va., and ending with our arrival at Gettysburg, will be found for all applicable purposes to apply to the movements of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

June 5, 1863—Third Army Corps (General D. B. Birney in command) was posted at Boscobel, near Falmouth.

June 11—Marched from Boscobel to Hartwood Church.

June 12—Marched from Hartwood Church to Bealton, General Humphrey's division being advanced to the Rappahannock.

June 14—Marched from Bealton to Manassas Junction.

June 17—Marched from Manassas Junction to Centreville.

June 19—Marched from Centreville to Gum Springs.

June 25—Marched from Gum Springs to the north side of the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry and mouth of the Monocacy.

June 26—Marched from the Monocacy to Point of Rocks, Md.

June 27—Marched from Point of Rocks via Jefferson to Middletown, Md.

June 28—Marched from Middletown to near Woodsboro, General Sickles assuming command, relieving General Birney.

June 29.—Marched from Woodsboro to Taneytown beyond Pipe Creek.

June 30—Marched from Taneytown to Bridgeport.

July 1—At 6 p. m. Graham and Ward's Brigades were posted directly across the Taneytown Road to the right of Little Round Top and in the rear of Geary's division, Twelfth Army Corps. About dusk of the same evening the regiment was placed in position on the Emmitsburg Pike with headquarters at the Sherfy House; on the morning of 2nd, about 5 o'clock, the enemy commenced firing, which was kept up during the day and at three different times deployed and advanced a strong skirmish line as if they intended full columns to follow, but in every instance were driven back after a severe skirmish. At 5 p. m. we were relieved by the Second Division and ordered to replenish ammunition, when we crossed over Cemetery Ridge. Our division and brigade colors were on the Taneytown Road, where we remained that night. On the morning of the 3rd we went into line to the right of Little Round Top and enjoyed a share of the preliminary shelling of the enemy that was to usher in the rebel charge of Pickett's division. After the charge had failed, and the survivors were falling back to their lines, went on a double-quick down the line and were halted just in front of Pickett's dead and wounded; there we remained until July 5th.

July 4—Lee drew back his flanks and in the evening began his retreat by two routes—the main body on the direct road to Williamsport through the mountains, the other in the direction of Chambersburg including his train of wounded with Gregg's cavalry in pursuit.

July 5—At Gettysburg. July 6—Marched to Mechanicstown. July 7—Marched to near Frederick in front of the Monocacy. July 8—Marched from Frederick to Downsville, beyond Marsh Creek.

July 14—General Lee crossed on the night of the 14th to Virginia side of the Potomac.

July 17—Regiment crossed into Virginia at Harper's Ferry on the night of the 17th, and thus ended the invasion of the soil of our native state, with all existing military prestige flushed with the hope of a victory like Chancellorsville, with hope of foreign recognition if successful—they seemed to have great reason to hope for success—but it was of paramount interest to the Confederates to strike a decisive blow on the battlefield; to retreat was dishonor to their cause already weakened, and the old world was waiting for the result; strike they did, the hour was ripe for history and the monument we dedicate today points with unerring finger to the history which they commemorate. The past is secure, the field attests the valor of the soldiers of the blue. May never again the storm cloud of war blur the horizon of our country, and we feel in going down the sober afternoon of life to the shades from whose bourne no traveller returns, to thank God in the fullness of our hearts that we have been permitted to live in this grand and glorious age, when slavery died, when freedom to all has taken a new

lease of life and more vigorous growth, when the old flag waves in triumph from ocean to ocean, from the lake to the gulf. In parting let us renew again our vows to the old flag and to each other, keeping up the touch to the right, and as comrade after comrade is called to the encampment above by the Supreme Commander, close up closer together both in heart and hand, and may we all so live that the plaudit will be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

DEDICATORY ADDRESS OF ANDREW G. WILLIAMS.

Comrades:—The swiftly speeding days of more than twenty-six years have come and gone since first the Sixty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, stood in the might and majesty of its loyal manhood in defense of this identical portion on the Union line of battle, and today we, the survivors of that gallant old regiment, have met on this historic field; the field which marks the high flood tide of rebellion; the field against whose every side and flank the impetuous torrents of fratricidal war in all their hellish fury surged; to be rolled back and submerged only when its ridges and its plains, its orchards and its glens, its rocky round tops and its devil's den, had been drenched and ran red with the heroic blood of twenty thousand of your comrades, and not even then were the fierce fires of secession quenched on this field until three thousand more brave men went down to death and placed their lives, the one most valuable and unmeasurable offer that ever was or can be made by mortal man for home and country, upon the nation's altar.

Standing in this presence today we all fully realize how changed the scene.

"No hostile armies gather now,
But autumn air around
Breathe peace and joy where once we fought
Upon this very ground.

When on this monument we gaze
What hallowed memories throng
Our cause—forever it was right
Our foes—forever wrong.

Forever wrong; all time will point
To Gettysburg with pride
Here freedom triumphed, and on this field
The hopes of treason died."

Monuments are as old as our race and all along the history of the dim and dusty ages of the past down to the bright and joyous present man has been perpetrating the memory of heroic men and deeds in monumental pile and storied urn, and this inclination comes to the mind of our common humanity, but as promptings from and a reflex expression of the great divine original Himself. God ever was and continues to be a monument builder.

On this field today we are reminded of the many monuments, all of which are silently, yet eloquently, proclaiming that affection for and appreciation of heroic patriotism and patriotic heroism still survives. We have met again on this once bloody field, after the lapse of so many years of peace and prosperity, to perpetuate the memory and render our faint and feeble tribute of praise to the valor of Pennsylvania's soldiers, and especially do we meet on this historic spot—

the Peach Orchard—to dedicate this monument to the services of our loved and gallant Sixty-third, than which there was no braver, whose long lists of glorious achievements have never yet been enumerated and the history of which when written will be the history of the Army of the Potomac. And yet it's true on every hand we are reminded that here the brave men of eighteen sister states stood elbow to elbow and side by side most nobly fought and fell.

A Grecian philosopher once said, "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men," and the Hon. Edward Everett in his matchless oration at the dedication of yonder National cemetery added, "All time is the millenium of their glory."

The peaceful gathering here today of you, my comrades, but evidences the glorious success of your patriotic service. The Union and all that word implies; flag and all the privileges and rights it represents; country and all the hallowed memories and illustrious kinship we claim. All these must have inevitable and forever been engulfed in the whirlpool of rebellion, but for the service and sacrifice made by you bronzed and battle-browned veterans and your comrades.

And now my comrades there remains for us who survive our fallen comrades the high, the holy duty of here and now resolving that these, our dead, shall not have died in vain, but that the cause to which they yielded their full measure of devotion shall forever have our undying fealty. This ground has been consecrated by the blood and death of our comrades; and this monument we now most solemnly dedicate to their memory and in honor of your service, and in its presence with uncovered head and upraised hand, we pledge our lives to eternal defense of the principles of right and justice, the contest for which has made this field so memorable. We have all reached the meridian of life and many with halting step and silvered locks are far down on the shady side of the mountain, indeed almost in the glades at its base and soon must lay us down at "taps" and bid our last adieu to comrades dear and the loved land we helped to save; let us see to it then that we so keep step to the music of moral heroism; so touch elbow to elbow in the march of human happiness; so stand in the ranks of valiant manhood, presenting a solid front against all the enemies of our race; so to put on the entire armor of christian soldiers and fight successfully the battles of this present life.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

The subject of explosive bullets is one much discussed since the war, some historians stating that there had been no such missile used during the Civil War, but the severe wounding of a member of the Sixty-third Regiment prompts us to mention these barbarous projectiles. "All is fair in love and war," is the belief of most of us. General Sherman's saying that "war is hell," had many proofs in every big battle. The adaptation of the use of explosive bullets to kill men, (instead of big game, elephants, rhinoceros, etc.), was used by the rebels, despite the doubts of some. The intent of the device was to kill, on entering the body of animal or man hit; if such result did not come from first phase then there was the probability, when the bullet exploded, the end desired would be reached. This failing, the copper remaining in the wound would poison the blood, and so terminate the life of the victim by slow, painful or excruciating misery.

The bullets here shown were found on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

Fig. 1. Explosive bullet, never fired from gun, with outer lead jacket cut away, exposing the copper shell containing the high explosive.

Fig. 2. Bullet fired from gun, showing effects of explosion of copper shell.

Fig. 3. Bullet fired from gun but not exploded, showing base of copper shell.

The device was a conical copper bullet, containing a charge of high explosive; this inside of or covered by lead, the bases being flush. On being fired from the gun the fuse which extended inside the copper bullet would ignite, and if it would continue to burn until the explosive matter was reached, explosion would be the result.

It is believed the Johnnies had the exclusive use of them—gifts from our friends, the British, brought to the rebels by blockade runners.

ROSTER OF SURVIVING MEMBERS.

July 1, 1908.

Colonel, A. S. M. Morgan, Richland Lane, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hospital Steward, Charles D. Schrieves.

BAND AND MUSICIANS.

Jacob Covert, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Emanuel Evans, New Brighton, Pa.
T. F. Johnston, New Brighton, Pa.
Jacob M. Johnston, West Middlesex, Pa.
George F. Lyman, Mt. Pleasant, O.
Henry Noss, New Brighton, Pa.
Lyman Priest, Sheridanville, Pa.
William T. Priest, Edgeworth, Pa.
George Stamm, National Military Home, Ohio.
Ferd. A. Winter, Altoona, Pa.

COMPANY A.

Milton Barnett, National Military Home, Ohio.
Robert H. Bates.
W. W. Clelland, Oakmont, Pa.
Aaron Cubbert.
William Davidson, Morganza, Pa.
Eli R. Dowler, 1129 N. Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Frank Dunbar, Braddock, Pa.
Jacob Fry, Tarentum, Pa.
Thomas Haddon, Hope Church, Pa.
George Hollenbeck, 4900 Sciota Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
George Hoerr, 15 Park Way, Allegheny, Pa.
Abraham Heisley.
Albert O. Laufmann, Crafton, Pa.
James P. Miles.
Jesse Morris, 7616 Mulford Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
George Morrison, Waterford, Pa.
William H. Morrow, Manor, Pa.
James McAtee, Latrobe, Pa.
Irwin McCutcheon, Connellsville, Pa.
Daniel Oskins, Braddock, Pa.
James L. Paul, Upland, Cal.
James C. Quinter, 1106 Belmont Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Robert W. Scott, Monongahela, Pa.
B. Frank Shafer, 900 Franklin Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Thomas M. Shannon, Company No. 1, National Military Home, Ohio.
Samuel K. Shipley, Ohio Pyle, Pa.
S. H. Stout.
Harvey D. Thompson, Butler, Pa.
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John L. Ward, Crafton, Pa.
L. A. West, Munhall, Pa.
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George Duncan, Martin's Ferry, O.
George Duphorn, Tarentum, Pa.
John Evans, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Daniel Grubbs.
Joseph Grubbs, Sharpsburg, Pa.
John L. Hays.
James Hines, DuBois, Pa.
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Robert M. Morton, 1029 W. Fifty-first Place, Chicago, Ill.
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Edward E. McCorkle, R. F. D. No. 2, Sharpsburg, Pa.
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William Hamma, Greenock, Pa.
Miles Hayden.
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Davis Glass, 64 Chatham Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Harvey, 621 Lincoln Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Andrew G. Williams, Butler, Pa.
William A. Williams, Fisk and Irvine Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John M. Yahres, Sharon, Pa.

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James S. Williams.

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Newton Wilson, Arnold, Pa.

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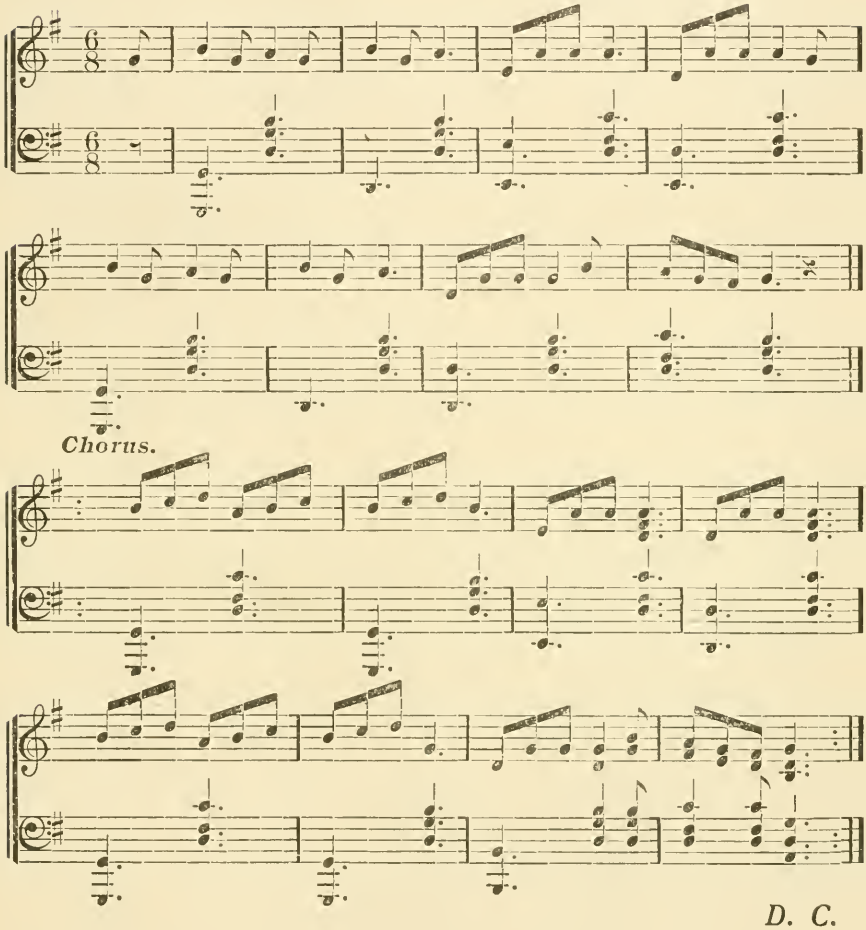
Thomas Scully, Leetonia, O.
William H. Shaner, Sharpsville, Pa.
Samuel Stambaugh, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Russell Weller, Jackson Center, Pa.

Total living	273
Address unknown	35
Known address	238

BULLY FOR YOU.

As played by the Drum Corps of the Sixty-Third Regiment, P. V.

Arranged by JAMES S. GRAY.



THE BULLY OLD SIXTY-THIRD.

To Mrs. AGNES HAYS GORMLY,
The Daughter of My Beloved Commander, Gen. Alex. Hays.

Words and Music by P. KEIL, Jr
Co. B, 63d P. V.

Animato. *Solo.* *Quartet.*

1 In six - ty - one when the war be - gun, The bul - ly old Six - ty-
2 Where Al - ec led, the Dia - mond red Of the bul - ly old Six - ty-
3 No man e'er saw a game of "draw" In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
4 All mod - el boys, no rows, no noise, In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
5 The po - lice work we'd nev - er shirk In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
6 At ra - tions foul we'd nev - er growl In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
7 To steal a sheep, 'twould make us weep In the bul - ly old Six - ty-

Solo. *Quartet.*

third, Went to the front, for Jeff to hunt, Did the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, In thick - est fight shone scar - let bright In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, For cards and dice, they were not nice With the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, We'd nev - er think of taking a drink In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, Were won-drous quick with shovel and pick In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, The hard - tack sweet we loved to eat In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, Tho' Comp-'ny D got their ci - der free, In the bul - ly old Six - ty-

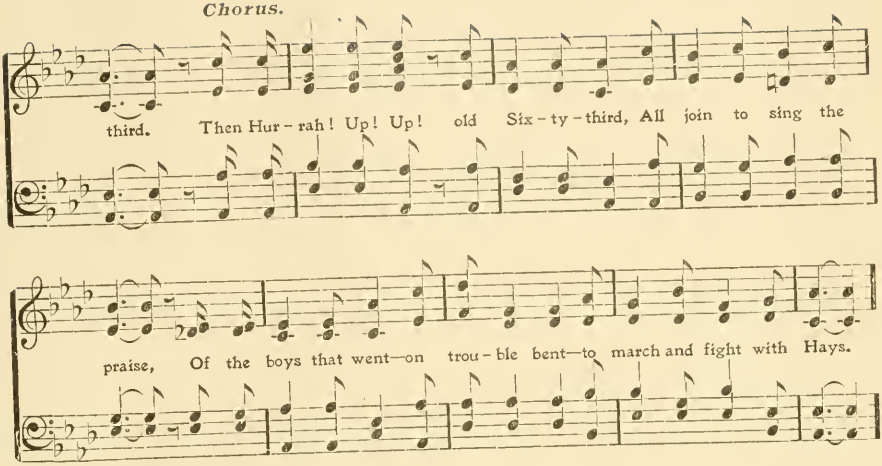
Solo. *Quartet.*

third. We'd hunt the cuss, then he'd hunt us Of the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third. We marched and fought as sol - diers ought In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third. We'd nev - er hook, we sim - ply took In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third. A whis - key straight we'd fair - ly hate In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third. We'd work or drill at the Colo - nel's will In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third. Salt pork was good as an - gel food For the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third. While Comp-'ny H were the boys could "taich" The bul - ly old Six - ty-

Solo. *Quartet.*

third, In the glori - ous days we marched with Hays In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, In the grand old days we fol - lowed Hays In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, And rath - er die than tell a lie Would the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, With all our might put it out of sight In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, And when 'twas o'er we'd howl for more In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, No grum-bling word was ev - er heard In the bul - ly old Six - ty-
third, How in fight to rush or "le'p t'the bush" In the bul - ly old Six - ty-

B RD-94


Chorus.
third. Then Hur - rah! Up! Up! old Six - ty - third, All join to sing the
praise, Of the boys that went—on trou - ble bent—to march and fight with Hays.

DOBBS BROS.
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